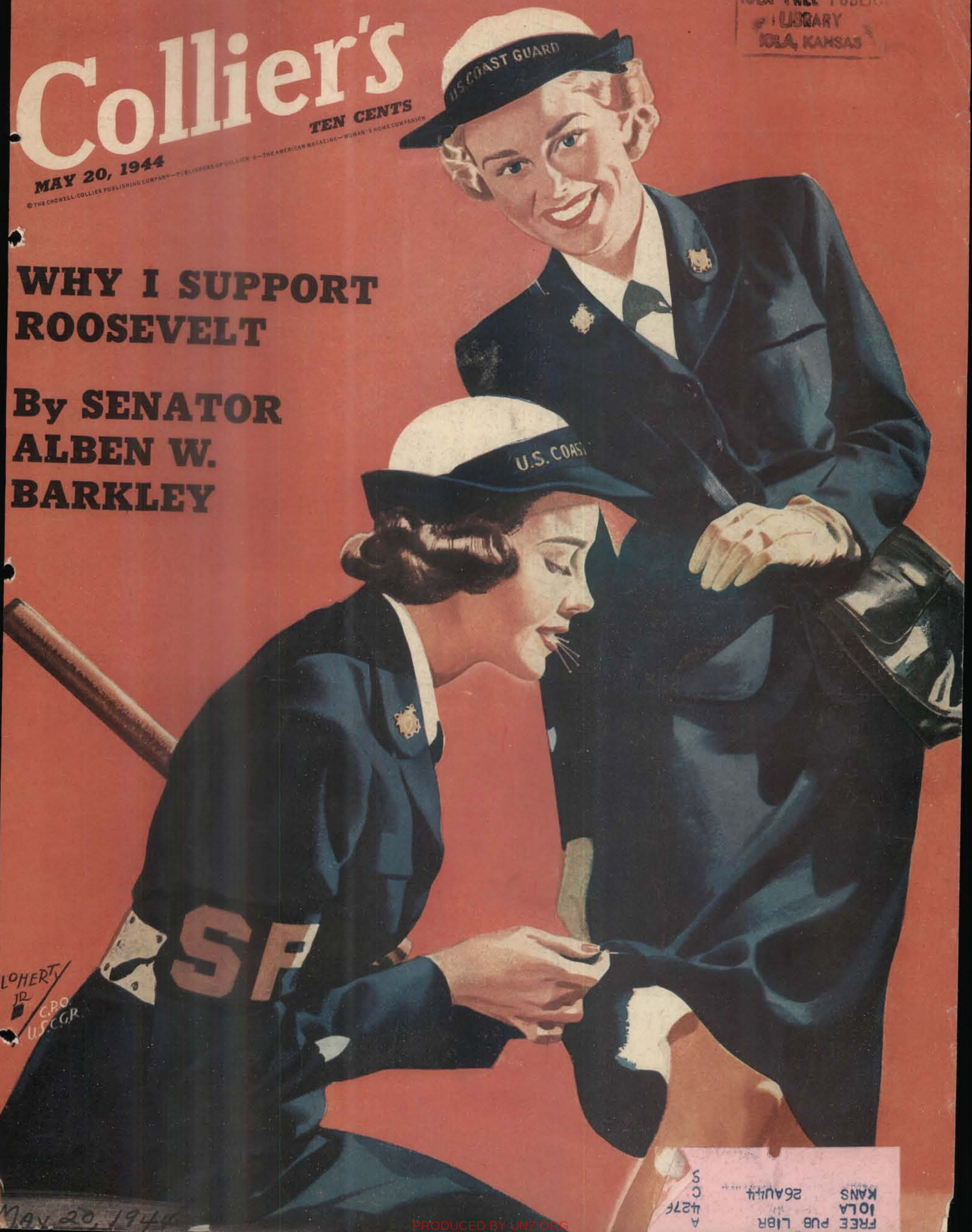
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Collier's
TEN CENTS
MAY 20, 1944
© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

WHY I SUPPORT ROOSEVELT

By SENATOR ALBEN W. BARKLEY


U.S. COAST GUARD
U.S. COAST
SF
LOHERTY JR.
C.P.O. U.S.C.G.R.

May. 20, 1944

FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS
26AU44
A 4276
C S

GARDENS IN GLASS: LIFTS TO LIVING

Dude harvester: The food-will-win-the-war drive is stimulating bumper crops. But with today's critical U. S. farm-labor shortage, acres of precious food may be doomed to rot in the fields. Volunteers—students, teachers, professional people, housewives—helped save last year's harvest. More volunteers are needed this year!

Marching day-and-night: During harvesting, packers operate 24 hours a day—wash, grade, blanch, pack and process with incredible speed. When foods are packed in Duraglas containers, the packer has a means of assurance that his standards have been maintained and the housewife has a better chance to judge quality because the contents of every single jar can easily be seen.

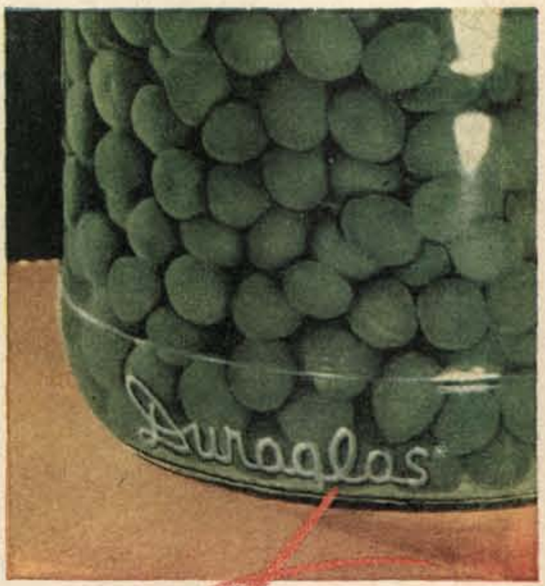
U.S. WORKS SO STRONG

"They look so good I want to take them off my grocer's shelves with my own hands!" says Mrs. Rex Stout of High Meadow, Brewster, N. Y., well-known for her ability as a homemaker, and as Pola Stout for her textile designs. "I'm delighted to discover so many things in glass. When you see how good things look, menu ideas jump right at you!"

"It's so easy to leave leftovers in glass jars! In these days of food conservation, every woman is interested in seeing that no food is wasted in *her* kitchen. Glass jars minimize waste. It's so easy to leave unused portions in the jar, cover with the original top, and pop it into the refrigerator."

"My only complaint," says Mrs. Stout, "is that my daughter Rebecca can spy her favorite jam on the pantry shelf too easily! But seriously, when a glance at the products in glass tells me what I have on the pantry shelf, it's so much simpler to know what I need."

Tune in—"Broadway Matinee" starring ALFRED DRAKE of "Oklahoma!" Mondays through Fridays. C.B.S. 4 P.M. Eastern War Time. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio—makers of containers that give a lift to living.



A name that helps you see what you buy!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Help your Dentist—

HE IS a busy man, your dentist. Yes, with thousands of fellow-dentists called to fighting fronts, he is working longer hours, seeing more patients. And he gladly accepts these extra duties as his part of a vital wartime need—guarding health on the home front.

But he needs your help—just as you still need his professional advice and attention. And you may be sure of his appreciation if you will just follow the simple rules given here:

1. Make appointments well in advance.
2. Keep your appointments.
3. If you *must* break an appointment—do it promptly.
4. See your dentist regularly—don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.
5. Between visits—give your teeth and gums proper care at home.

Help your Smile!

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush." Help keep gums firmer and teeth brighter with Ipana and Massage!

NEVER has the need for proper home care of teeth and gums been more urgent. So give special thought to your dentifrice. And remember, in making your choice, that Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the health of your gums.

And that is important. For gums as well as teeth need regular care—the radiance of your smile, the sparkle of your teeth, depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say that your gums have become tender because soft-cooked foods have deprived them of exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For massage with Ipana rouses circulation within the gum tissues—helping gums to become stronger, firmer, healthier. So every time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums.

Start today to help your dentist help your smile. Between visits, follow the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage. Do all you can at home toward firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive smile!

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
MASSAGE THE GUMS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Start today with **Ipana** and massage

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The Navigation Watch of the Schooner Commodore*

ON a bright September day in 1942, the schooner Commodore cleared the Port of Seattle..destination Durban, South Africa. More than a year passed before full details reached home of her adventurous 143-day voyage around the Horn. ¶ Low rations, mountainous seas and a two-day hurricane that took away half the sails were climaxed by the loss of the ship's Chronometer overboard early in the voyage. But she made port safely..navigated by a Longines strap watch belonging to one of the officers. ¶ "It was lucky I had that Longines watch", he wrote. Without any such need, thousands of Longines watch owners echo his sentiments daily. The feeling of satisfaction and security that comes from owning a competent watch, such as a Longines, is truly priceless.

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines
WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS
The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

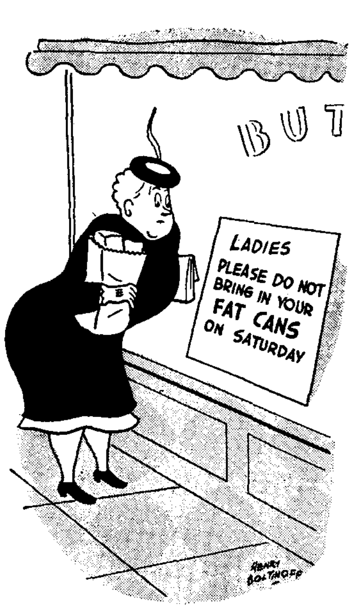
Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
HENRY LA COSSITT Managing Editor

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington	ROBERT DE VORE	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
JIM BISHOP	Articles	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	EDWARD TOMLINSON	The Other Americas
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Cartoons	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

THE following is set down at the insistence of our associate Gurney Williams and many other members of this staff, although personally we see no point in it: A butcher in Hartsdale, New York, posted a sign in his window: "Ladies—Please do not bring in your fat cans on Saturday." The butcher took the sign down one hour later. But we still don't get it.


BUT
LADIES PLEASE DO NOT BRING IN YOUR FAT CANS ON SATURDAY

A JOURNALIST, arrived from overseas where he had spent a year with our Armed Forces, has just made the rounds of Democratic and Republican headquarters, national and local. "I'm brought home," said he, "to ham up this year's political campaign and, boy, do I have co-operation!"

AND for some reason which doesn't come along with the report, another journalist was assigned to find out exactly how much we pay members of our Armed Forces from privates and boots up. The Army and the Navy came through without a quiver. The Coast Guard admitted that its scale was the same as the Navy's. But the Marines got haughty. Military secret. The fact seeker told the Marine officer that the other branches hadn't hesitated. "Makes no difference," said he. "The information is still secret. All I am allowed to tell you is that it's the same as the Navy's."

MOREOVER, Mr. Edgar D. Buybean of Tulsa, Oklahoma, goes to the trouble of writing that "a liberal is a guy who has made a failure of being a conservative. Or maybe," he goes on, "the best conservative is a tired liberal. Use this any way you see fit. I'm kind of balled up."

IT IS contrary to the policy of this column to plug for any candidate for anything. If we had our way, everybody would be elected and let them fight it out afterward—the best man to hold the job. Unhappily, this policy prevents us from coming out for Mr. Elfego Baca for district attorney of Bernalillo, Sandoval and Valencia counties, New Mexico. But Mr. Baca has sent us a brief history of his life. Vastly to our chagrin, we can publish but a snatch thereof: "Elfego Baca was born on February 27th at Socorro, New Mexico, under peculiar circumstances. His mother, Juanita Baca, was playing a game called at that time Las Iglesias, a game which is now called softball game. Juanita, mother of Elfego, was short and stubby and with one of the balls hit by one of the girls in the direction of Juanita, Elfego's mother, Juanita jumped up to stop the ball, and here comes Elfego."

SO INSTEAD of telling you whether we should recognize General de Gaulle, Marshal Badoglio or Marshal Tito or what we should do about Polish borders, postwar air routes and international trade cartels, we shall limit our significant utterance this week to the fact that our Army Air Forces have adopted a drink instead of a motto. It's called Bloody Mary—to wit: A glass of tomato juice, a double slug of vodka, salt, ice and shake. A new major drank three of them, called up the British Embassy from Tacoma, Washington, shouted Erin go bragh and fell out the second-story window.

BUT if you insist on taking a serious interest in federal politics, you can get co-operation from any of the bookies on F Street, Washington. For example, they'll take bets on how long newly appointed brass hats will last in any war agency. Important citizens arriving in our national capital are told: "You may be in sole charge of synthetic toothpick production today but tomorrow you'll be working for Harold Ickes like all the rest of us."

FROM Pfc. Jonas H. Younger, who, at the writing, was in Italy, we receive the following yearn: "I wish I was home with you guys winning the war every day in syndicated columns in the newspapers. Licking the Germans is a lot tougher over here."

"I'VE seen about everything," says Mr. Sam H. Callop, Santa Monica, California.

(Continued on page 35)

Vol. 113, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEEK

MAY 20, 1944

SHORT STORIES

D. V. FAHEY
Mamma Is Not Herself. Handling a problem parent is a big job for a married daughter. Page 12

GEORGE C. APPELL
The Sencho. Only the Jap can teach a white renegade treachery's true reward. Page 16

FRED GIPSON
Lonesome Man. The answer to two boys' dreams lay in an old and twisted heart. Page

ZACHARY GOLD
The Call. Even in this war-torn world a girl can show a fighting man the way to peace. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Soldier's Son, by Duane Decker. Page 15

SERIAL STORY

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Come and Be Hanged! Conclusion. Page 46

ARTICLES

SENATOR ALBEN W. BARKLEY
Why I Support Roosevelt. The Senate's majority leader argues for a fourth term. Page 11

AMY PORTER
Casey Jones Goes to War. The U. S. Military Railway Service keeps the stock rolling, even under fire. Page 13

AMRAM SCHEINFELD
It's in the Cards. Statistical machin in the Census Bureau unfold the fu ture for all to read. Page 18

MELA UNDERWOOD
Joe and Uta. Stars in Othello, José Ferrer and Uta Hagen set an exam ple of a happy family life. Page 2

LEWIS NORDYKE
More Fishing—More Fish. Popula tion control for lake fish will give anglers a break. Page 2

DAVID M. NICHOL
Peace Comes to Uman. In the Ukrain a Nazi-devastated city awakes an starts life anew. Page 2

MARTHA GELLHORN
Men Made Over. Workers in R.A. burn centers rebuild hands and face —and the spirit. Page 3

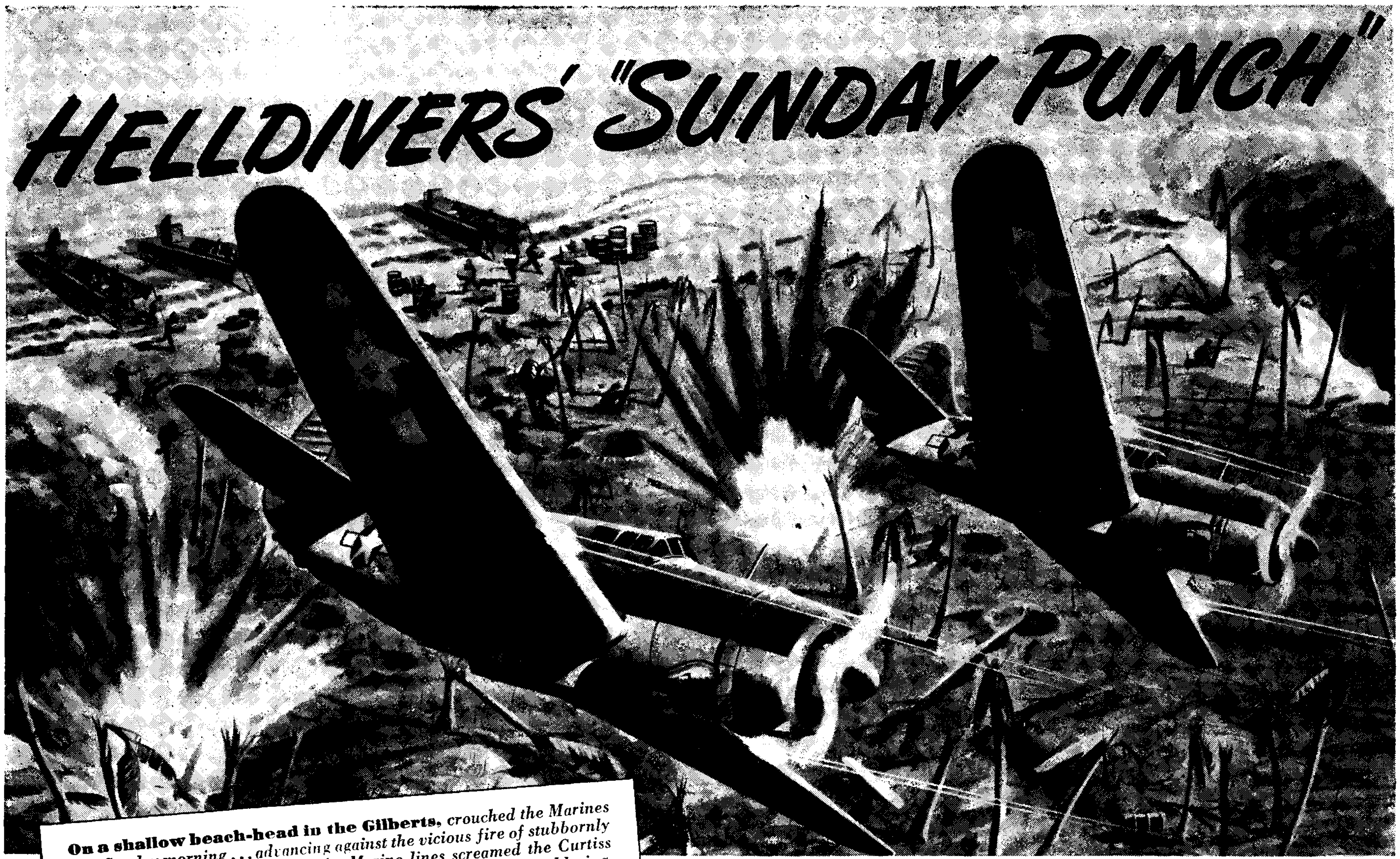
ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON
I Saw Our Flag Come Down. Tha day in Manila, Old Glory was low ered to the dust. Page 7

LOWELL BRENTANO
Kid Stuff. "Jitterbug Joolery," teen agers call those gadgets they'r wearing. Page 9

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page
WING TALK. Page
THE WEEK'S WORK. Page 4
PRONUNCIATION TEST. Pag
THE GUILTY
(Lt. General Takashi Sakai). Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 42. Page 5
DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow. Page 6
EDITORIALS
Fuel for All?
A Trillion-Dollar War.
Put the People First. Page 9
COVER JOHN J. FLOHERTY, J

HELLDIVERS' "SUNDAY PUNCH"



On a shallow beach-head in the Gilberts, *crouched the Marines that Sunday morning . . . advancing against the vicious fire of stubbornly resisting Japs. Then down over the Marine lines screamed the Curtiss Helldivers, biggest and deadliest of U. S. dive bombers. Guns blazing, they sprayed Jap troops with a hail of bullets . . . dumped tons of bombs on enemy installations. The Marines went on, as they always go on, and the island was ours. Wrote a Marine who saw the action from the beach: "The Helldivers sure looked good to me. The plane is a honey."*

Incident reported from Navy approved release

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS

IN THE VANGUARD of the attack on Jap-held Pacific bases are carrier-based planes of the fleet—deadly new Curtiss Helldivers, manned by the cream of American fighting fliers.

Their blazing assault on the Gilberts was but one more chapter in a series of epic victories that have cost the enemy dearly in ships and supplies and men.

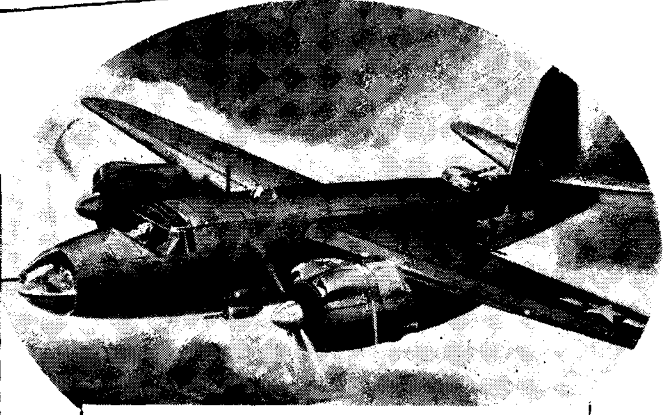
To the crews of the Helldivers, Hudson sends this message: "We are using all the skill and care of our veteran organization to give you wings you can trust in those breath-taking dives from sky to sea."

Hudson is thankful that it can bring nearly two generations of high-precision manufacturing experience to this and other tasks for the Air Forces, Navy and Army—including important new aviation contracts upon which we are now embarking.

Hudson cars—product of this same experience—have earned, in wartime driving, a remarkable reputation for endurance and economy with little "time out" for service; and our nationwide distributor-dealer organization will keep them rolling.

Until the day when our *combined* war and peacetime experience brings you finer-than-ever Hudsons, see your Hudson dealer for a new or used car, or service on your present car.

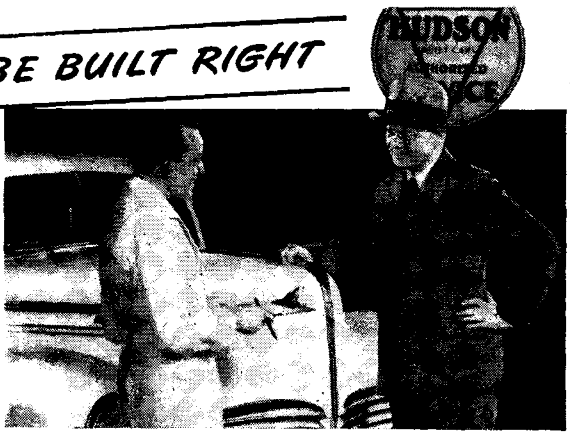
Invasion around the globe *calls not only for millions of men, but for tens of thousands of staunch landing craft. As these boats stream from U. S. shipyards, Hudson is mass-producing husky, dependable Hudson Invader engines to power them.*



Every day's news *from American fighting fronts brings fresh proof that the Martin Marauder B-26 bombers can "take it" as well as "dish it out." In their production of fuselage sections for Marauders, Hudson workers never forget that "They HAVE to be built right."*

THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT

Wartime driving *has brought home to Hudson owners the value of Hudson's high precision standards and long precision experience. Every extra day of troublefree service is bringing them added proof that Hudson cars serve better, last longer and cost less to run—because they are more expertly built, with greater accuracy and care.*



ARMY E NAVY

Hudson Aviation Division Wins Second Army-Navy Award for Meritorious Service on the Production Front

HUDSON

MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

34 Years of Engineering Leadership

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

WINNER by a nose!
HE HAS PIPE APPEAL*
PRINCE ALBERT WEDS RICHNESS TO MILDNESS. (Smoke happily ever after)
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
PRINCE ALBERT
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert
70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

THAT extra smile women have for the man who smokes a pipe...Match it with the personal joy of true Pipe Appeal – Prince Albert's EXTRA RICHNESS with EXTRA MILDNESS...prize team for smooth, cool, *comfort* smokes. Choice tobacco specially treated for extra tongue-ease. Packs proper; draws free 'n' easy; helps right "caking." It's crimp cut. Naturally Prince Albert outsells 'em all ...it's the brand famed for Pipe Appeal.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

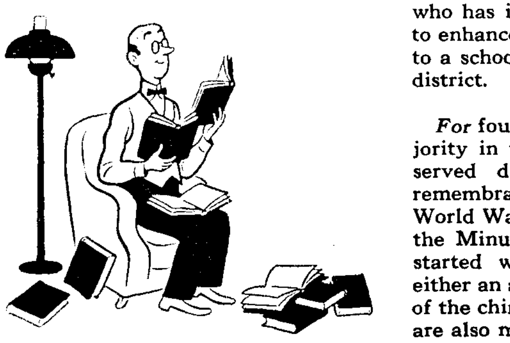
Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The only soldiers today who are unable to wear helmets are the 100,000 enlisted Sikhs of India, many of whom are fighting with the British army in Italy. Because a religious custom forbids them to cut their hair, they wear it in a large oiled topknot, protected from dust by a huge turban containing from 12 to 16 square yards of material.

Currency in circulation increased 178 per cent between August, 1939, and November, 1943, through the demands of legitimate business, and tax dodgers and black market operators wishing to avoid bank and bookkeeping records. Increases in the number of bills of large denomination were: $50—8,700,000 to 28,300,000; $100—8,600,000 to 27,600,000; $500—360,000 to 776,000; and $1000—405,000 to 729,000.—By *Thomas H. Bartilson, University Park, Maryland.*

In the past thirteen years, the domestic airlines of the United States have increased the capacity of their average passenger plane from 10 to 21 seats and the size of ground crews from 5 to 54 persons.



The record for proofreading more different Bibles than any other person is held by Ernest Coquelet of New York City. During the past twenty-eight years, he has corrected the printers' proofs of this book in forty-seven languages for the American Bible Society. And only three typographical errors have escaped him.

Between July 1, 1941, and April 1, 1944, the red light districts of 663 cities and towns were closed by the police in the nation-wide fight against venereal disease by the Army, Navy, Social Protection Division and the U. S. Public Health Service. As one result, the number of infections per 1,000 men per year in the Army and Navy has decreased from 42 in 1940 to 25 in 1943, the lowest rate ever recorded in our military services.

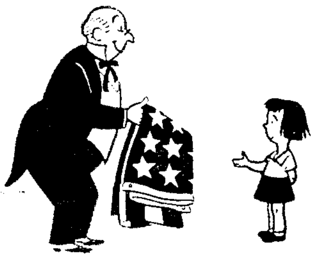
The new P-38 fighter plane can cruise at more than 300 miles an hour with only one of its two 1,500 h.p. engines.

Within 37 weeks after the first World War, Hungary passed from a monarchy to a republic, then to a Bolshevistic state and finally became a Fascist nation under a dictator, a record unparalleled by any other country in history.

Since last January 4 the United Nations War Crime Commission, which represents 17 governments, has held a weekly conclave in London to hear and record evidence of atrocities committed by individual Nazis whose number now totals nearly 15,000. Incidentally, the commission keeps secret the names of most of its members for fear of Nazi retaliation on their relatives.

The Jewish Roll of the Law is never read to the congregation of a synagogue from anything but hand-lettered parchment, while the Koran is never read to the congregation of a Moslem mosque in any language but Arabic, rules that hold true for these two religions in every country in the world.—*By Gladys Rust, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

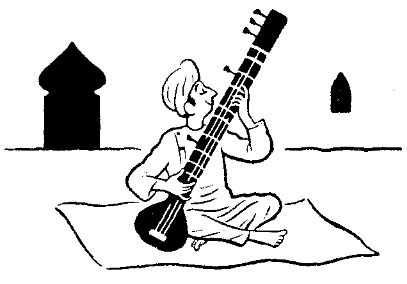
A recent series of scientific tests, made on 700 typical Americans, revealed that they unconsciously swallowed, on an average of every 70 seconds and sighed, or took a deep breath, on an average of about every 165 seconds. The frequency of the sighs varied with the physical condition, being higher when the person was fatigued or under nervous tension.



Many a flag that flies over the Capitol in Washington is not the property of the government but that of a congressman who has it displayed there for one day to enhance its value when he presents it to a school or organization in his home district.

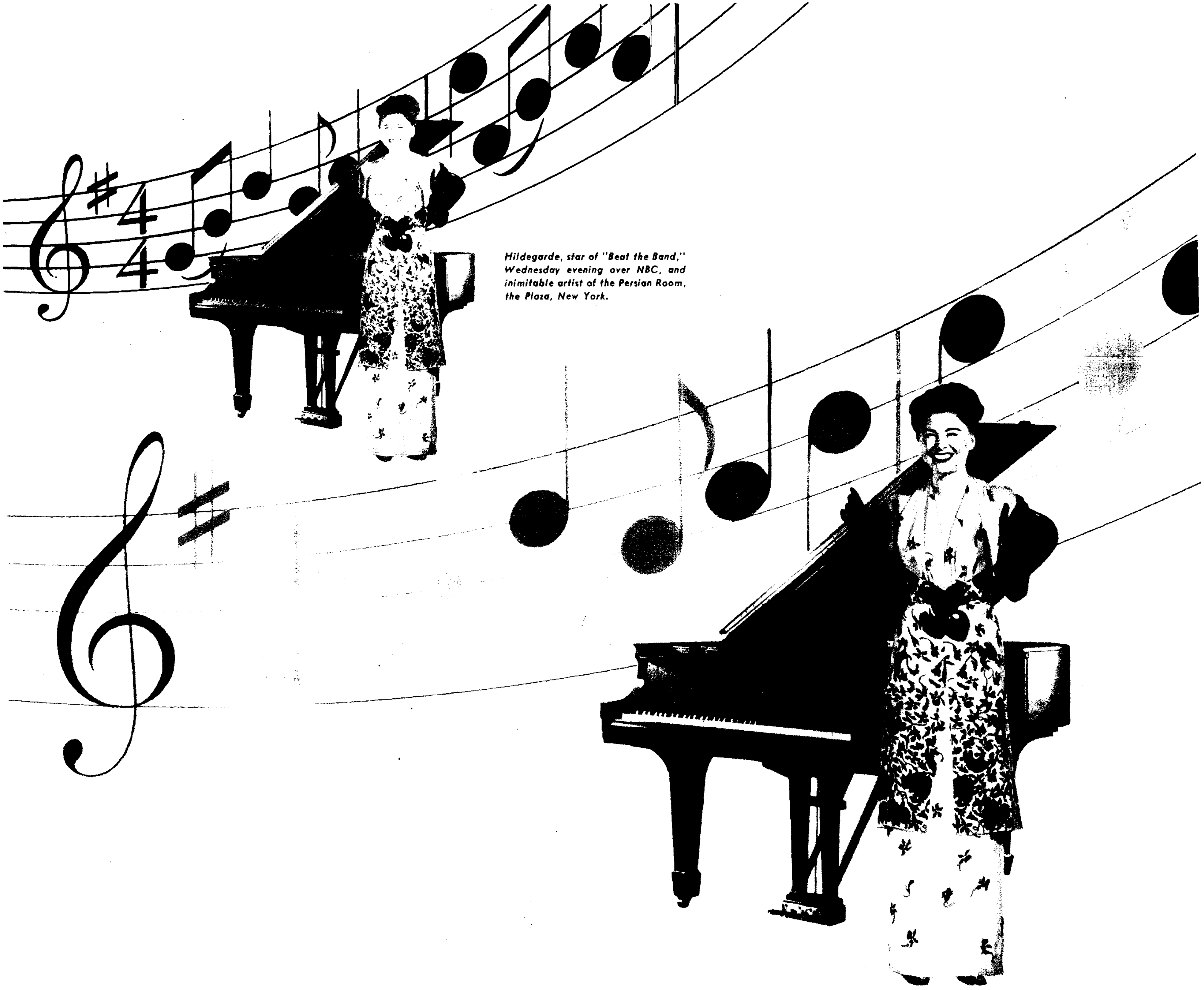
For four years, many nations, the majority in the British Empire, have observed daily a "Silent Minute" in remembrance of the dead heroes of both World Wars. In most of these countries, the Minute is observed at 9 P. M. and started with a radio signal which is either an actual broadcast or a recording of the chimes of Big Ben. Many people are also members of the "Silent Minute Fellowship" in London.

The Hindus of India are believed to play more different kinds of musical instruments than are found in all other countries together. Because almost all of their earliest instruments have remained in use, these people now have several thousand, including some 300 varieties of orchestral drums. In fact, their most popular is still the vina (a guitarlike instrument with seven strings) which was invented more than 1,200 years ago.



Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

SKETCHES BY FRANK BEAVEN



Hildegarde, star of "Beat the Band," Wednesday evening over NBC, and inimitable artist of the Persian Room, the Plaza, New York.

You'll hear Hildegarde in " a ural Color"—on a G-E FM radio!

There's a new kind of radio waiting for you that does what no radio has ever done before!

Major Edwin H. Armstrong invented it. General Electric built the first set for the public. Today Frequency Modulation radio (FM) is as different from ordinary radio as color movies are from black and white!

Radio up to now has been a reasonable reproduction of the singer's voice, or an orchestra, or a dance band. But because of technical limitations, *only a third* of the tonal range could be heard! The other two-thirds were "lost." That's why reception is often so flat and colorless.

General Electric FM radio captures *all* the tonal range—high notes, low notes, in-between notes. Tones and overtones come in as they sound in the studio—in glorious "natural color." And static disappears!

General Electric has built more FM broadcasting equipment than any other manufacturer. General Electric also operates its own FM radio station. No other manufacturer offers so much FM experience!

When it is again possible to manufacture radio sets for the home, General Electric will bring you radios and radio-phonographs with FM, table models, and a new kind of portable with its own built-in storage battery and charger. *General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

- Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

- **Every week 192,000 General Electric employees purchase more than a million dollars' worth of War Bonds.**

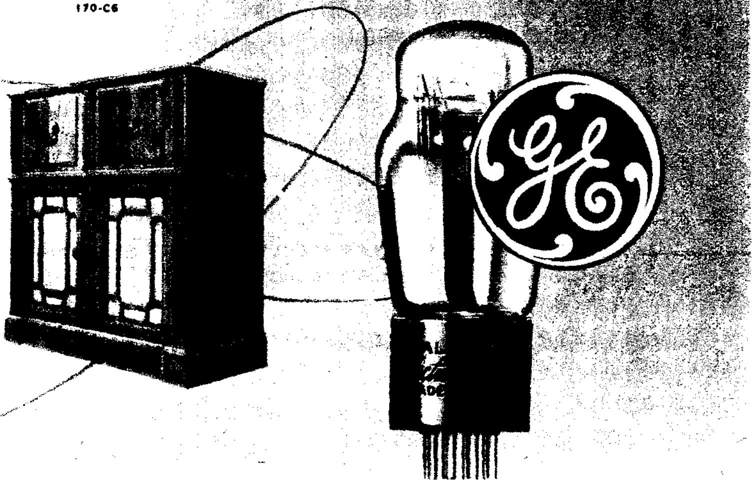
RADIO · TELEVISION · ELECTRONICS

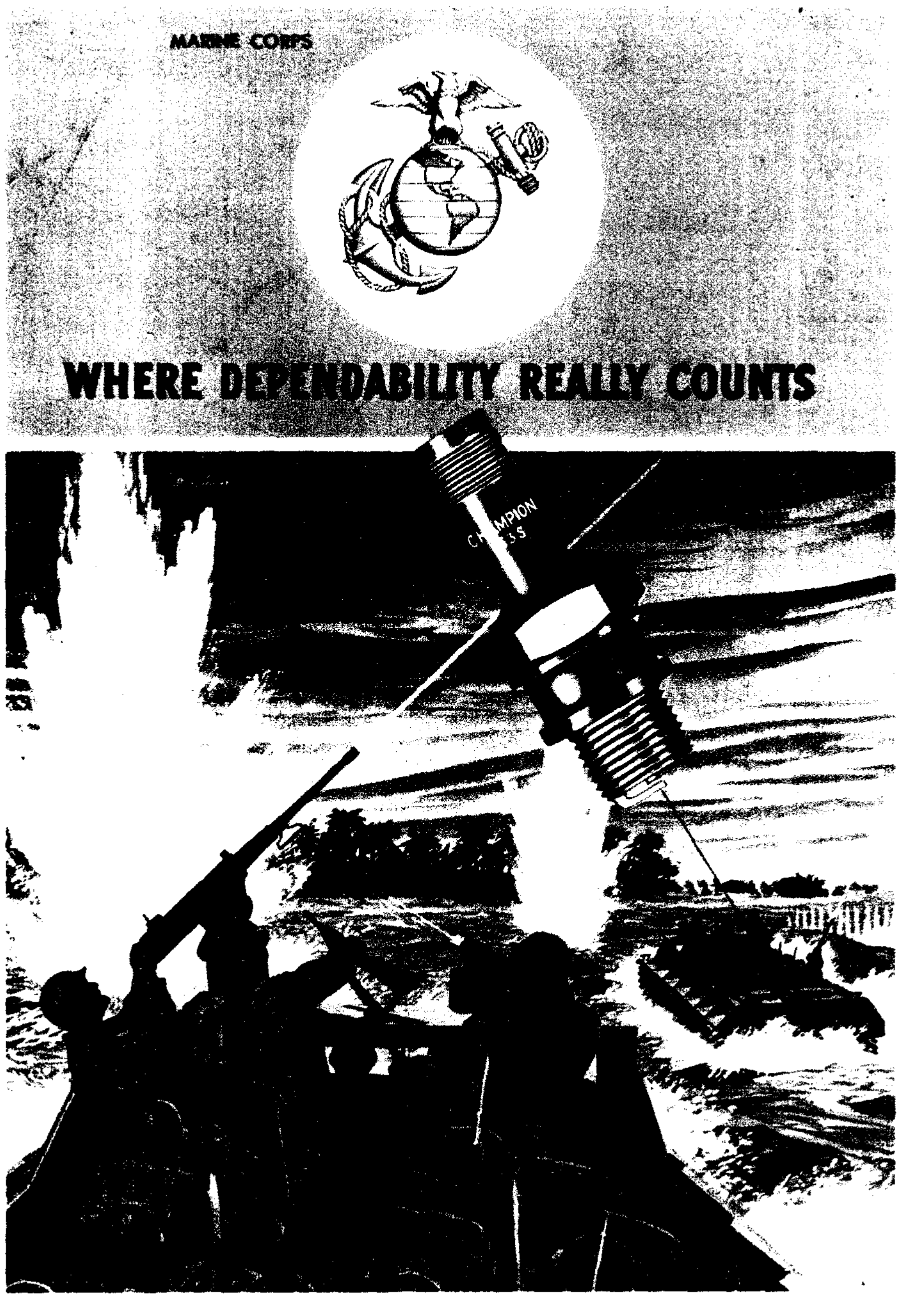
GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-C6

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.





... COUNT ON DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

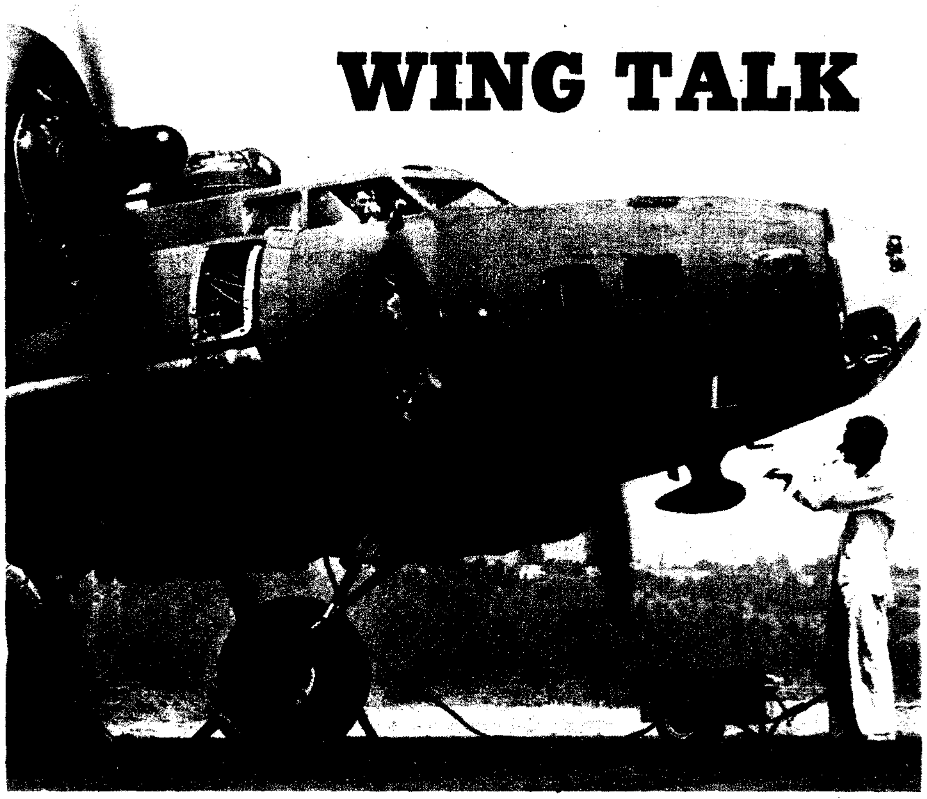
Our government makes no compromise with absolute dependability in any product used by our armed forces. The fact that Champion Spark Plugs are on active duty on every front, on land, water and in the air is dramatic evidence of the traditional dependability which has been their outstanding characteristic for over thirty years. Many exclusive and patented features account for their superior performance in every type of engine.

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—
BUY WAR BONDS

TO SAVE
GASOLINE
—KEEP SPARK
PLUGS CLEAN

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

WING TALK



Mechanics have their own graphic finger signs indicating engine test results. In this case, No. 3 engine seems to need checking

THE Flying Fortress takes off on its maiden flight with at least four men in its test crew. There may be a half dozen Forts in line at one time with their motors running, awaiting their first take-off. There is a pilot, a copilot, a radio technician, a crew chief and perhaps one or two others in each ship. It is my job to test the radio.

A plane is tested on the ground in every way possible before it flies. Every moving thing is operated several times. Even the guns are fired into sand pits. We depend upon the ground crew to make our plane fly, and we trust them.

When a plane is as perfect as they can make it, the crew chief "signs it out," and pilots are called. Then the crew stands by to watch it fly. At the front, this is called "sweating it out," and this phrase can also be applied to these men. They count the minutes a plane is in the air, discussing this and that which gave them trouble on the ground. If the crash whistle blows, their spirits sink. The plane is their baby. They want it to be perfect. This is its first production flight, called "First Prod."

They write their names on the propeller blades and bet. The name closest to the ground when the engines stop will win the money. They bet on the number of bounces the plane will make on landing. They like to make this bet with the pilot, who will always bet that there will be no more than one bounce.

My first flight was stimulating. For the first time, I was one of the four honored guests of this greasy, boisterous fraternity.

A man on a scooter with a sidecar brought four parachutes and threw them into the plane. Before we enter the plane, the pilots usually are grumpy. They eye the monster as though it were challenging us to a fight. Perhaps it is. The pilots jiggle the ailerons on the wings to see if they are free. It is a kind of futile gesture because there is so much that cannot be tested by that little jiggle.

They move the elevator and pat the rudder, which towers like a church steeple. They touch the chin-high wheels of prewar rubber. They wriggle and thump here and there and then climb into the cockpit for the take-off, that all-important first struggle of those thousands of parts to leave the earth and become a new creature in a new medium.

We strap ourselves in for the take-off—all but the crew chief. He stands behind the pilots where he can watch the instruments. He merits great respect in a plane on the flight line. This is his creation. He has nursed those engines through their test runs on the ground. He has tuned them to perfect performance and with inspectors has watched them for a long time.

He usually wears a jockey cap, which is protection against bumping his head and yet not large enough to be in the way. He pulls this over one eye, signals a mechanic to slam the door on us, and we call the control tower for a radio check.

If the pilot cannot make radio contact with the tower, he will like as not get rid of some of his excess tension in profanity, directed at the radioman. The radio must work before he can fly.

We taxi out onto the field, testing our brakes as we go. It is the first functional test of the huge brakes, and it is not conclusive. We will know about them for sure when we come in to land. They may pull us to one side and off the runway or they may not stop us at the far fence. If one sticks, the whole tread may disappear from the tire before anything can be done about it.

At a standstill, we run our engines at full speed for a moment and watch the dials. Everything looks all right. We get clearance from the tower for take-off. We square off at the starting line and open the throttles.

The pickup of those four engines is impressive. The motion glues you to the back of your rather flimsy seat. In a few seconds you are going so fast that you know things of this life are entirely out of your hands.

You look out, of course. You always thought the runway was smooth pavement, but now you see it is cut and scarred by many crashes. The plane slowly lifts and struggles with the new medium of air, which will be hers from now on, we hope.

It bounces, struggles up, bounces again. It flutters a few feet above the ground, as though it were battling with the air and could not quite free itself from the earth which sired it.

Then the going becomes a little smoother as you pass the fellow in the control tower with whom you have just conferred about taxi clearance and take-off instructions, both of you pretending to be a little bored, just so that no one will get excited. You hear him talking to another plane, still bored, presumably, and you are still struggling for a grip on the air just outside his window.

As the plane really gets hold of the air and rises, you get a quick view of the field and hangar camouflage, and think it is not too bad, and then you are another of those planes that fly over cities, and probably not a soul looking at you.

The plane is steady and comfortable, although very noisy. At first you shout to make yourself heard. Then a peculiar sense develops in your ears, and you discover that you can hear an ordinary voice above the roar of the four engines. The landing is still in the future and so you work at your trade, testing the many gadgets and controls.

You work in all parts of the plane. As you walk from the tail to the nose, you go through three doors and crawl through two

(Continued on page 76)

True Yesterday—

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "R

In Trust for Tomorrow

VOLUME MANUFACTURING of quality cars was the end purpose—never lost sight of at Plymouth. Design, research, engineering . . . all were co-ordinated and directed to this one objective. Plymouth built great cars because its supreme interest was in building them. That quality reputation is upheld today in the quantity manufacturing of war materials. And by Plymouth performance and Plymouth dealer service under wartime conditions. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

...there's no mistaking the real thing!

The Tire that has always lived up to its HIGHER PRICE

● For 30 years The General Tire has been known as the tire that cost *more money* than any other.

Millions of car owners have paid General's extra price because of General's superb *Top-Quality*.

In terms of longer mileage, greater safety and dependable performance this extra cost has been a small price to pay in exchange for *so much more*.

When you are permitted to buy a tire *today*, too, it is important to remember that you may pay less—but only The General Tire gives you its exclusive Top-Quality features.

Of course, tires are still scarce. You *must* save those you have. Prepared and equipped to help you is your General Tire Dealer. He specializes in expert repairing, General Tire-Kraft System recapping and mileage advice. See him—for *every* tire need.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

The GENERAL TIRE

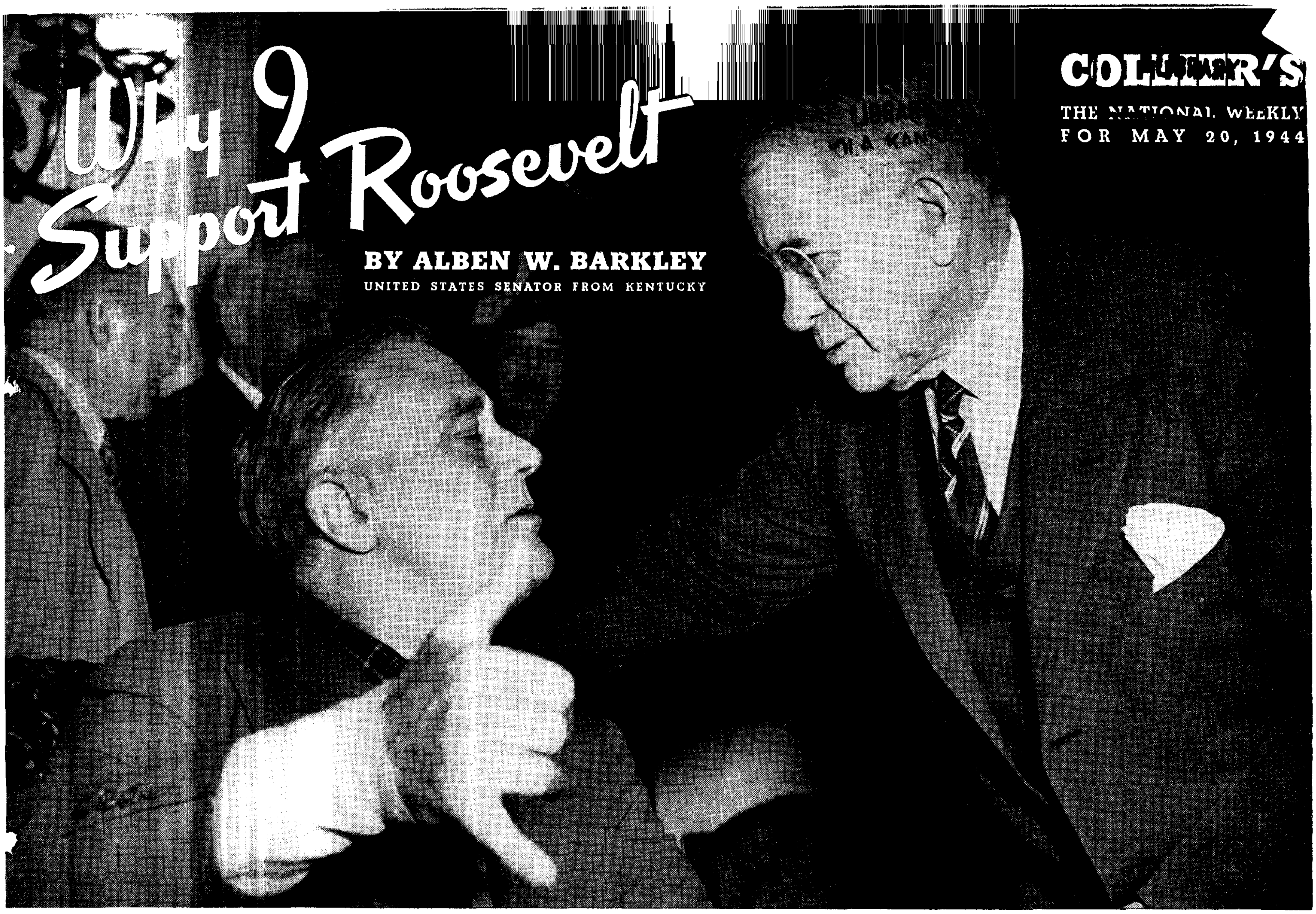
— *goes a long way to make friends!*

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 20, 1944

Why I Support Roosevelt

BY ALBEN W. BARKLEY

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY



HARRIS & EWING

The majority leader of the Senate, central figure in the recent dramatic protest against the veto of the tax bill, is still a firm friend of the President and will support him for a fourth term. This article gives his reasons

Senator Barkley believes that President Roosevelt is—and will be—the man best qualified to meet and resolve the problems that face the nation

NOTHING that I shall say in this discussion is to be construed as indicating that I have ever talked to President Roosevelt about a fourth term. I have never had a conversation with him about it.

Nor is it to be construed as indicating that he will seek a fourth term or permit a fourth term to seek him.

I do not know what his intentions are and I may never know until events reveal them.

Nothing that I shall say is likely to influence or convince the chronic Roosevelt haters. Nor is it calculated to carry any deeper convictions to the Roosevelt idolaters than they now possess. But, between these two extremes among the people of the United States, there must be and are literally oceans of men and women who wish to do that which will best assure the welfare of their country, yet who are haunted with the vague fear that if Mr. Roosevelt should be elected again the foundations of our nation would be weakened and that he would almost automatically enter upon a lifetime tenure of the White House.

To many of these men and women this fear is not very substantial; that is, it has not progressed beyond the stage of uncertain wonderment as to its effect. To many others it looms like a specter whose unwelcome form haunts them as if their fate were bound to some rock like Andromeda with no Perseus to fly to the rescue of the fair maiden.

Let me say at the outset that I am not a disciple of the doctrine of the indispensable man. I recognize that throughout history there have been men and women who seemed especially qualified by nature, training, ability and character to fit into the place which they occupied in the progress of mankind. But even in such instances God seems to have found a way to raise up and anoint a successor or a series of successors who continued the work in which humanity was engaged.

The answer to "Why I support Roosevelt" is not to be found, either, in his own intentions or wishes.

I have every reason to believe that he would have preferred to retire at the end of his second term. Why not?

The Presidency of the United States has come to be one of the most grueling and exacting responsibilities in the whole world. This is true even in times of peace, prosperity and tranquillity. It is enormously more true in the midst of the most devastating war in history, in which we must now take a major part.

I can well imagine that after two successful terms of unprecedented progress in forwarding the improvements in our social, political and economic relationships at home, and our commercial and political relations with the nations of the world, Mr. Roosevelt might well have wished to retire. The literary and historical field would have been inviting. Surely he could have adorned those fields and contributed greatly to the fuller understanding of the problems which we and the world have faced in this generation.

Why did he not seek this unofficial outlet for his talents?

The answer is simple. The conflagration against which he had warned the people, and which he had with all his energy and ability sought to avert even beyond our shores, was upon us.

The question which he faced was not simply one that might appeal to a vain and ambitious man desiring to smash a tradition to which we had been wedded for a century and a half.

Roosevelt had come into office in the United States only two months after Hitler came into power in Europe. Though engrossed in applying remedies to our internal problems, he could not be unaware of the growing menace to world peace and world security by the Hitler program supplemented by the ancillary programs of Mussolini in Europe and Africa and the Japanese in Asia.

Long before the question of a third term arose in the United States the menacing monster was crawling over Asia, had penetrated Africa, had threatened the invasion of all Europe and looked with brutal and lustful eye toward the Western Hemisphere.

With this world-wide situation facing us, the American people felt that their security and their interests could be again entrusted to the man who for eight years had lived with them and understood them in all their fundamental portents.

He responded to this command and they chose him again in spite of a great national tradition.

The Issue Before the People

Now the question upon which the American people must give an answer next November, assuming that the President will be nominated again whether he seeks it, or wishes it, or does neither, is not whether he is the only man who is fitted for that office.

Champ Clark years ago was in the habit of saying that the love of fame is the strongest passion of the human heart and that no man ever elected President would ever knowingly or willfully betray that trust.

The question is not simply whether Mr. Roosevelt is the only man, but whether he is now the best man, to finish the task in which our country is engaged.

That he possesses a more intimate and complete knowledge of the geographic, economic, political, moral, social, industrial and commercial crosscurrents that ebb and flow throughout the world no man can successfully gainsay. His knowledge of the geography and history of every country and every island which has taken on importance since this war began is almost phenomenal. His personal acquaintance and his ability to work with the men in all the United Nations who must play a leading and commanding part in winning the war and not losing the peace is greater than that of any American statesman to this date.

Now are we to lose all this accumulated knowledge and understanding merely for the sake of a change? Can anybody assert that any other man can walk into the possession of this knowledge, this background, this intimate understanding at once; and, if he cannot, how long a hiatus must we undergo and what will be its effect upon our friends and our enemies?

The questions involved here are far-reaching and compelling. They hold too much of the future of America and the world to be decided through prejudice, spite, partisanship, selfishness, or hate. They are too momentous to be decided by the mere desire to see new faces in Washington. I might very well agree that some new ones should be substituted here and there in important places. But a wholesale exodus would bring more chaos than it could possibly remove.

We are told that a fourth term for Mr. Roosevelt means dictatorship and life tenure. Many honest people think they believe this. But if they would sit down with themselves for a while and discuss it with themselves without prejudice or bias, they are bound to know there is no foundation for this fear.

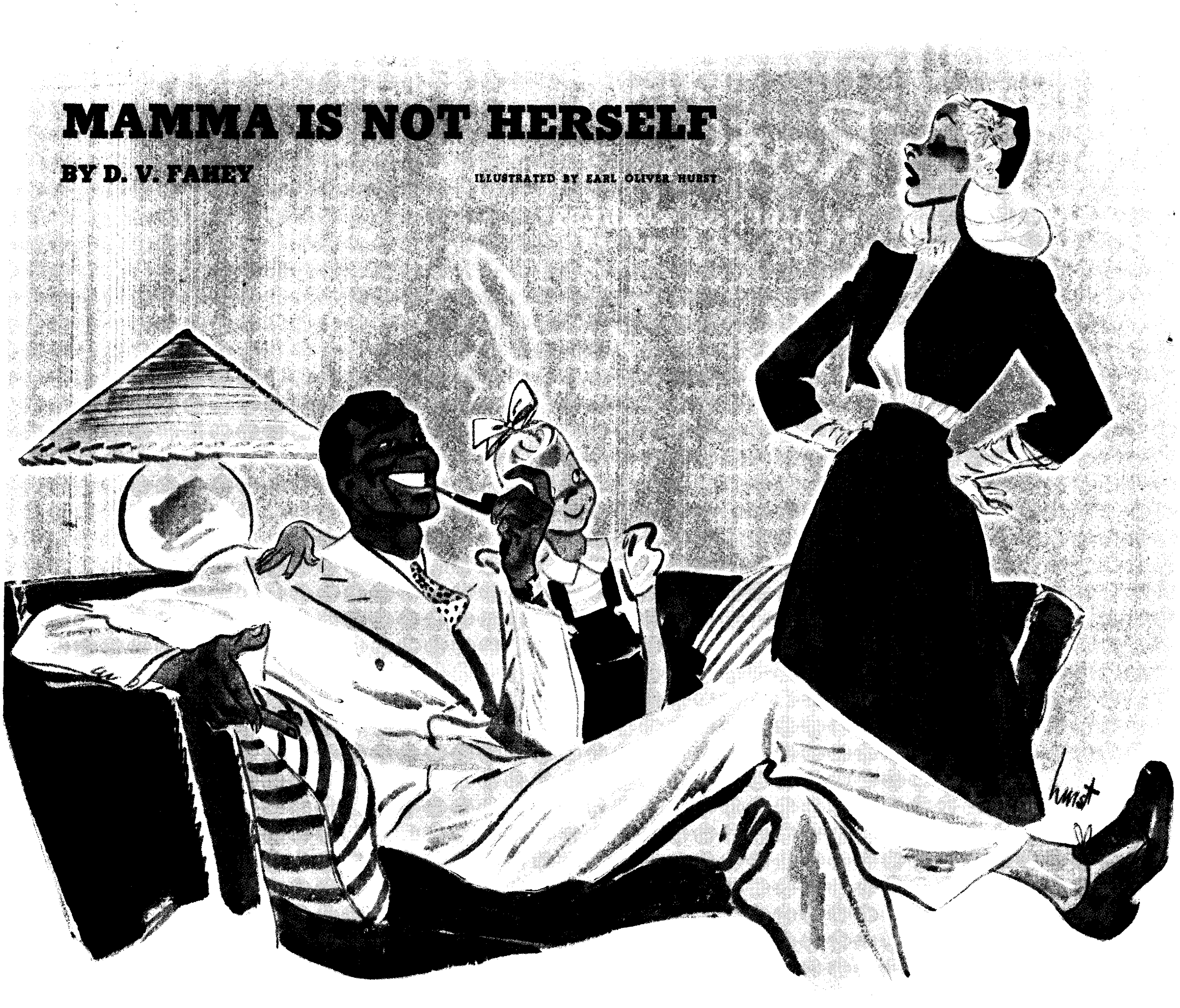
There are some who say that the President is stubborn now and then, and sometimes unforgiving. He may give way to the impulse to look at the political implications involved in a given course of action. He may even listen too much to the advice of those who always agree with him. So did Theodore Roosevelt; so did Andrew Jackson; so did Grant; so did Hoover.

(Continued on page 92)

MAMMA IS NOT HERSELF

BY D. V. FAHEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



"If you expect to take Mamma out tonight, Mr. Larkin," I said, "I am sorry. I must ask you not to do so." Pete began to laugh. "Your mother is perfectly safe with me," he said

Parents are very difficult people, as everyone knows who ever had 'em—but what should a girl do when her mother begins to give off spark?

I AM a girl nineteen years old and, up to a few weeks ago, I have had everything a girl needs to be happy. I mean, I have good teeth and legs, I was blond the day I was christened and a size twelve fits me all over. In fact, my personal future is practically settled because I am a Navy bride (Bill is fire control, first class), and my husband and I have discussed everything important. Like where we will live after the war, and what our children will look like. We are mature-minded. But I have a big problem to solve, and I do not know what to do about it.

Naturally, I had always taken it for granted that Mamma is mature-minded, too. Because it is not Bill who is my problem, of course, but Mamma—and Pete Larkin. I will now try to explain what I mean by that, and tell you what I have been through. I will start with Mamma.

To look at Mamma today, you'd never know her for the lovely, quiet person she was before she got mixed up with Pete Larkin and that Greg-Sharpe Electrical crowd. Mamma's thirty-seven if she's a day, and up to the time I got married, she acted like thirty-seven and a widow. We had the little house my father left, and Mamma worked part time in Mr. Twipp's real-estate office. Mr. Twipp isn't just old; he *creaks*. You would never have had to worry about his putting ideas into Mamma's head.

And, anyway, in those days, Mamma was perfectly normal, and practically lived for my younger sister, Betty, and me. Why, she could copy a dress, just looking at it. She spent her evenings knitting the cutest sweaters. She always had time to make Italian spaghetti for my gang, and see that Betty's clutter was out of the living room when I brought a fellow home from a dance or someplace. In those days, Mamma was where she belonged—at home.

And when I married Bill, I was sensible enough to see that I would be much happier at home, too—so long as he is in the Navy, I mean. And that was all right with Bill because he has always been perfectly devoted to Mamma. I planned that when his ship was in I would go down to New York, which is his home port; but otherwise—well, I had every intention of remaining right with Mamma. And the last thing I said to her before I went away on my honeymoon was something like this:

"When I come home, Mamma, I'll be more company for you. No more running around evenings for me. You and I will sit at home, and sew and talk, and perhaps go to a movie sometimes."

Naturally, I took it for granted that remark made Mamma very happy. And when it turned out that our honeymoon lasted eight weeks because Bill's ship was in port that long, I was very glad I'd given Mamma something to look forward to. I was sure she'd be simply lost without me. And I missed her, too. Nobody anywhere makes coffee like Mamma.

So when Bill went out, the first thing I thought of was telegraphing Mamma, and going home. I suppose I should have noticed something funny about Mamma not being at the depot to meet me, because usually when I have been away, she can hardly wait to see me. But, after all, it was just like her to be home, frying chicken or something, so I didn't really think about it.

IT WAS when I came home to an empty house—no meal waiting and no Mamma—that I realized something was wrong. There was just a note, written on the back of my telegram, saying that Mamma would be home at four o'clock.

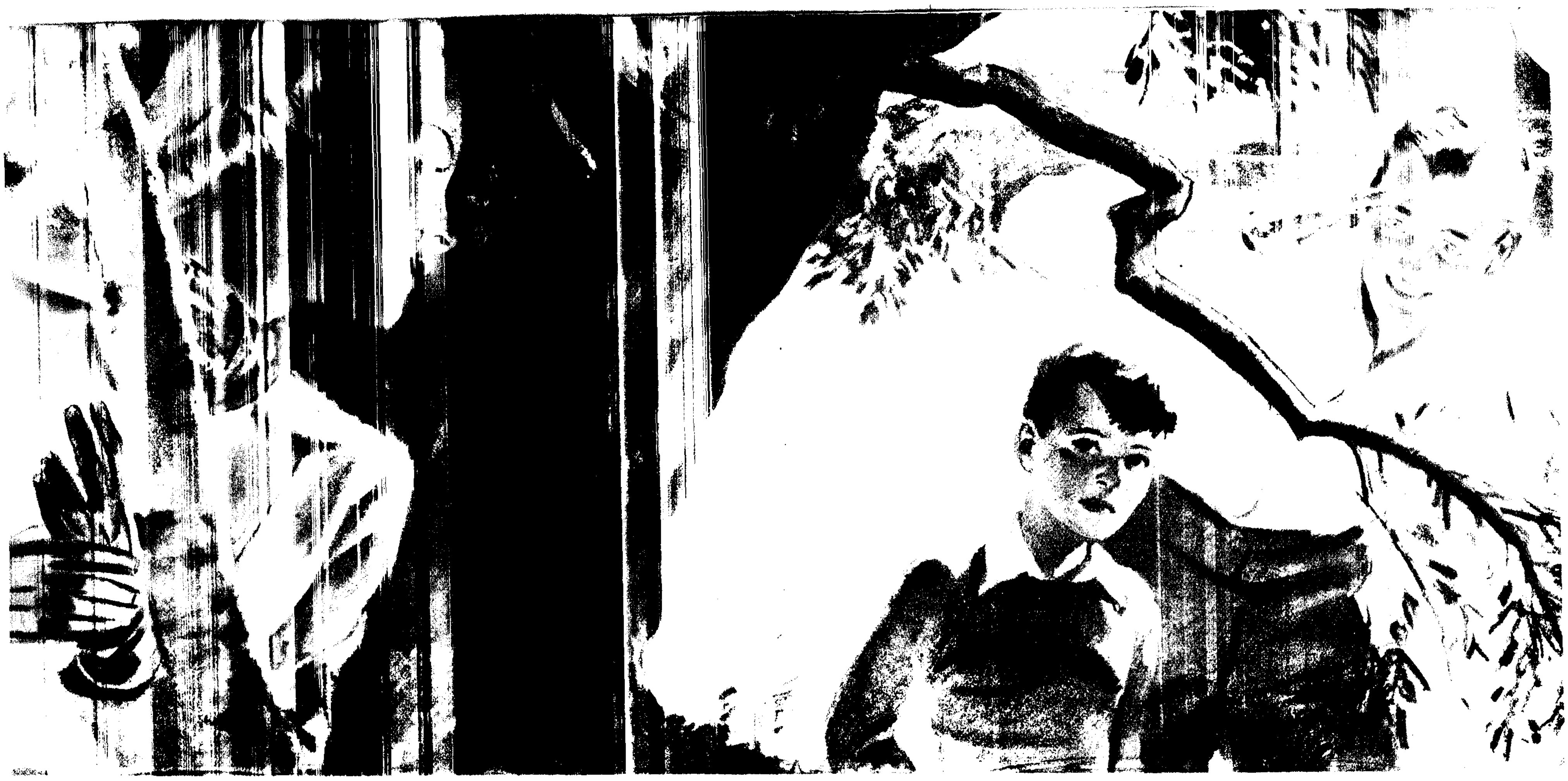
Naturally, I assumed that some terrible emergency had called her away. Like Betty taken sick at school. I was frantic. I waited for a telephone call. I expected Mamma to come home in a police car or an ambulance. In fact, I was prepared for anything but Mamma coming home on the dot of four, in a pair of dark blue overalls and a blue jumper. Honestly, it was like a crazy dream.

"Mamma," I gasped, "what is the meaning of this? Where have you been? You knew I was coming home!"

"I know, darling," she said, "but I had to go to work. They're awfully strict in my department."

It was then I learned that, in my absence, Mamma had taken the unfortunate notion to get herself a job at the Greg-Sharpe Electrical Works. Now, there is nothing wrong with the Greg-Sharpe Electrical Works. In fact, it is one of the biggest war plants in our district, and I had been thinking of taking a job there myself. But the idea of poor Mamma wearing overalls appalled me. My first thought was that we must be awfully hard up for money. But, when I asked her, Mamma said she was not worried about that. "I'm testing AC-DC generators," she said, "and I like it. Besides everyone is doing war work. Everyone ought to."

(Continued on page 80)



"I'm through packing, Mr. Perry," Mom called. "Private Perry to you, babe," Pop said. They both laughed

Soldier's Son

a short short story complete on this page

BY DUANE DECKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWE NEWHALL

POP was sitting on the dock watching the minnows inside the bait box swim around in little circles when Pete sat down beside him.

"We might as well dump that bait box over and let the minnows out," Pete said. "We'll never use them now."

Pop nodded, and Pete got up. But then he saw that Pop hadn't really heard what he'd said—he was just thinking. So Pete sat down again.

Through the window in the camp, he saw his mother—half-kneeling and tugging at a strap, trying to shut a suitcase. "Mom can't shut the suitcases," Pete said. "They're awful full of stuff."

"What?" Pop said. "Oh—don't worry. If she needs help, she'll let out a yell."

Pete frowned. He didn't see why Pop just sat here on the dock and let Mom shut the suitcases. Always when they went on trips, Pop was the one who shut the suitcases. Mom just packed them.

That wasn't the only queer thing—they had stayed out of each other's way all morning. If Mom was in the camp, Pop was out; or if she was upstairs, he was downstairs. They weren't mad about anything. It wasn't that.

"You going to stay here alone tonight?" Pete said.

Pop nodded. "I'll catch an early train in the morning."

"Why don't we all go together?"

"There'd be no point in it," Pop said, quickly, "because we're not taking the same train."

Pete knew that. He still didn't see why they didn't at least go to the railroad station together. He said, "Do you think you can get off to come to Grandma's and see us sometime?"

"I don't know, Pete. I don't know where I'll be shipped after I leave the induction center."

Pete knew all about the induction center from hearing them talk about it. That was the place they gave you your uniform and made you take the tests Pop had been studying for, and get vaccinated.

"Maybe," Pete said, "if you told them at the induction center about us being in Springfield, they wouldn't ship you out to California or some place."

Pop shook his head, hard. "Look, Pete—when you go in the Army, everything is different than it was before. We'll have to look at things differently. Not just me—you and your mother, too."

Pete pushed his hands under his legs and sat on them. Pop sounded like he was making a speech—and he never made speeches.

"A soldier," Pop went on, "doesn't ask favors the way he did when he was a civilian. Being a soldier comes ahead of everything else. I mean, my being a soldier comes ahead of my being your father. That's tough turkey, Pete, but it's the way it is."

IT HAD turned into a speech, all right. Pete shifted his weight. There certainly wouldn't be any harm in just *mentioning* to somebody, a major or somebody like that, how you didn't want to get shipped to California if you could be shipped someplace nearer Springfield. Suddenly he saw a car back out of the barn behind Parker's farm across the lake.

"They're ready to take Mom and me to the train," he said.

Pop looked and then glanced quickly down at the water. Pete stared down, too. Everything seemed the way it was when you tried to talk to a new kid on the block and be polite. It had never been this way, talking to Pop. Pete felt himself getting mad and not knowing just why.

The water looked clean and clear and you could see right down to the sandy bottom. He thought of all the time he and Pop had spent clearing the rocks out of there. He didn't want to leave the lake and go to his grandmother's in Springfield. He wanted to stay here as usual until September when school opened for him and for Pop—the way it had been when Pop was a high-school teacher instead of a soldier. He looked up as the cottage door opened and Mom walked out.

"I'm through packing, whenever you want to bring the things out, Mr. Perry," she called.

"*Private* Perry to you, babe," Pop said, getting up. They both laughed.

Pete didn't think it was a time for cracking jokes. He watched them as they passed each other on the path. They didn't say a word. They just looked at each other and smiled quick smiles.

Pop brought out three suitcases and put them in the canoe. Then he helped Mom in. She sat down in the middle, on the big cushion. Pete jumped into the front, to help paddle. His back was toward them, but he knew they sat facing each other.

Nobody said anything for a while. They started across the lake with nothing to break the silence except the swish of the canoe cutting through the water and the suck of the paddles digging foamy swirls. Finally Mom said, "I left half of the cash on the dining-room table."

"I meant that for you and Pete," he said. "I kept enough."

"You may need it. You don't know what may come up."

"Like a good crap game, you mean?" Pop said. They both laughed again. Pete dug his paddle deep.

When they reached the shore and beached the canoe, Pete took one of the suitcases. Pop took the other two. They started to walk up the hill to the farm.

"You write just as soon as you can, Bill," Mom said.

"Sure," Pop said. "I'll describe the thick steaks and stuff in crucifying detail."

"No," she said. "It's up to the Armed Forces to keep civilian morale bolstered." They both laughed again, but it didn't sound as if they really thought anything was very funny.

Mr. Parker was waiting on the porch and he came over to talk to Mom. Pop went to the car and got terribly busy fitting the suitcases inside the trunk. He didn't act like he wanted any help.

So Pete went into the barn for a last look at Mr. Parker's horse, Dick.

He threw some hay into the stall and watched Dick munch it. Then he climbed a hayloft and slid down it a couple times. When he went out, he saw Mom sitting inside the car and Mr. Parker going into the house. He looked all around but he didn't see Pop.

"Where's Pop?" he said.

Mom pointed down the road toward the lake, but she didn't speak. Her eyes looked red.

"But he didn't say goodby to me," Pete said. He was sure there was some mistake.

"He—he must have forgotten," she said. Her voice was low, so low Pete could hardly hear it. "Run down, Pete. You can catch him."

Pete turned and ran with furious leaps down the path. When he reached the beach, he saw the canoe a little way out, moving slowly away. He was out of breath. His words came almost in gasps.

"Pop! You didn't say goodby!" He couldn't have just forgotten the way Mom had said.

Pop half turned in his seat and let his paddle idle in the water. "I'm sorry, Pete." But he didn't say why he hadn't said goodby. He didn't even turn all the way around in his seat. "I'll write you a long letter pretty soon and give you all the dope on the Army."

PETE felt his eyes sting. He didn't want the dope on the Army. He just wanted Pop to paddle back and really say goodby. But the paddle wasn't even touching the water.

Mr. Parker's horn blew, twice.

Pete saw Pop brush his sleeve quickly across his face, as though he were sweating. But it was a cool day. Then suddenly the canoe started to turn around and head back toward shore.

And all at once, Pete knew Pop hadn't forgotten to say goodby. Mom knew it, too. Now, suddenly, he wasn't a schoolteacher's son any more. He was a soldier's son.

The canoe was still coming toward him. Pete brushed his hand quickly across his eyes and called, "Don't come back, Pop. I'm late. I got to beat it now."

The canoe slowed down. He heard Pop's voice, pinched and thin, come across the water: "Okay, son."

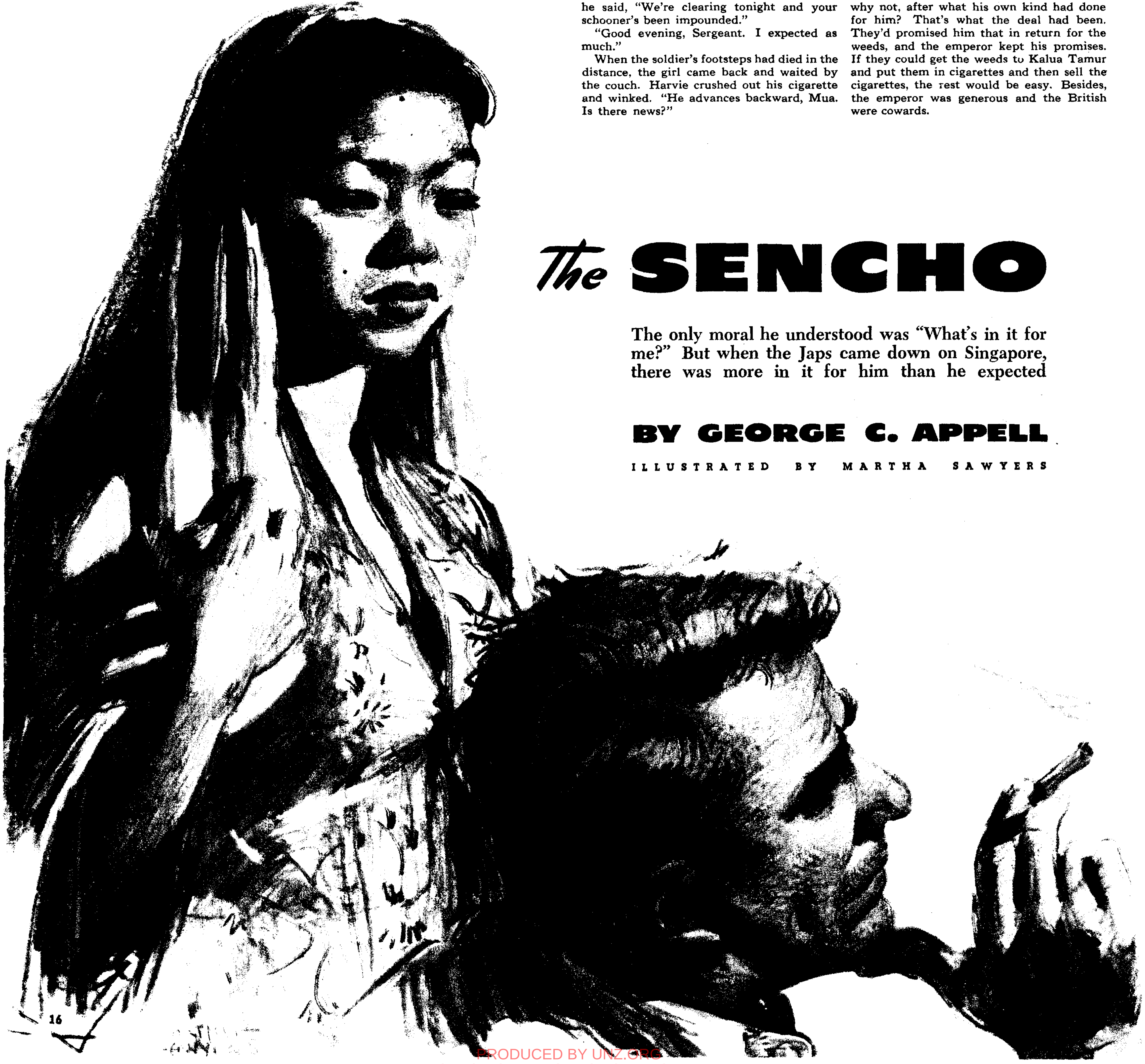
Mr. Parker's horn was blowing again—louder. So Pete turned and, without looking back, he ran as fast as he could, up the hill.

The SENCHO

The only moral he understood was "What's in it for me?" But when the Japs came down on Singapore, there was more in it for him than he expected

BY GEORGE C. APPELL

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



SERGEANT KILRAVIN of the Argylls walked straight and fast to the little board house with the netted veranda that looked over Kalua Tamur. He tugged down his blouse and rapped on the screen.

"Come," a tired voice called, and Sergeant Kilravin kicked open the door and faced Harvie Cross. A small Malay girl stood for a moment with a tray, then turned and left the room. Kilravin sat down.

"We're pulling out, Cross."

Harvie grinned and said nothing. He felt tense enough inside already without this ox of a fellow intruding to announce the obvious. The sergeant bent forward, his eyes intent on the thin face with the long nose and pursed, doubting mouth. He glanced at the grass curtain where the girl had gone. "I can take you, if you want to leave."

"Really, Kilravin, for a policeman you stink."

"I'm a soldier. A British soldier. I've orders to evacuate the populace, and you're part of it."

"The white populace," Harvie corrected. "I didn't know you considered me as being a part of it."

"If you'd get off that couch I'd knock you down."

Harvie enjoyed his conversations with the sergeant. They'd had them before, when the Café Cross had been declared Out of Bounds to British soldiers because of the Japanese, and when the schooner Harvie owned had inadvertently rammed the stern of the S.S. Dover Beach the year before.

He tapped a cigarette evenly on his wrist and placed it between his lips. He lighted it and flicked the match at Kilravin.

"Honestly, Sergeant, I appreciate your interest." He blew a smoke ring and watched it rise and fade away. "Thing is, Sergeant, if I go to Singapore under your superb protection, my white brothers are liable to—incarcerate me."

Kilravin nodded. He was a blunt man, not given to bluffing. "They might," he admitted.

"But they will."

The sergeant shrugged. "I've got my orders." He looked thoughtful. "Maybe they'd forget some things. The weeds you've been running down the Malacca Strait, for instance. Maybe they'd ignore the trained wheel at the café. You can shoot, can't you?" He lowered his voice as he added: "Your white brothers might give you a chance."

HARVIE shook his head. "I'd been given to understand that the Crown was invincible. Didn't know you were short of manpower."

Kilravin's mouth grew hard. "It's for the others, you puppy."

"Ah, for the others. I don't remember having needed them yet, Sergeant. Do you believe they'll require my blessing?"

Kilravin stood up and started to leave. At the door he paused and looked back. "You'll need a blessing when the Japs come. They don't like white men, and you're still white." He stalked across the veranda; on the steps he said, "We're clearing tonight and your schooner's been impounded."

"Good evening, Sergeant. I expected as much."

When the soldier's footsteps had died in the distance, the girl came back and waited by the couch. Harvie crushed out his cigarette and winked. "He advances backward, Mua. Is there news?"

"None." Her tightly bound hair and the single flowered garment she wore were scented with musky perfume. Her dark eyes moved over Harvie and filled with pity. "They will come soon."

"How soon?"

She touched his cheek. "I do not know. When they—pass the New Zealand men."

"They will take the New Zealand men prisoners. They will treat them well."

"Yes?"

"Yes." He stroked her arm and whispered, "Sencho?"

She nodded and answered, "Sencho."

He saw the pity in her eyes. "You fear for me, don't you, Mua?"

"Yes," the girl said, "I fear for you—greatly."

Harvie pushed himself to his feet and stared through the screen at the town. There were boats in the harbor and people crowded the wharves with their possessions; white-jacketed constables moved among them, sorting, guiding, easing them toward the gangplanks. Harvie saw his schooner moored beyond the wharves. She would be next to dock, after the little freighter cleared. Already the well decks were filled.

"Sencho," he breathed. "Captain." And why not, after what his own kind had done for him? That's what the deal had been. They'd promised him that in return for the weeds, and the emperor kept his promises. If they could get the weeds to Kalua Tamur and put them in cigarettes and then sell the cigarettes, the rest would be easy. Besides, the emperor was generous and the British were cowards.

Down on the wharves, a constable had carried a woman aboard, holding her child on his shoulder. A lean brown man struck at him and the constable laughed. Those were the cigarettes.

Harvie Cross. Quentin Harvard Cross. Q. Harvard Cross, it once had been, but they laughed at him and told him to quit acting. So it had become Harvard Cross, a nice name, a high-sounding name with an accent all its own. There had been aspiration in the baptismal; he was supposed to have gone to Harvard, but you don't go to Harvard on nutshells, on the pickings from newspaper routes or the commissions from sales of appliances. Harvie Cross, then, of Butte, Montana, and Monterey, California. Harvie Cross of San Francisco and Alameda and Shanghai. Harvie D. Cross, someone had called him. Harvie Double Cross of Shanghai and Haiphong and back to Shanghai again.

Harvie Cross of the broad, long Bund, where land was a million dollars an acre and you ran errands for twenty dollars a week. The Bund, where you dodged the Sikhs and kept clear of the Chinese, where you worked all night and kept your mouth shut and if you were lucky, you were dealt in. There was never a dearth of men with impeccable manners and endless wealth, men who paid you well but whose eyes grew tight if you asked for more. There were plenty of them, and Harvie knew them all. He knew the roly-poly fat one with the light skin and quavering voice; he knew the bowlegged one who bowed more than he stood straight, and he knew Tayama, who had told him about the Peninsula.

"That is all we want, the Peninsula, Cross San. Just the Peninsula. After that, we will consolidate and spread prosperity through our chosen sphere. You will help us, of course."

Of course he would help. What else could you do, when the Sikhs moved you on and the English stared through you? What else could you do when the men with impeccable manners pressed money into your hand and told you where to get the hasheesh? What else could Harvie Cross do, when the Americans gazed at him with fright and hastened past?

A TRAIN of ambulances moved slowly toward the harbor, the last motor train from the bush country where the Japanese were slipping south along their coveted Peninsula. The others up there, the ones who stood in the jungles and shot it out, would have to take care of themselves. There was no more gasoline.

The ambulances were unloading the wounded, and Kilravin stepped up with some soldiers and helped carry the litters to the wharves. That was Kilravin for you, Harvie Cross told himself. That was an Englishman, or an American, doing the right thing too late, or at the wrong time!

Mua came out on the veranda and linked her arm through his. He nudged her sleek head with his nose and kissed her cheek.

"They leave now, Mua."

She pressed her body closer to his and smiled. "They will not return. They will not question you any longer." There was relief in her tone, and Harvie Cross felt pleased.

"Soon I will be a sencho, and they will forget. They always forget."

"The others? The ones from the north? Sometimes they frighten me."

"Do not be frightened. They will know you as my *onna*."

"And you will never meet the men of England again, or the men from your home?"

Harvie Cross' brow wrinkled. No, he would never see the men of England again, nor the men from his home. He would stay here on the Peninsula, and when the traders came, after the silly misunderstanding was over, he would greet them suavely and judge for himself what their prices would be. And if any mentioned the other days, he would ignore them and ask what goods they wanted. There was no official guilt on him; they had never proved the matter of the weeds. Captain Tayama was unknown to them.

Mua was putting the supper things together. Harvie lighted another cigarette, one with only tobacco in it, and strolled out to the lawn. He smoked in silence, contented and a little bit excited.

Then he saw Kilravin coming up the slope, and behind him trudged another man, a man who wore pips on his shoulders. Harvie dropped his cigarette and twisted it out with his foot.

Kilravin waved to him and said something to the officer. They walked across the lawn and nodded. Harvie waited.

"Major Partridge, Cross. He's come up from the island."

"Evening, Major."

"Mr. Cross," the major said stiffly, "Sergeant Kilravin tells me that you're quite familiar with the Peninsula south of here. He tells me that you know the east coast especially well."

Harvie nodded. "That's true, Major."

"You also know the tongue?"

"I've lived here for quite a while."

"I see." The major paused, gathering his words, putting them in proper sequence. "Although it's been my understanding that you wish to remain, it's essential that others leave." He waited, hoping for some sign, but Harvie's expression didn't change. The major had the ball now.

"The troops are in rather a bad way, Cross. Gangrene, for one thing. Gunshot wounds, for another."

"Yes?" The major still had the ball; let him play it.

"Our ships are loaded," the major continued. "Very few troops could be put aboard—just the worst cases. The others will have to make it on foot."

THE major fixed his gray eyes on Harvie, and they held a question.

Harvie worked up saliva in a dry mouth. This was worse than he had expected.

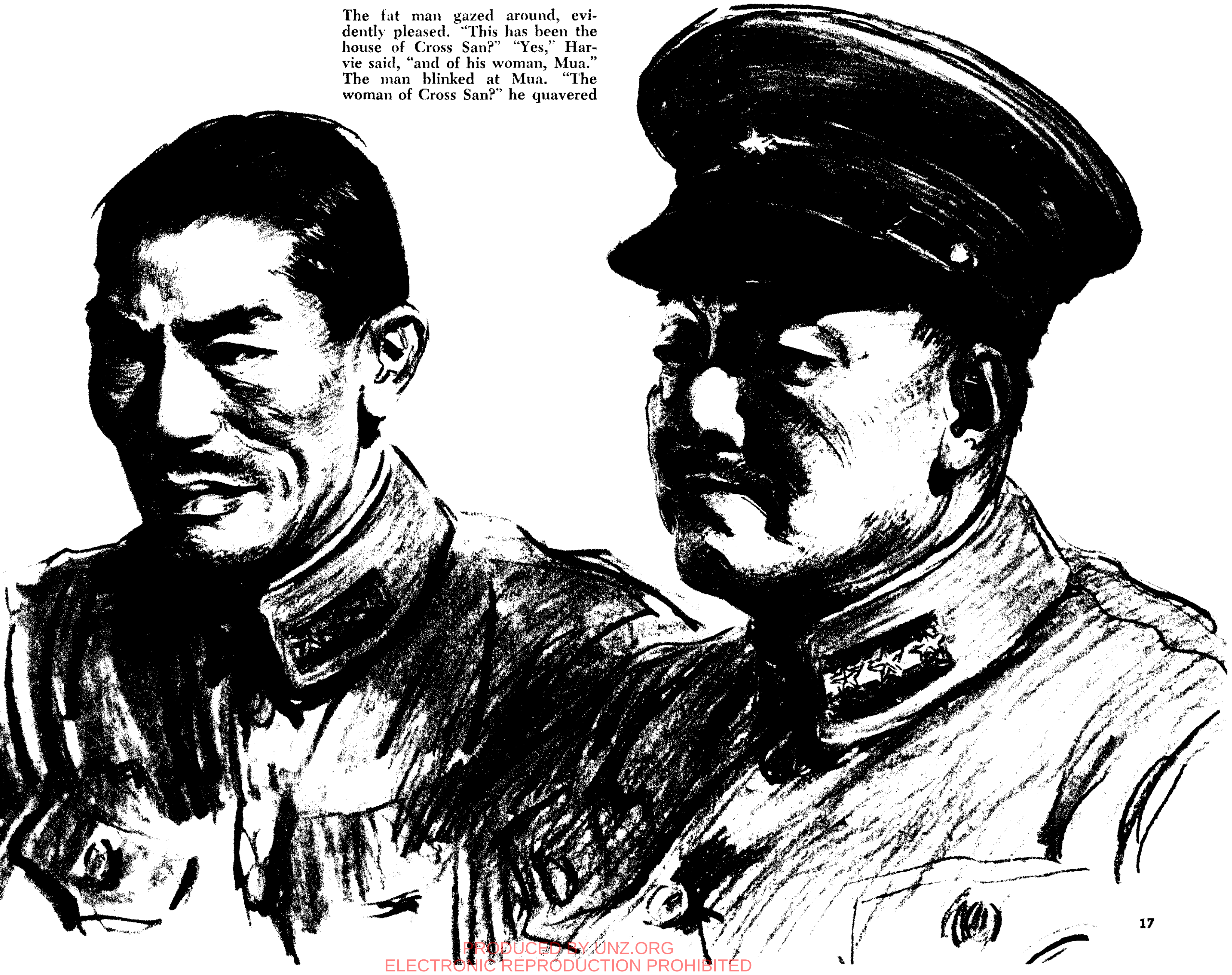
"I have—my holdings." He swallowed twice and shuffled his foot. "Isn't there anyone else? You people have been here long enough."

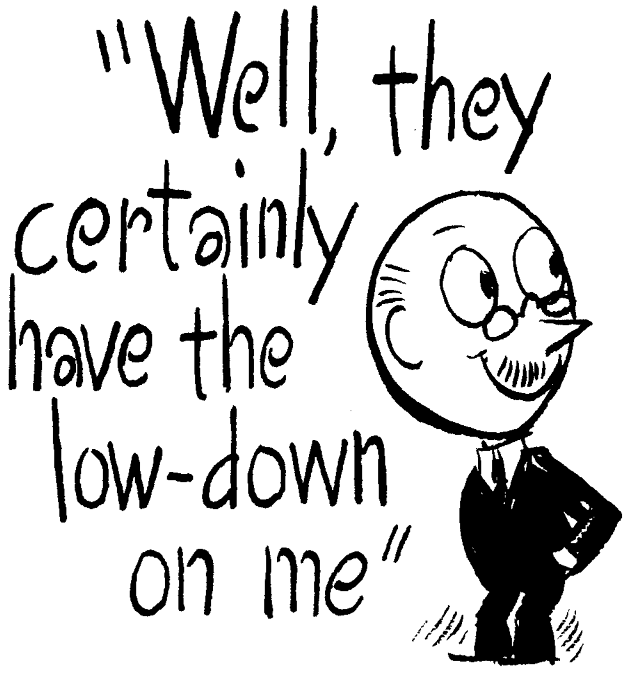
"No one else available, Cross. Even if we had gasoline for the lorries, we couldn't use them more than part of the way. It will have to be done on foot—and soon."

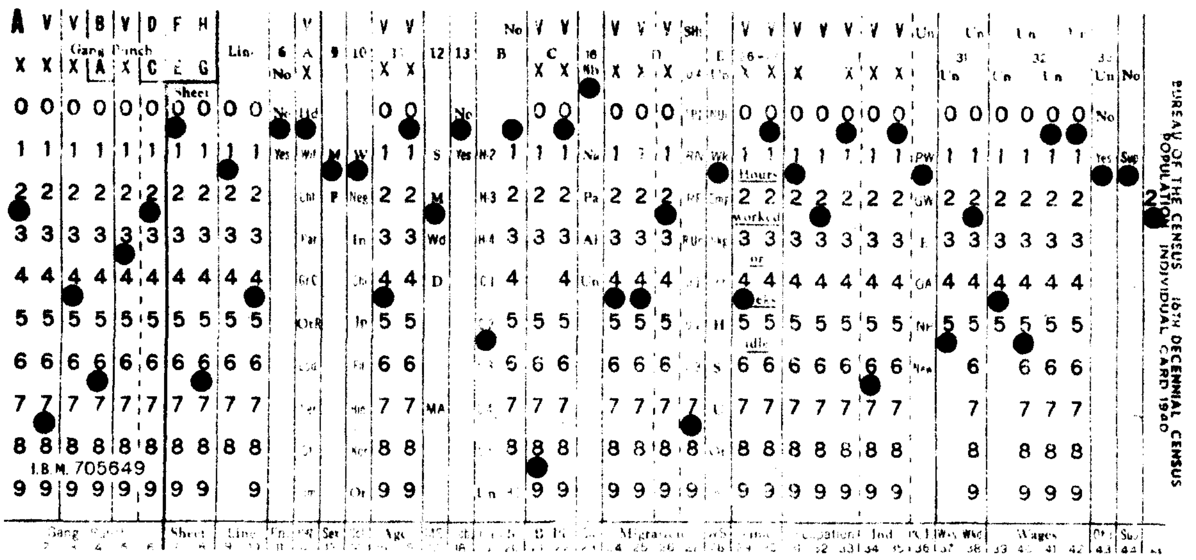
"There are natives here, Major, who know the country better than I. I can name—"

(*Continued on page* 36)

The fat man gazed around, evidently pleased. "This has been the house of Cross San?" "Yes," Harvie said, "and of his woman, Mua." The man blinked at Mua. "The woman of Cross San?" he quavered




"Well, they certainly have the low-down on me"


BUREAU OF THE CENSUS POPULATION
16TH DECENNIAL CENSUS INDIVIDUAL CARD 1940
I.B.M. 705649

First ten columns of the census card above comprise code numbers that point to the exact spot in the U. S. where a specific individual is located. Example: *John Doe, 3333 Ocean Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* Columns 11-44 show that he does not live on a farm; is head of his household; is a male, white and 39 years old; married; wasn't attending school at time census was taken; had completed two years of college; was born in Kentucky; on April 1, 1935, was living in Los Angeles, California; was employed during the last week of March, 1940, working forty hours weekly as salesmanager of a wholesale hardware company; had worked fifty-two weeks in 1939 at a salary of $4,500 a year; had additional outside income; is among the five per cent sample from whom supplementary information was obtained and an additional card is on file for him

IT'S IN THE CARDS

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

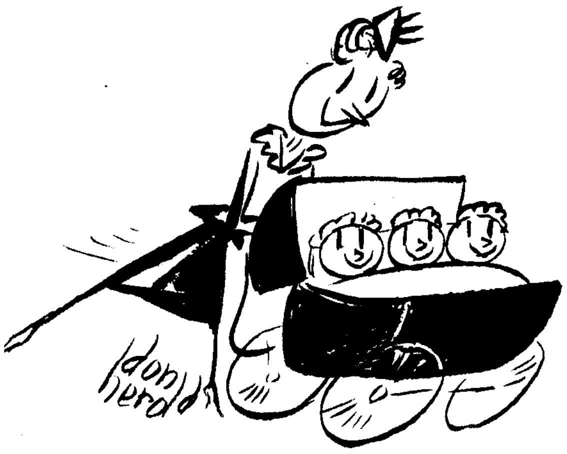
ILLUSTRATED BY DON HEROLD

From millions of cards in the Census Bureau—one for you and every other American—comes a clear picture of profound social and economic changes just ahead for the United States. It isn't guesswork, this startling picture of what your life will be like five, ten, or twenty years hence

THIS United States you've known all your life is going to be a lot different in the years ahead. There is a group of soothsayers in Washington who can tell you, right now, a great deal about what you can expect. Regardless of the war's final effects on all of us, certain clearly predictable changes are in store for you, your family and every other American.

The prospects for your particular job, business or profession, the chances of your making more or less money, the odds on whether your community will grow or slump, the future trends in American thought, politics, religion, culture—all this, and much more, is in the cards: the half-billion Census Bureau punch-hole cards, with vital facts about each one of us, the cards that go whirling through the most amazing fortunetelling machines ever devised.

Baby-carriage manufacturers can plan on more two- and three-seater models



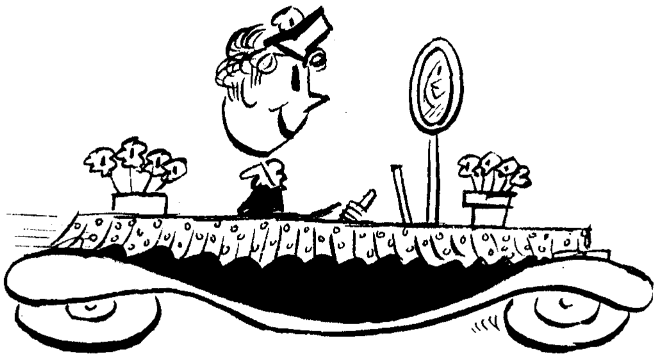
The soothsayers of old scrutinized the innards of sacrificial animals and made highly dubious forecasts accordingly. Our modern soothsayers—the Census experts—keep their eyes on the batteries of card-sorting and tabulating machines, compare the records of the past with the trends of the present, and then make predictions that are so accurate that merchandisers, advertisers and producers use them regularly for laying out sales campaigns and planning future markets.

Before examining specific forecasts, let's see how they're made. Remember, back in 1940, when that Census fellow came around with a huge book and set down a lot of facts about you and your family? The book was shipped to Washington. There, one of 10,000 operators with lightning fingers transformed these facts into the ingenious punch-hole language which the machines could read later. For each of our 152 million inhabitants, at least one separate card was punched out, there being additional cards for every family unit, dwelling unit, farm or business establishment, and for those in various other special classifications. In the huge new Census Building sprawled over many acres at Suitland, on the outskirts of Washington, your punch-card self resides in a long box with the cards of your family and nearest neighbors.

A hundred and fifty times in the past few years, this card of yours has been whirled through the machines, each time to provide some new item of information. The facts which come out of the statistical sausage grinders are then supplemented and freshened up by other facts streaming in from many sources: Monthly sample censuses of 30,000 selected families and special canvasses by an army of field workers; Social Security, Selective Service, old-age pension, income tax, election registration lists; industrial, employment and farm reports, and so on. Every time you have a birth, death, marriage or divorce in your family, every time you apply for a ration book, open a new business, go bankrupt or go to jail, every time you get onto an official record of almost any kind, you become another statistic for the Census machinery.

If mechanics interests you, you'd stand transfixed on watching the machines, invented and developed by the bureau technicians, into which the punch-hole cards are fed. The basic secret lies in scores of tiny, electrically operated fingers which "read" the holes in the cards somewhat as an expert blind man reads Braille, only infinitely faster. As the cards whiz by, up to 400 a minute, each finger catches in a lightning flash at the hole location for which it is set. In the sorting machines, the fingers open slots which send the cards into their respective compartments; in the tabulating and enumerating machines, each finger contact registers another tally for a given punch-hole fact, these machines being capable of adding up 60 separate columns at one time!

Running the vast Census establishment from the business and administrative end is J. C. Capt, former Texas dairyman, while heading the actual soothsayers—twenty experts each in charge of a specialized department—is Doctor Philip M. Hauser, former University of Chicago sociologist. If we look into one of the departments—Vital Statistics, for instance—the focal point for all our birth, death and disease reports, we may find Doctor Halbert L. Dunn studying the baby situation.



Automobile manufacturers had better design to appeal to women; there'll be more of them

"H'mm," says Oracle Dunn. "Baby-carriage manufacturers had better prepare to make more two- and three-seaters. Prenatal conditions steadily improving; infant mortality going down yearly; may be only 20 deaths per thousand live births by 1960—that means more multiple births and more chance of both twins, or all three triplets, surviving."

Charting the Baby Crop

The birth records are positively pregnant with portents. The birth rate, which had been dragging along at low levels for years, soared 'way up in 1943 in the wake of war marriages. Now it is slowing up again and will continue sluggish except for a short time after the men in service come home. All that will mean a great deal to you if you're connected with the school system, if you run the corner candy store, if you're a pediatrician or in any business or profession catering to children.

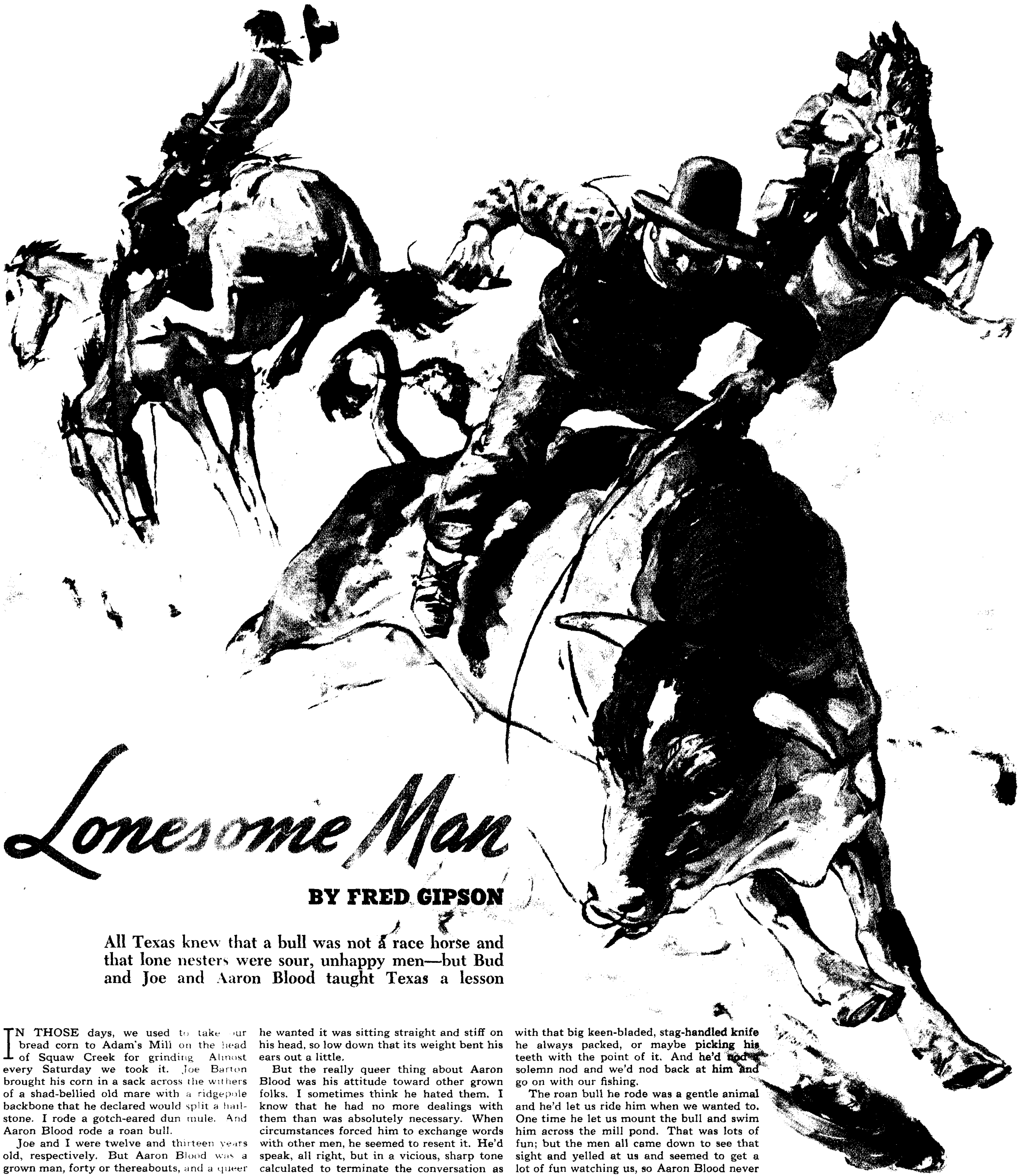
Did you ever see an orange go down an ostrich's neck? Well, the effect of the temporary 1942-43 boom in births will be something like that. The big bulge in the baby crop will move along down the stretch of years ahead and make itself felt in innumerable ways. By 1948, the bulge will hit the kindergartens and first grades; in 1956, it will hit the high schools; in 1960, the colleges. But conforming to the birth rates in the years before and after, there'll be smaller classes preceding the bulge, and smaller classes following. So smart school administrators will prepare to shift teachers and facilities accordingly.

What happens in the schools will be only part of the story. The rise and fall in school attendance will be paralleled in many other fields as the army of kids marches on. Next year you'll see a boom in everything that has to do with two- and three-year-olds—apparel, toys, books, etc.; in 1946, the markets for three- and four-year-olds will prosper; in 1947, the four- and five-year-olds will be swarming; and so with each successive year. If you sell children's shoes, hats, garments, you can plan your future size ranges for years to come. If you sell sporting equipment, you can know when to expect a rise in demand for baseball bats, footballs, basketballs.

This gives you an idea of how just one set of statistics can pave the way for a sequence of important forecasts. But if we go through

(Continued on page 74)

Right after the war there will be a temporary boom in men's apparel



Lonesome Man

BY FRED GIPSON

All Texas knew that a bull was not a race horse and that lone nesters were sour, unhappy men—but Bud and Joe and Aaron Blood taught Texas a lesson

IN THOSE days, we used to take our bread corn to Adam's Mill on the head of Squaw Creek for grinding. Almost every Saturday we took it. Joe Barton brought his corn in a sack across the withers of a shad-bellied old mare with a ridgepole backbone that he declared would split a hailstone. I rode a gotch-eared dun mule. And Aaron Blood rode a roan bull.

Joe and I were twelve and thirteen years old, respectively. But Aaron Blood was a grown man, forty or thereabouts, and a queer sort of man, at that.

Not that he looked queer, especially. He was about medium height, a little on the stout side, black-headed, blue-eyed, and slow of movement. He wore the usual blue denim overalls and block-toed shoes of all nester folks. He even wore the same broad-brimmed, high-crowned black hat that most of the Squaw Creek settlers wore.

But the way he wore that hat set him apart a little. You never saw a crease or a dent in that high-crowned hat. You never saw a speck of dust or a streak of grease or sweat on it. When he put it on, he took as much time and pains as a woman to get it set exactly as he wanted it. And the way he wanted it was sitting straight and stiff on his head, so low down that its weight bent his ears out a little.

But the really queer thing about Aaron Blood was his attitude toward other grown folks. I sometimes think he hated them. I know that he had no more dealings with them than was absolutely necessary. When circumstances forced him to exchange words with other men, he seemed to resent it. He'd speak, all right, but in a vicious, sharp tone calculated to terminate the conversation as quickly as possible.

But with Joe and me, Aaron Blood was different. Not that he was especially friendly or talkative. He wasn't. But on those days when we were all at the mill and sometimes waiting around half a day for our corn to be ground, he shunned the groups of nester men squatting in the shades of the bur oaks swapping crop talk to be with Joe and me.

He didn't try to play with us and get in the way, as some grown folks will do. He didn't say much, either. Maybe Joe and I would be fishing for channel cat in the pond below the mill and we'd look around and there'd be Aaron Blood squatted on his hunkers behind us and watching. He'd be whittling a stick with that big keen-bladed, stag-handled knife he always packed, or maybe picking his teeth with the point of it. And he'd nod a solemn nod and we'd nod back at him and go on with our fishing.

The roan bull he rode was a gentle animal and he'd let us ride him when we wanted to. One time he let us mount the bull and swim him across the mill pond. That was lots of fun; but the men all came down to see that sight and yelled at us and seemed to get a lot of fun watching us, so Aaron Blood never would let us ride the bull any more.

It was in the fall when Shiner Maverick built the race track at Squaw Creek. Shiner ran a big horse ranch over on the head of Salt Branch and lately he'd bought some thoroughbred studs and gone in for raising race horses. I guess it was to get his colts used to a track and the crowds that he bought a flat piece of land a quarter of a mile below Adam's Mill and built the track. That, and to make money. It was common knowledge that Shiner Maverick never made a move that didn't net him plenty of money.

It wasn't much of a race track, of course. Shiner had the flat cleared and the circular

(Continued on page 39)

Aaron Blood hooked a rusty spur in the side of his roan bull and blew a blast on his cow horn. The bull lunged forward with an angry bellow. The high-spirited racers broke and fell away from that bull

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Joe and Uta

BY MELA UNDERWOOD

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX

Shakespeare makes good on Broadway—and so do José Ferrer and Uta Hagen, one of the theater's youngest husband-and-wife teams, starring with Paul Robeson in Othello

IN THE kitchen of a small country house near Ossining, an hour from New York City, a young man bent over an ironing board. "Come on out here," he yelled to a visitor, "while I finish this job," and he went on ironing the ruffles of a little girl's pinafore.

The young man was José Ferrer, who, when his ironing is done, stars as Iago in Shakespeare's big Broadway hit, Othello.

"I don't mean to be impertinent," said the visitor, "but do you have to do this sort of thing?"

"You mean ironing?" said Joe, turning a neat pleat. "Well, we haven't been able to get a maid lately, and I don't want Uta to work too hard. She did the washing. Besides, I practice singing while I iron," and he sang out a strong "mi-mi-mi-mi-mi" arpeggio.

Uta Hagen (pronounced Oota), who is the lovely Desdemona of Othello, came in the back door with a broom and chimed in with a mi-mi-mi of her own. And Letty, their 3½-year-old daughter, not wishing to be left out of things, trailed along with a mi-mi echo.

The Ferrers have been in the theater about eight years apiece—Joe is thirty-two, Uta twenty-four—and Othello is the biggest hit they've ever had, and they're very happy about it. Just try to get Othello tickets sooner than next month. You are put in your place right away for thinking that if you couldn't see Oklahoma! you could always go lap up some good old Shakespeare.

This Shakespeare is different. It must be different. This Othello has broken all records for Shakespearean runs with 238 performances up to May 12th, each to a full house plus packed-in standees, and it is now setting down to a long hot summer of bloody tragedy, which the people seem to like as well or better than the many variations of the strip tease now showing on Broadway.

It's the same old Othello you had to read in high school, but rendered intelligible by smooth direction and three bright stars—Joe and Uta and Paul Robeson, who plays the title role. Paul Robeson is used to success, in concerts, opera, movies and on the stage. But the Ferrers are newcomers, comparatively, and as un-Shakespearean by nature as the rest of us.

"That Shakespeare was a sloppy guy sometimes, the way he wrote," says Joe. "He wasn't worrying about posterity, I guess; just trying to get his play done and into rehearsal quick. Why else would he make it so hard to get across the reason why Iago (that's Joe, the villain) hates Othello?"

It's all explained, if you know your Shakespeare, in the first few lines, spoken by Iago and his pal, Roderigo. ("Roderigo is a society kid," says Joe, "the kind that drops out of Yale in his second year, just a rich dope out for a thrill in the big city, and Iago uses him.") Anyway, Roderigo starts off by saying to Iago, "Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate."

"Okay," says Joe, "but who is 'him'? That's Shakespeare's secret. He doesn't bother to explain who 'he' is; just goes on talking about 'he' and 'him,' with Iago fussing because 'he' has chosen somebody else for promotion to the lieutenancy that Iago feels he has earned."

Joe Ferrer thinks it's unlikely that anybody hears these first few lines anyway, what with late-comers stumbling to their seats in the darkness, and women taking off their hats and so on, and when Shakespeare finally mentions Othello the Moor, "you have forgotten that one little reference to the lieutenancy, if you ever heard it, and all you know for sure is that for some reason or other Iago has no use for the Moor." Joe hopes he makes the audience understand emotionally, even if it doesn't all seem to add up intellectually.

Ferrer sees Iago as a nobody who has worked his way up in the army by sheer talent and industry. Iago is hungry and ambitious, and he says, "What the hell! The army's a great racket," and he stays home nights studying, instead of going out with the boys, and he does his stuff on the battlefield and he figures he's due a promotion, and then along comes this slick Cassio in a dinner jacket ("a smooth guy that went to West Point.") and the general falls for him and gives him the promotion, and then Iago gets mad.

This is the way Joe Ferrer talks about Shakespeare, and this is why, probably, his Shakespeare makes so much sense. And if Joe criticizes the old boy's sometimes sloppy work, he also holds in high esteem Shakespeare's wisdom and humor, and he loves the "shape and smell and color" of the Shakespearean words.

The Ferrers are very young to be playing parts that supposedly take a lifetime of acting experience, but it is rather nice for a change to have a Desdemona really young and lovely instead of a middle-aged woman painted up to look like a girl—she hopes. Neither of them has a trace of the dainty, synthetic British enunciation we've come to associate with Shakespeare. They are just regular people, and you believe them, even when they're spouting sixteen-century lines.

Love at First Sight

Joe and Uta met while they were playing in summer stock at Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1938. They were cast together in The Latitude of Love, and they became engaged almost immediately, but they weren't married for several months.

"I had to wait while Joe got up the courage to ask his father's consent," says Uta. "Can you beat that?"

"Now, now," says Joe. "It wasn't like that. I come of a Spanish family (his father is Rafael Ferrer, a Puerto Rican lawyer) and we believe in parental respect. I had to arrange for my father to meet you."

"When you finally told him we were going to be married," Uta went on, "he only said, 'I can't say I'm surprised.' "

Uta, who comes of a family of professional musicians, had her heart set on the theater as far back as she can remember. Her mother was Thyra Leisner, the German opera singer, and her father, Oskar Hagen, was a composer and conductor, known especially for his production of the yearly Handel festivals in Göttingen, Germany. Her parents gave up their glittering careers and came to America in 1926, because they felt that America was a better place than Germany for bringing up their children. Since then, Professor Hagen has headed the History of Art Department at the University of Wisconsin.

Joe had no theatrical background and no theatrical aspirations, either, until after he finished at Princeton. He was something of a child prodigy. When he was six, he could play operas by ear, and he was graduated from high school at fourteen.

"My father decided that a kid out of high school at fourteen wasn't bright, but just smarty, and not ready for college, so he sent me traveling in Europe, mostly Switzerland, for a couple of years."

At Princeton, Joe let playboy activities slow him down so much that it took him five years to graduate. He studied architecture—in a class with Jimmy Stewart—and gave that up. Then he thought maybe he'd be a caricaturist—he still is pretty good at drawing—and then considered being a band leader, touring Europe two summers with an undergraduate band he had organized.

His next idea was to be a professor of modern languages. He studied for his Master's degree in languages at Columbia University, and he says he keeps thinking he'll still write the thesis he never got around to and get his M.A. yet.

He had got the stage bug in Triangle shows at Princeton but resisted it because he thought acting was too Bohemian and too risky for him. A season in summer stock settled his fate. Since then he has seldom been without a play, with radio and directing jobs taking up the slack between roles. His biggest success before Othello was in the hilarious title role of Charley's Aunt, a decidedly un-Shakespearean affair.

Uta's family was determined that she should attend the University of Wisconsin because, as her father explained, almost any kind of job requires a college education nowadays. But, relying on her background of a few months of study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, and four years of ballet under the great Kreutzberg, Uta wrote Eva Le Gallienne, asking for an audition, and her family reluctantly consented to let her come East to try her luck. She played Ophelia in Le Gallienne's Hamlet during the summer, then started a weary wintertime round of job-hunting on Broadway.

"I had just so much money from home. I sold hosiery for a few days in a department store until I was fired—and I had only nine dollars left when Lunt and Fontanne let me audition for the part of Nina in the Sea Gull. I didn't have a hat I liked, so I bought a twenty-five-cent veil and wound it around my head. I walked to the theater from the girls' club where I was staying, and I got caught in the rain, and the veil stuck to my face, and then my wrist watch got tangled in the veil and tore it, and they laughed when they saw the way I looked, but I got the part. Gee, it was wonderful!"

Joe and Uta want very much to play together always in the same shows, "so I can keep stage-door Johnnies away from her," Joe says. They played brother and sister in Key Largo, and husband and wife in Vicki.

"But I'm afraid we can't often play opposite each other because I don't look much like a romantic lead." Joe grinned as he stroked his impressive beard, grown especially for the Iago part. "If you think I look funny with this beard," he said, "you should see me without it."

The movies have made passes at both of them. They went to Hollywood for tests and turned down a proffered contract because it wouldn't give them control over the parts they played. "Besides, we had the feeling that Hollywood wouldn't be good for our marriage," said Uta, "and the marriage comes first."

Surely the Ferrers are the most domestic couple in the theater. From the very beginning, when $35 a week looked like good pay, they have refused to live a theatrical-hotel existence.

They bought their two acres and a house in Ossining at a great bargain four years ago, christened it Jonuta, and commuted by automobile to the theater every night, until the gas shortage compelled them to stay in town during the week. Joe is a good handyman and gardener—the Ossining roses are wonderful—and last summer, Uta canned 400 jars of fruits and vegetables.

Now, with increasing fame and pay, they've bought a house in Manhattan, too. "Only $7,000 and a great bargain," says Joe. Between Othello rehearsals, they furnished it, putting up green and red holly paper in the living room ("Our friends asked if the paper would come down after Christmas," Joe says), and searching secondhand stores for furniture. Joe heard from a decorator friend that a woman wanted to sell her $750 red sofa. "I rushed over and offered her $50 and got it for $100, and doesn't it look swell?"

When the Othello pay started coming in, the house looked handsome, but the Ferrers had just $19 in the bank and were in debt for $300.

Their daughter Letty, light of their lives, often gets them up at 5 or 6 A.M., for Uta won't turn her over entirely to the care of a nurse, and she sleeps in the room next to their bedroom. And if Letty has croup or something—well, it's remarkable how Desdemona looks so fresh and pretty every night when Othello starts to choke her.

The Family's Little Star

They have a huge album of photographs of Letty, pictures they took and developed and printed themselves. And Uta loves to teach her little nursery songs.

All this isn't enough for the indefatigable Ferrers. They're both studying languages—Joe Italian, and Uta Russian. Joe speaks Spanish and French already, and Uta speaks French and German. They're both studying singing. They both play the piano well, doing a near-professional job on Brahms duets. They both like to see old movies at the Museum of Modern Art and they both like to entertain friends, especially those who knew them when.

Othello has made one change in them—it fanned the quiet disapproval they always felt for race discrimination into flaming, crusading anger. They have become fast friends with Mr. Robeson, the distinguished Negro who is Uta's stage husband, and when, as sometimes happens, Robeson becomes the object of race prejudice it burns them up. "The worst offenders are ignorant fools who are not worthy to shine Paul Robeson's shoes," Uta says.

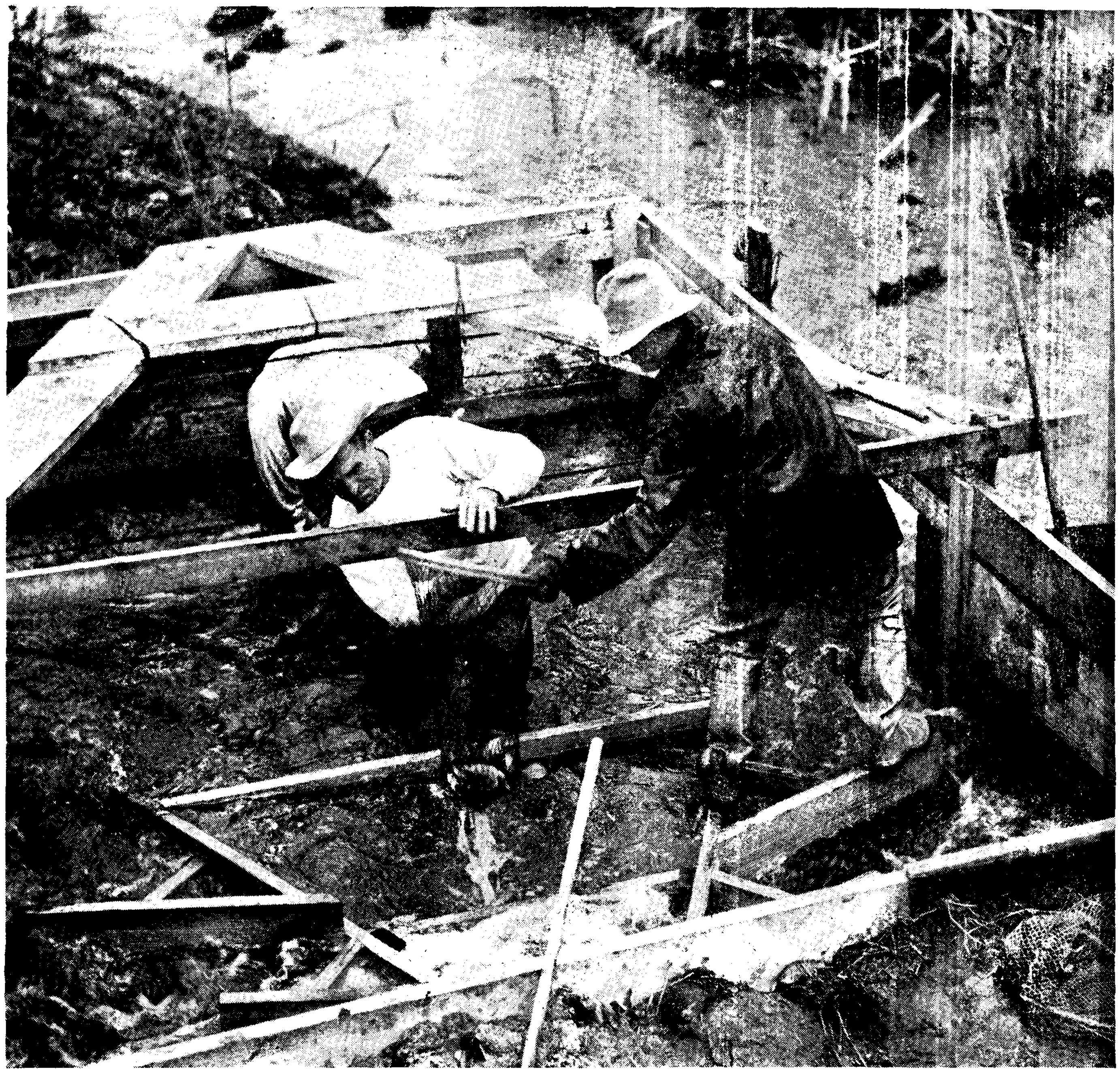
People in the theater wouldn't be surprised to see Joe shift from acting to directing. He had a fling at producing and directing a promising comedy, The Admiral Had a Wife, a gay thing set in a lush spot called Pearl Harbor. On December 7, as the Ferrers were driving into New York for the Broadway opening the next night, they turned on the radio and heard about the beginning of the war—and the end of their play.

"It was 2:23 P.M. exactly," says Joe, "and I knew our backers were out $20,000."

Unless Joe is called up by the Army, he expects they'll go on tour with Othello next winter.

"We'll skip any Jim Crow theaters, of course," he says. "Paul won't play in them, and that suits us." ★★★

Wily Iago (José Ferrer) plants suspicion in Othello's (Paul Robeson) mind, makes him question the faithfulness of Desdemona (Uta Hagen)



Left: A lake on the Canadian River, Texas, ranch of Gene Howe, Amarillo newspaper publisher, is drained to trap out the little fish, so the big ones will strike. The water pours through an under-dam pipe into a trap, which has sides of small-mesh wire. As the lake gets low, fish are drawn in. The large, desirable species are kept; the smaller, worthless ones are given away

Below: The fish are picked up from the trap in nets. A full one coming up

MORE FISHING—MORE FISH

BY LEWIS NORDYKE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

The more you fish, the better the fishing. It's a revolutionary idea but it works wherever it's tried out, to the delight of our anglers who've been suspecting it all along

MILLIONS of anglers who depend upon interior lakes for their fishing are getting the biggest break of their lives: there's good fishing ahead.

Our ideas of lake fishing have been practically reversed. For years we spent great sums and sent folks to jail to protect the little fish so they could become big fish; now we are actually destroying the little ones, and lake fishing again is climbing to the top as a sport and a source of food.

Game departments have suddenly awakened to the fact that a lake, large or small, can support only the tonnage of fish for which there is adequate food; that it can accommodate great swarms of little fish or a reasonable number of frying-pan size.

Texas provided evidence with two large lakes on the same watershed. One was fished only in legal seasons. Catches were limited and fishermen threw back the little ones. Thousands of little fish from the hatcheries were poured in to build up the stock.

During the 1943 fishing season not a big bass was caught in the five-acre lake. A Game Department official known for his ability at snaring bass fished the lake 20 hours without a strike from a legal-size bass.

The lake was drained and thousands of little bass, bream, mud and channel cat and other fish were hauled out. There were more than 200 big bass. They had been there all the time, but they wouldn't strike.

The near-by lake was robbed of its swarms of little fish through trapping and draining. For experimental purposes, it was fished outside the law; not a little fish was thrown back. All season the big bass leaped for the plugs. Everyone who tried caught fish.

There's a very good reason for the better fishing in the second lake. It had been so full of little fish that big fish had no trouble getting food; they just caught little fish. They wouldn't bother to strike the lures.

Although full all the time, the big fish were in poor condition. Little fish were so plentiful the big ones didn't hustle the plant and insect food they needed, and the swarms of little fish depleted the supply, even the moss. Bass old enough to be a foot long measured about six inches.

After the little fish had been removed, the big bass were full of life and fight. They couldn't strike blindly and fill up on little fish. They had to hustle other food. The lures appealed to them. The small fish caught were sleek and fat, for there was plenty of food. As the big ones were caught there was a greater food supply for the survivors, and they grew rapidly.

In the poor fishing lake, deformed and stunted fish were found; apparently little fish that had been thrown back. It has been proved conclusively that a very great percentage of the little fish thrown back die within a short time, fall prey to bigger fish or become runts. Manhandling, and tearing from the hooks do not add to longevity.

The pay-off for lake fishermen started in Illinois. The Department of Conservation in that state, working on the theory that so much water could support only a fixed tonnage of fish, found that it was false conservation to pile lakes full of little fish and limit length and season.

The department convinced the legislature that the new ideas were sound. In 1939, the Illinois lawmakers eliminated the length minimum on bluegills and yellow bass (commonly referred to as striped bass), and the legal length of rock, warmouth, bass and crappie was lowered to five inches. No one could object to giving up a five-inch crappie.

This worked so well that the department was able to help head off a serious wartime meat shortage. Last July the legislature raised the daily limit of rock, warmouth, white and yellow bass, crappie, sunfish and bluegills from 25 to 50 of any one species or 70 of all species; the possession limit was raised to twice the daily limit. Now there is no closed season on rock, warmouth, yellow bass, bluegills, crappie and sunfish.

The big thing they learned in Illinois was this: It requires lots of fishing to produce good fishing in the lakes. They catch off the big fish and give the right quantities of little ones an opportunity to grow.

The Illinois method of dealing in big fish has spread to other states, notably Alabama and Texas. Thousands of ponds and lakes were built in the Southeastern states for fish production. They were stocked in the usual way with little fish, and in most cases there was only disappointment for the anglers.

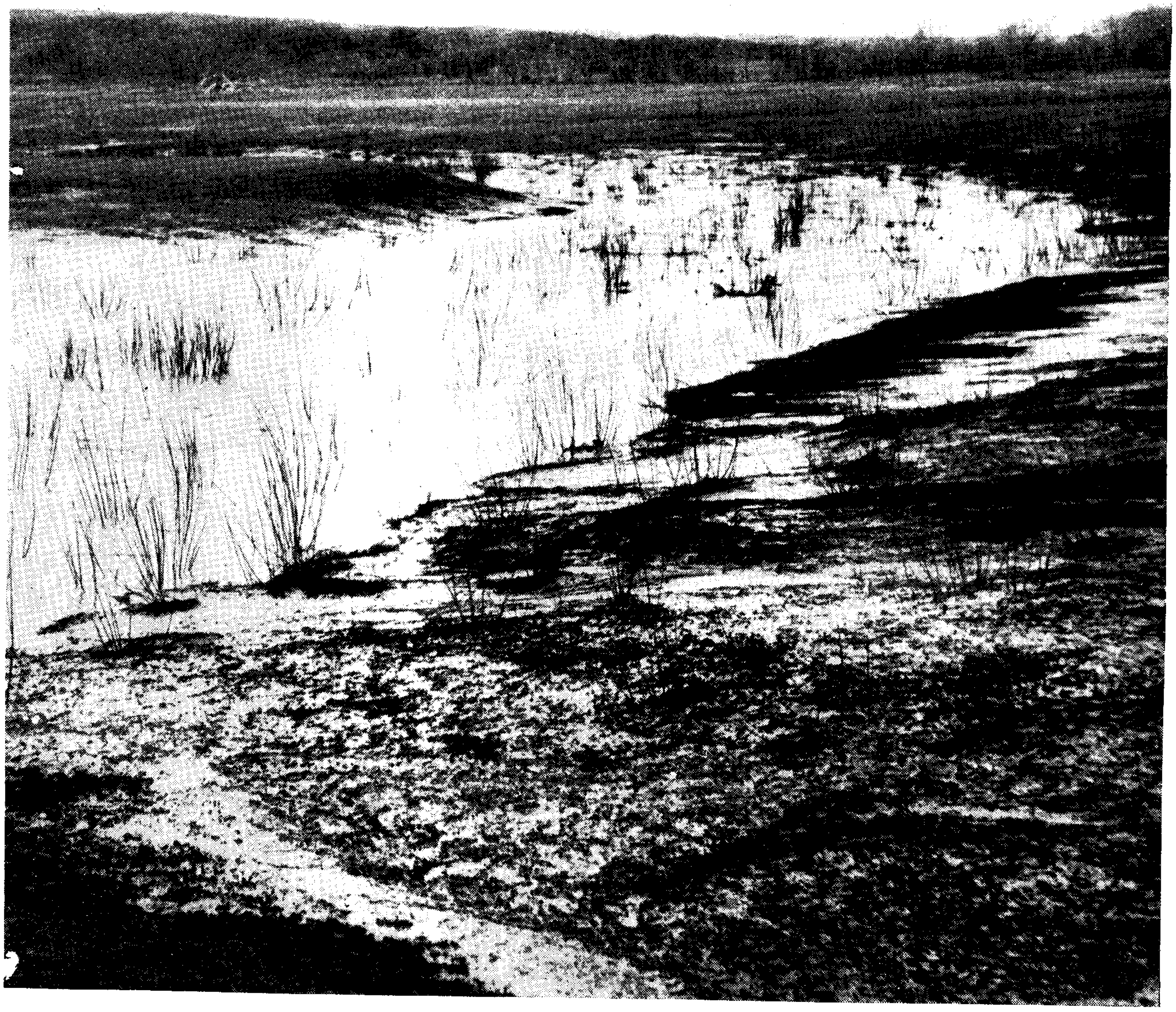
The agricultural experiment station at Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn came to the rescue. The idea of fertilizing lakes and ponds to add to the food supply was fostered there, and with good results. And exhaustive experiments proved exactly the same thing the Illinois Department of Conservation found—that if you want big fish, don't waste time on swarms of little ones.

The experiment station brought out the heartening fact that within a year after stocking, the pond or lake is supporting close to the maximum weight in fish. There must be a great deal of fishing to prevent the lake from becoming overstocked.

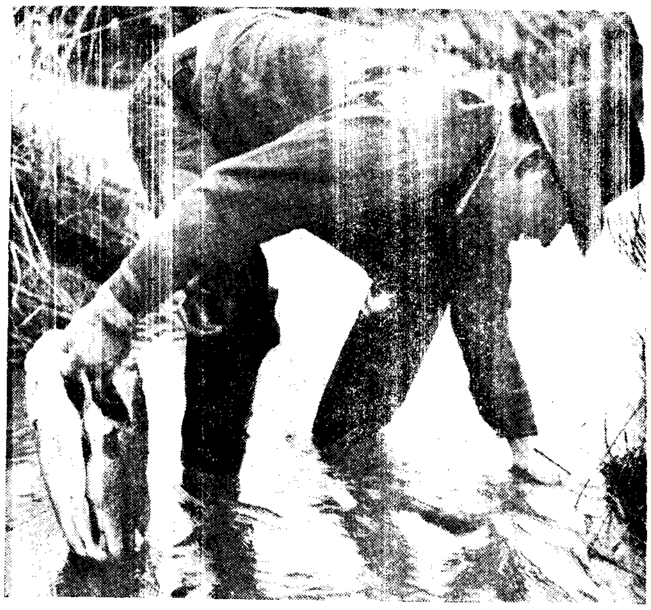
The idea hit big Texas with a bang. In the Texas Panhandle, the government has constructed six lakes covering hundreds of acres. They were stocked in the usual manner and soon filled with great hordes of little fish. Results have been so disappointing the government is now draining the lakes for restocking or else trapping out the little fish so the big ones will strike and be taken out, giving the remaining little ones a chance to grow and keep the lakes stocked.

In the experiments in Texas, and in Alabama, it was found that there never is necessity for restocking with little fish. Once a lake or pond is stocked, the spawning will produce so many little fish the population will become overbalanced unless heavy fishing takes out the big ones and lets the small ones grow. During 1944 there will be no closed season on bass in some parts of Texas for the first time in years. In some areas the size minimum has been eliminated.

Game officials the nation over are watching closely the revolution in lake fishing; fishermen are enjoying it. It's the biggest and best news they have had in many a year. And this business of tossing back the little ones is always unpleasant, anyhow. ★★★



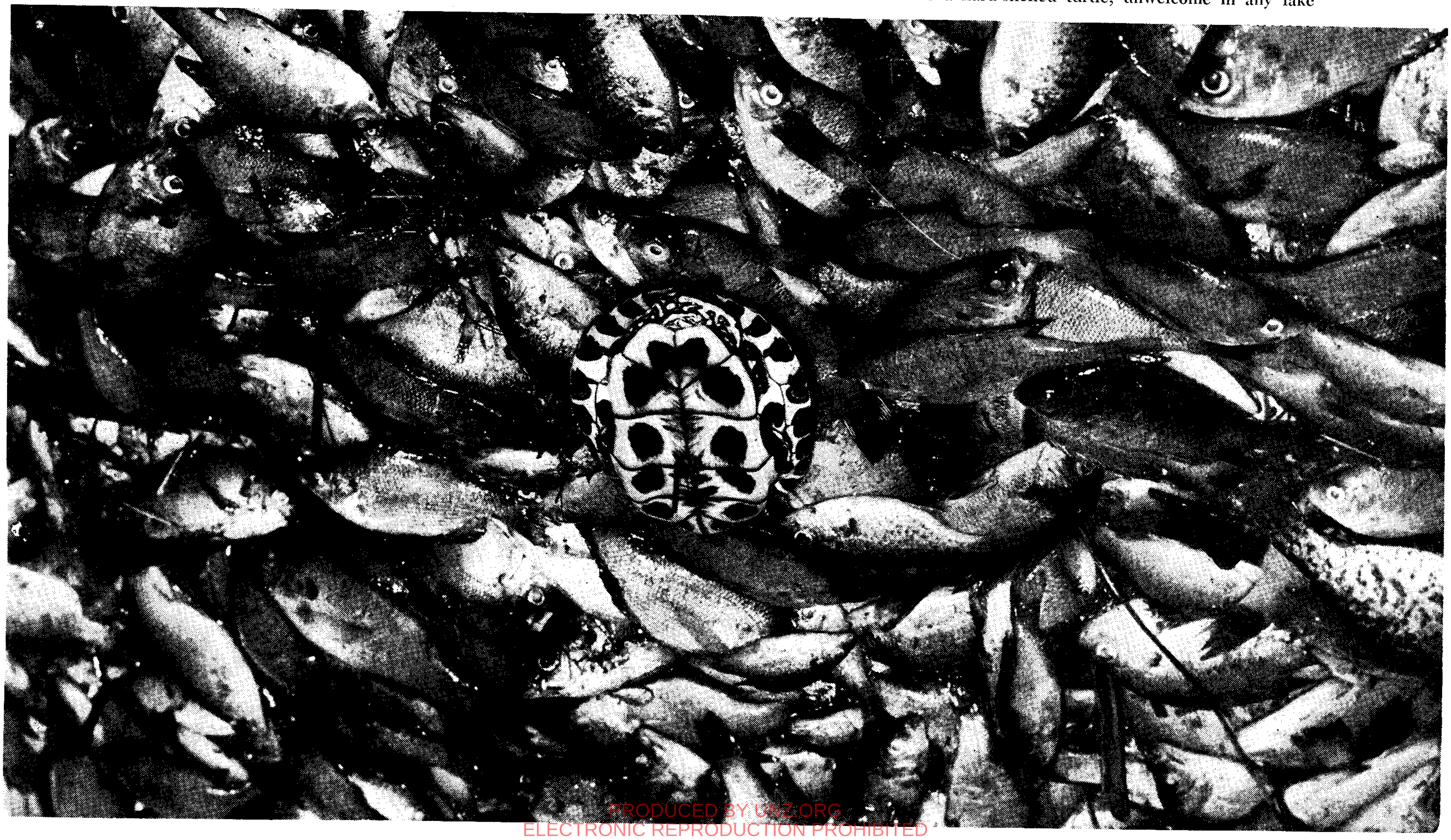
Here's the 60-acre lake drained low. Although 800 large bass were in the lake, no legal-sized fish could be caught. With two tons of little fish to eat, big bass refused more alluring bait

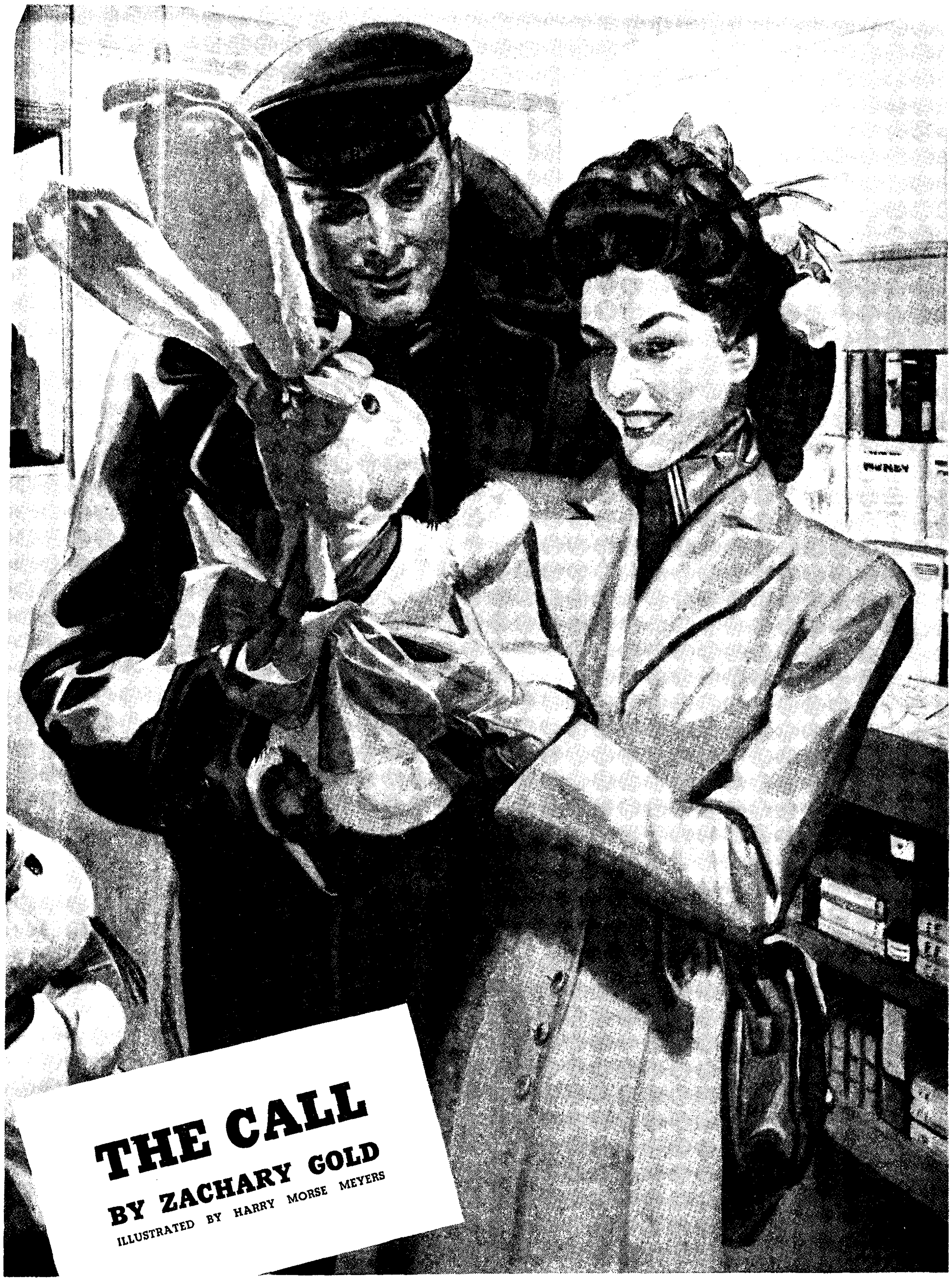


When the lake gets low, bass lose their fight. Ranch Hand Frank Bradney picks up some big ones

Big bass are kept until lake is refilled. Marion Toole, fish biologist for Texas Game Department, pours a couple into a barrel of fresh water

Some of the two tons of little fish trapped out—crappie, bream, mud catfish and others. Included is a hard-shelled turtle, unwelcome in any lake





"Look," she said, shaking the rabbit. "It works. What shall we call it?" He thought for a moment, and then said, "Let's call it Cinema because we met in a movie"

THE CALL

BY ZACHARY GOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

No one can say when peace will come, nor what it may be like, but this one man caught a glimpse of it at last on a dark evening in a public park

HE COULD not do it.

It was finally impossible and he realized he was still holding the coin at the mouth of the slot; he pulled his hand back slowly and dropped the receiver on the hook, staring at the narrow corrugated walls of the booth and the pencil designs scribbled over the rough surface and the red-and-blue placard that showed a trim young girl at a telephone. He became aware of someone waiting to get into the booth and he slid the door open and smiled apologetically. He was walking away when he heard the man call him, holding out the slip of white paper. "Is this yours, sailor?" the man said pleasantly. He nodded and thanked him. He took the paper and carefully folded it and slipped it back into the small breast pocket of his jumper. He knew he would have to take care of it sooner or later, only just now it was impossible.

Because the booths were in the rear and down a flight he had to walk the whole length of the store. It was one of those large Broadway drugstores with open counters of piled merchandise and he was still new enough to the land to find an absurd satisfaction merely in the sight of the piled goods. He had the sensation of discovery and curiosity, as if he had come upon the strange, weird profusion of a tropical landscape. It was odd, he thought, that the most distinctive and the most satisfying things were the odors: the heavy smell of the perfumes, the pungent steam of coffee brewing at the lunch counter, the smell of boxes and the piled paper books, the aroma, vague but definable as a steel rule, of civilians. It was the sense of smell that reminded him of the jungles; you could smell the jungles, sometimes, four or five miles out at sea.

When he reached the front of the store he looked for the girl and she was still there, waiting at a counter piled high with furry toy rabbits. He realized suddenly that she wasn't beautiful and he laughed to himself because it was like the age-old story of the sailor and the first woman he met in port. In the darkness of the movie, seeing her profile outlined softly against the glow of the beam of light from the projection booth, he had thought she was beautiful as the figures on the screen were beautiful, finished and polished, with the gloss and sheen of a shiny coin. But she wasn't; she was only young and all the fresh, eager charm of youth was on her face. She had seen him and she was moving toward him now, smiling a little shyly, and he tried to smile back.

"Did you get your number?" she said.

"No," he said. "There wasn't any answer." He didn't want to start now with explanations; and it was true, after a fashion, there hadn't been any answer. "It wasn't very important."

"I didn't think it was," she said.

"No?"

"I thought," she said, and she smiled again, "that you were running out on me."

"No," he said. "I really did have to call."

"I was going to wait fifteen minutes," she said, "and then I was going to leave. It would have been all right. I wouldn't have minded."

"Wouldn't you?" he said. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "You really didn't get a good look at me, did you?"

"I can now," he said.

SHE looked up at him and her face was sober, not smiling at all, and she said: "Well?"

"Well, what?"

"It's still early," she said. "You don't have to feel you have to stick by me just because—" She stumbled over it and he had a feeling again of how young she was, or if not young in age, how young in soul or heart or whatever the word for it was.

"Because I picked you up?" he said gently. "You did, you know."

"Yes," he said. "I did."

"And you almost wanted to, didn't you? Run out, I mean. That's why you said you had to make the call. And then when you got there to the back, you thought of something, maybe you didn't want to leave me waiting or you thought you'd hurt me—"

"Do you really believe I thought all that?"

She nodded her head vigorously and then she said, almost fiercely, the way a child does: "Well, you don't have to. You can just say 'So long' and that's the end of it. You can—"

"Look," he said gently. "You could have walked out on me just as easily."

"No," she said. "No. I wouldn't do that."

She stood there, slim and not very tall, looking at him defiantly. Behind her the toy counter was furry with mock, pink-eyed rabbits, and suddenly he wanted to laugh. He picked up one of the white rabbits wordlessly and, still without answering her, he walked to the cashier's window and paid for it. When he came back she was standing stiffly, her lips a little tight and her eyes cautious and curious. He gave her the rabbit.

"Please," he said. "Take it. It's a good-will offering. Listen to me: I tried to make a phone call and I came right back and I haven't thought of anything at all since I enlisted. The officers do all the thinking."

She was holding the rabbit. "You're sure now?"

"Positive."

"I feel better."

He took her arm. "I still don't know your name," he said.

"Ellen Davis."

"I'm Reynolds. Thomas Reynolds."

She was shaking the rabbit and the large ears flopped up and back, hilariously, with an awkward, mincing motion. "Look," she said. "It works. What shall we call it?"

He thought for a moment, frowning, and then he said: "Let's call it Cinema because we met in a movie."

"That's a good name," she said gravely.

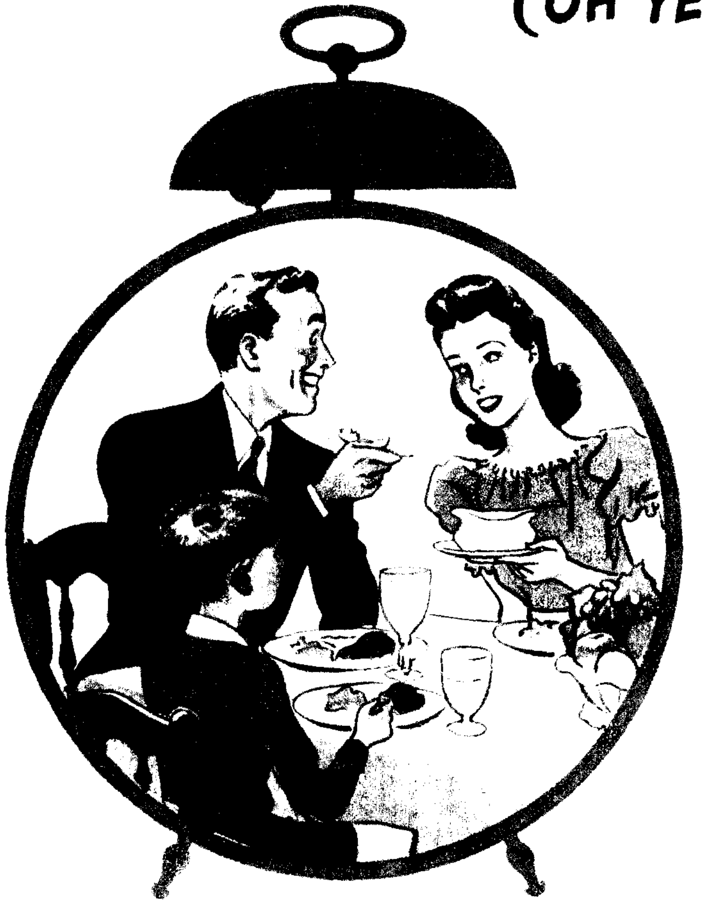
They pushed through the swinging door, and outside Broadway lay oddly quiet because it was Sunday and it was still afternoon. The winter sun lay clear on the buildings and the shadows were precise and bluish on the wide gutter; the avenue curved uptown and into the distant horizons of an endless city.

SINCE it was Sunday and there seemed to be nothing else to do, they walked and he thought with a flat inner humor that it was hardly what he had dreamed of for a shore leave; the images of all the long, dark nights at sea with the low, insistent sound of the

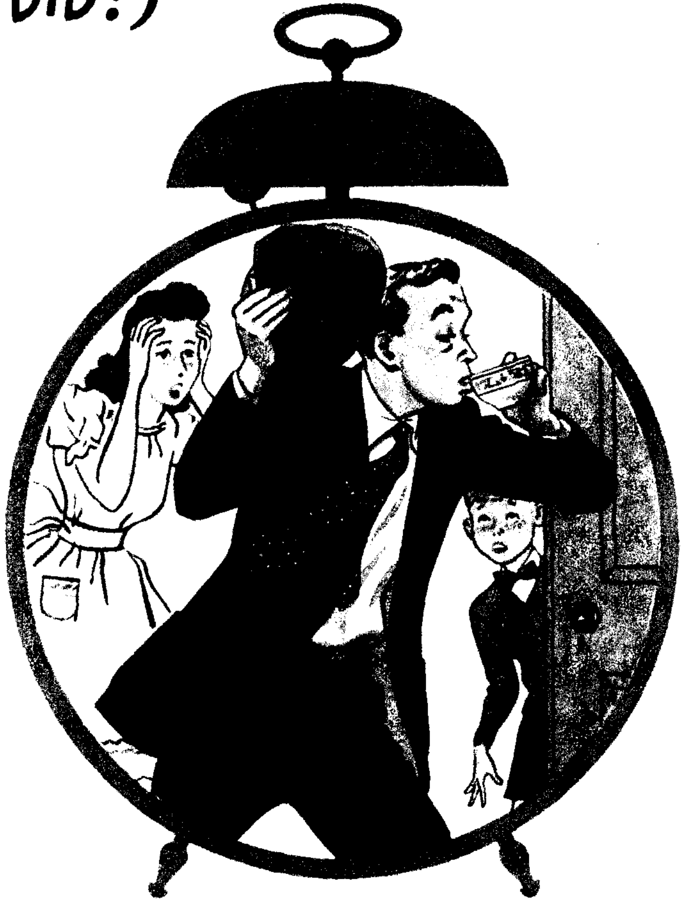
(Continued on page 86)

YESTERDAY YOU WENT HUNGRY FOR 18 HOURS

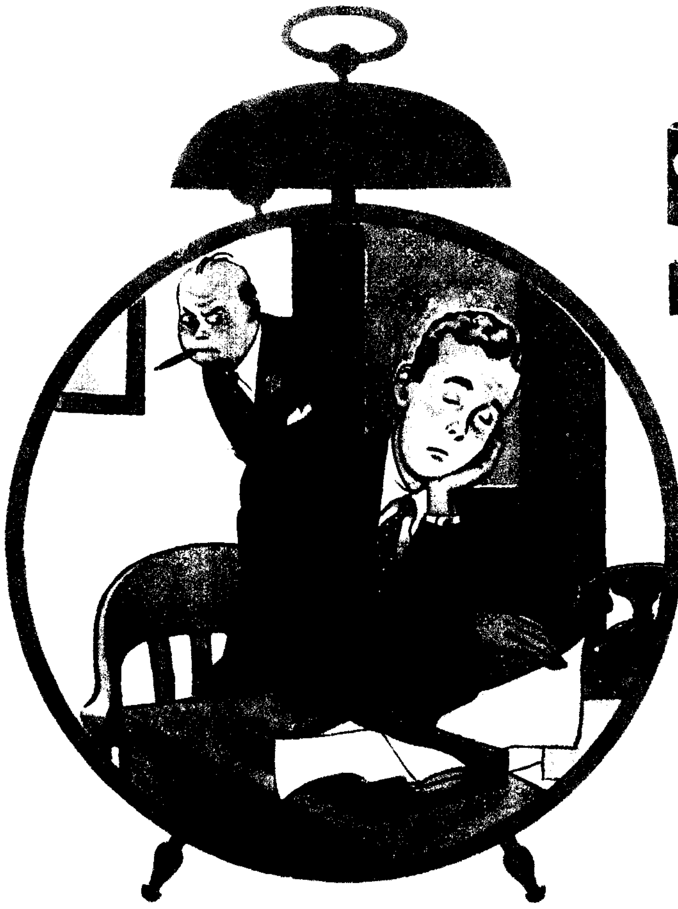
(OH YES YOU DID!)



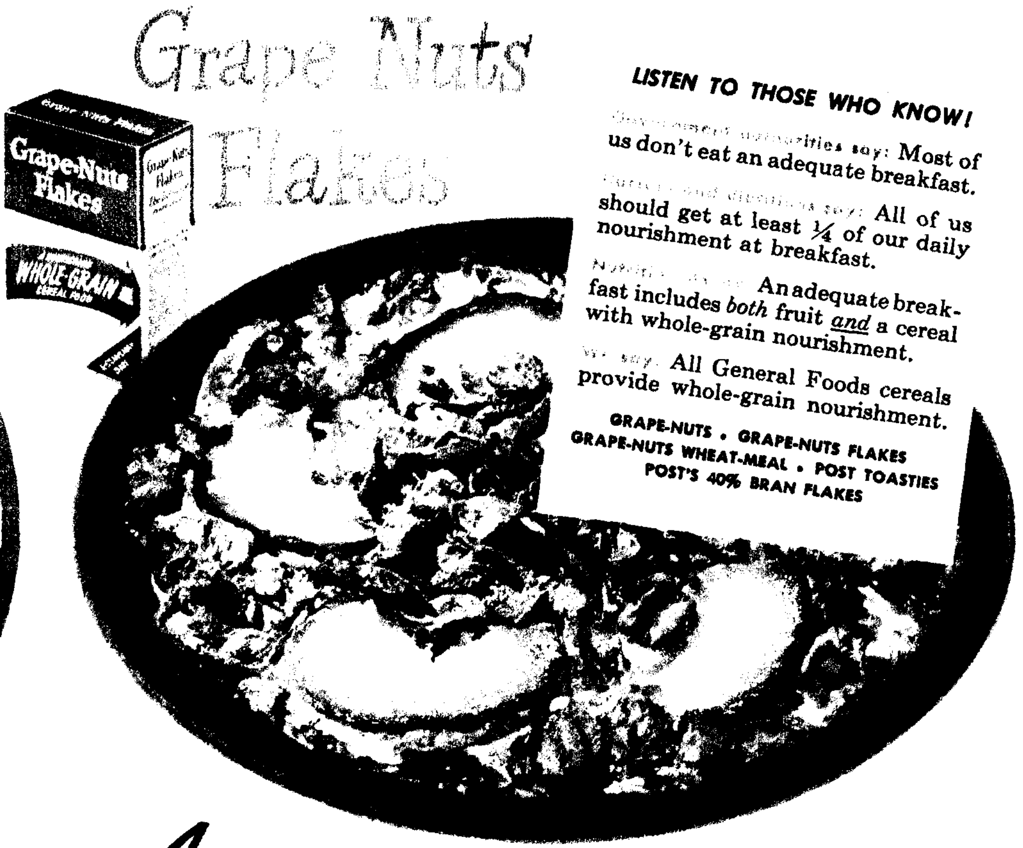
1 **Let's see now**—you sat down to a nice dinner at 6 o'clock last night. And from then till *lunch* the next day all you had was a skimpy "bird breakfast." (Research shows that many folks do this, and it's *not so good!*)



2 **Result**—you went to work that morning *without* the food-energy to do your best job. Investigations in war plants show that when employees skimp on breakfast, production slumps! And doctors and dietitians agree, you need at least *one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast!*



3 **Don't start your job** on only a fraction of your energy. Refuel with a *whole-grain* cereal—the kind recommended by Uncle Sam's Basic 7 Foods program. Which cereal? Well, Grape-Nuts Flakes is a *honey* . . . a "gee-ain't-life-wonderful" cereal just bursting with whole-grain nourishment, and B_1, that crackling energy vitamin.



LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutrition experts say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

4 **Tomorrow,** hop out of bed to a big bowl of rich, honey-golden Grape-Nuts Flakes. Pour on the milk or cream, pile on your favorite fruit. Man! *What a swelegant dish!* (No shortage of Grape-Nuts Flakes—you'll find 'em everywhere!)

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

SOVFOTO

Beside the ashes of his home a Ukraine farmer greets his Red Army liberators

Peace comes to Uman

The supreme battle was over. The Nazis had fled. For a few hours the countryside rested motionless in its devastation. Then it slowly gathered itself and began again the long, difficult business of living

BY DAVID M. NICHOL

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

Under the Nazi terror, Russians became slaves to clear the debris of Kharkov

EUROPEAN

HER head was wrapped in a blue shawl. A worn rabbit jacket kept out some of the late afternoon chill. From time to time she leaned a little on the mossy fence that surrounded her whitewashed cottage and its small garden, and looked along the street. She hardly noticed the burned and twisted litter of trucks and machines that filled it as a spring flood fills a river as far as she could see in either direction, or the blackened schoolhouse in the park. Like millions of women all over the world Yelena Mitrofanova was waiting for the mailman.

"Maybe in forty-eight hours," she said quietly, as one who knows it can't be true.

"Yes, maybe," replied the Red Army major who had been walking with me through the war-torn city.

This was Uman, deep in the fabulously rich regions of the southwestern Ukraine, and the litter in the streets only little more than forty-eight hours earlier had been part of the mechanical sinews of one entire German army which, now beaten, puzzled and confused, was trying desperately to find safety somewhere in the direction of Rumania.

Just at that moment Yelena seemed the only normal feature of the place. Before we met her we had been plowing all afternoon through the greasy, gluey mud along the streets where Nazi soldiers had thrown down their helmets and packs in their flight, past buildings which had been bombed two and a half years earlier and which still had last year's weeds standing among the rubble, past others newly dynamited or set to torch and from which smoke still curled upward.

In the park, strewn with smashed trucks and equipment, we had stopped a hurrying woman in boots and leather jacket to ask about the city.

"Uman?" she said. She looked wistfully about. "Uman was a little flower."

One somehow felt what she meant in spite of the gray day and the wreckage, in spite of the pig which had been roasted alive in a field kitchen a few feet away. About these Ukrainian communities with their whitewash, their tree-lined streets, their orchards and gardens, their rolling surroundings and tiny rivers there is a charm and warmth that is missing in the sterner sections of the Soviet Union farther north—a softness that is reflected even in their language. This may have been one of the factors that misled the Germans. They had hoped to find the people as ready to co-operate as the black earth is to grow the sunflower seeds and grain which the Nazis needed so much. But their harvest instead was one of fierce hatred, of opposition and now of defeat.

A Bankrupt Valhalla

This was the region Hitler had chosen for his Eastern empire. Whatever mad plans he may have had for occupying the whole Ukraine, this was to have remained German for all time, the "Ostland" area west of the great river that divides the Ukraine, the future Valhalla of Nazi warriors. What happened here in more than thirty-two months of occupation and what is happening now as the city slowly revives is interesting because it is typical of a region half as large as Texas, into which no American correspondent had previously gone, and because it shows the utter bankruptcy of the German policy.

Through this awful period Yelena Mitrofanova had preserved her gracious, innate balance, and she exhibited it now as we paused at her gate. "Come in, won't you?" she asked. "Mother and Ivan would like to see you. They've just finished their dinner." One had the impression she felt her family had been relatively fortunate.

Inside, their home was, by American standards, starkly bare. There was bread and cabbage soup on a plain wooden table. A sofa and two chairs were lined up in rows at the front of the room. On top of a chest of drawers was a homely collection of medicines, toilet preparations and a heavy green plant, like a rubber tree, which is much favored in Russian houses. In the corner stood a huge cupboard where Ivan's wife once had hidden when searching parties were seeking new labor for Germany.

They told their story simply and directly. Yelena's husband, a soldier, had been wounded and was in a hospital in Saratov the last time she had heard—eighteen months ago. She and her brother had been working in Stalingrad when the Germans came, and had been ordered to move. By train and truck they had drifted west as far as Uman and had settled here. But the ponderous German bureaucracy that had started them on their way had already forgotten its reasons.

Ivan got work in a bakery. Yelena cleaned a German office and daily drew her two hundred grams of bread—five or six slices. This ration was one of the most powerful whips that the Nazis cracked over the people, for nonworking city dwellers did not get it.

Ivan met a blond, wavy-haired girl, Natalie Gavrilovna, and they were married. For a brief few days they had a room of their own, but then German transient officers were billeted in the house. After that Ivan and his bride shared the bedroom of his mother and sister—when Natalie wasn't hiding.

"I had two brothers," Natalie said. "One was shot near Smela where he was working on the fortifications. Germans," she said, "—Nemtsy!" with explosive violence—"discovered he was plotting to escape. The other was a pharmacist in the venereal-disease clinic here.

"The Wrong Kind of Friends"

"One morning he and his entire staff of thirteen were taken away. My father was passing S.D. headquarters (Sicherheitsdienst) later that day and saw him through the window. That was the last time. I went there, myself, three days later and an officer said he'd been sent to Germany. We knew what that meant. They told me he had the wrong kind of friends."

The day before I talked with them Natalie and Ivan had gone to Sukhoi Yar, a ravine a mile from the city, and had identified and buried her brother's body.

In their richly musical language the Ukrainians named the execution vans of the Gestapo "Black Ravens." Many of Uman's people had a brief one-way acquaintance with them. There seems to have occurred a general roundup in January of persons suspected of aiding the Partisans, whose activities became more exasperating as Nazi methods of suppression grew more severe, and whole families were taken away.

Some of them were still in the wind-swept potato field behind the concentration camp for war prisoners. In one shallow depression alone I saw a hundred bodies blackening from exposure. One was a little girl in homemade boots and velvet cap who couldn't have been more than six or seven. Beside her was a woman, probably her mother, still clutching a market basket in her outstretched hand.

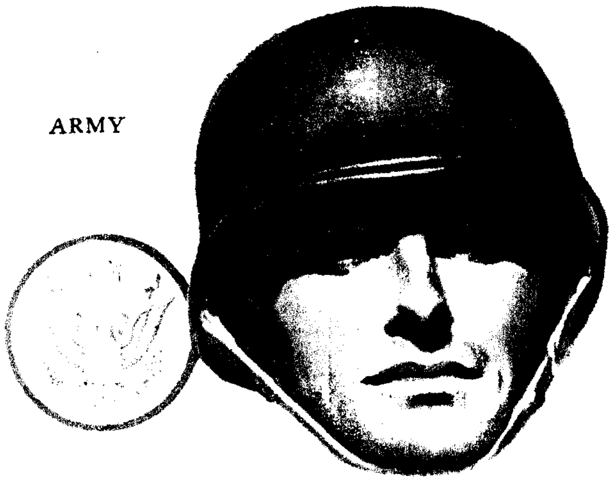
About four hundred yards away was another cluster of more recent victims. They had been arrested in the last days of German rule and shot as the Nazis left. On the raw Sunday morning we were there, while the snow of a freakish blizzard drifted over unfrozen mud, three sisters arrived from the near-by village of Pservoka to sort through this grisly collection until they discovered the body of the fourth sister, Matriona Moroz. They carried her away, dug a grave and buried her themselves near the edge of the field.

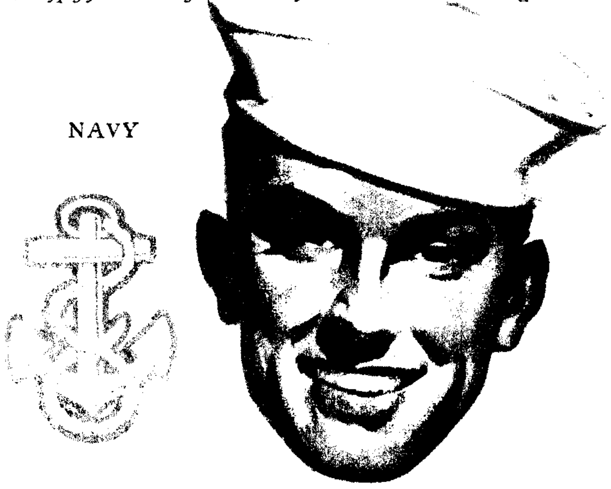
In a house from whose windows the full extent of the potato patch could be seen, we found a wrinkled witness, Anna Zhupanek. She had watched the Germans that morning before they left, she said. One man held each arm of the victim while a third put a pistol to the back of his head. The bullet wounds were there. There seems to be no reason to disbelieve her.

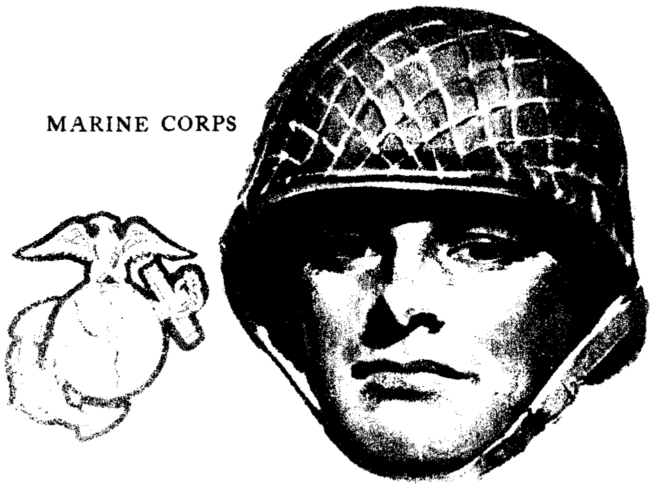
What happened to the Jews is the same horrible story that comes from Kiev, Warsaw and Berlin itself. There aren't any more in Uman. A handful, perhaps, escaped to near-by villages and lived under assumed names or with forged papers, but most of them were herded immediately into a ghetto which surrounded two synagogues—the first such I've encountered in occupied Soviet territory.

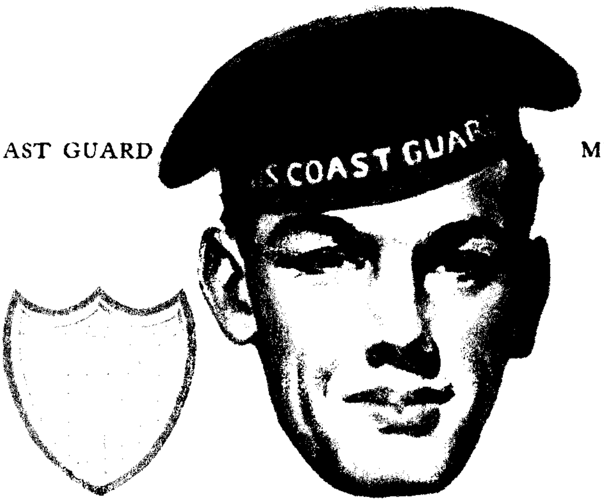
Less than a month after the Germans came, fifteen hundred of these unfortunates were killed, according to Doctor Mark Bonda-

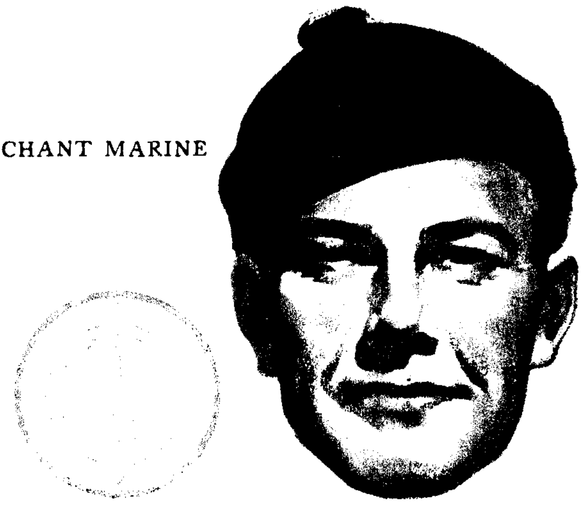
NOTE: *Obviously, it is impossible here to portray each of the many arms and services that comprise our Fighting Forces. Those selected for illustration are intended to typify ALL of the many millions now serving their country.*

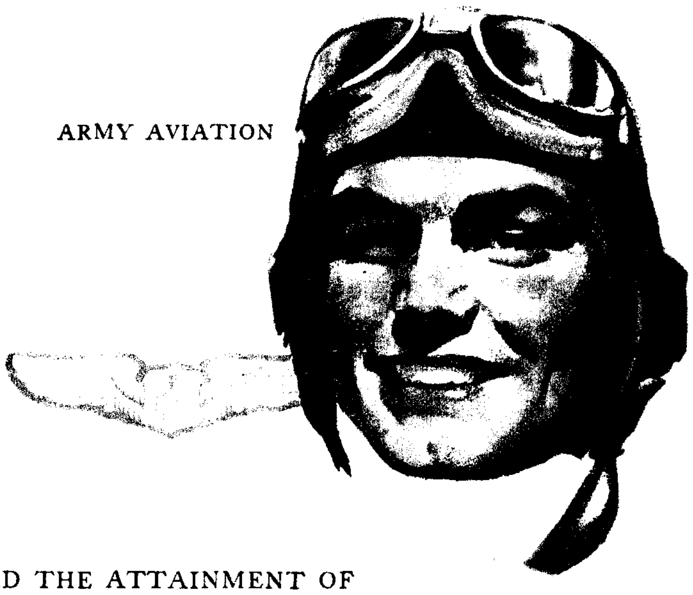

ARMY


NAVY

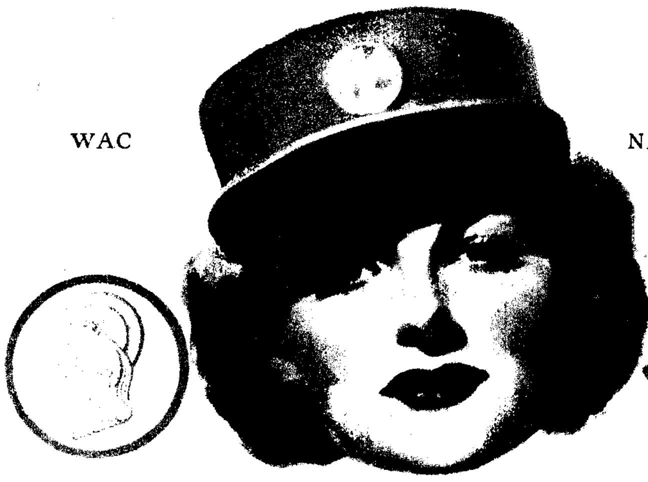

MARINE CORPS

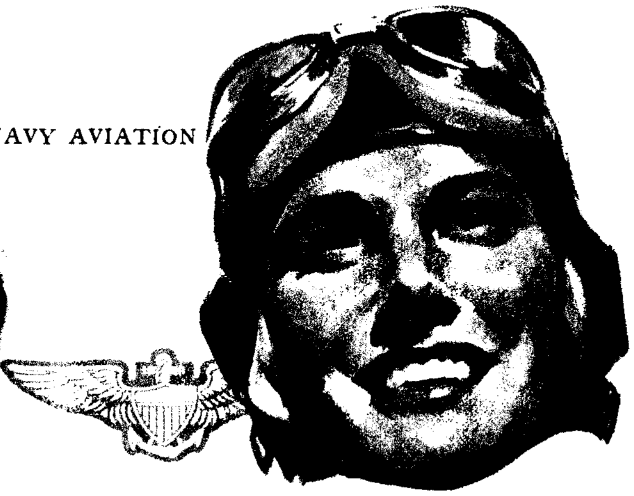

COAST GUARD

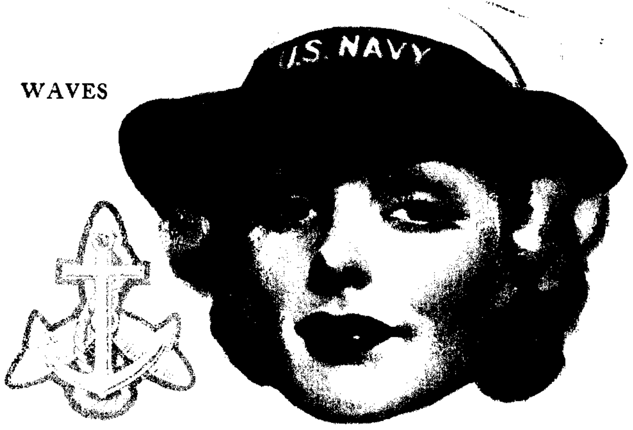

MERCHANT MARINE

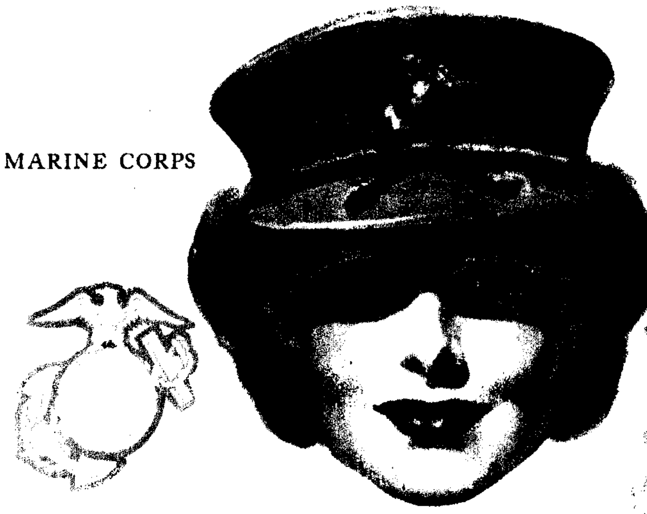

ARMY AVIATION

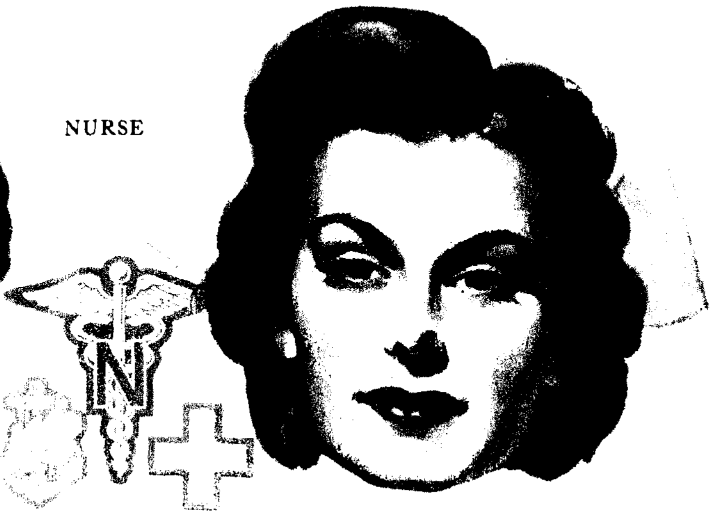
EVERY AMERICAN IS PLEDGED TO DO HIS OR HER PART TOWARD THE ATTAINMENT OF VICTORY AND PEACE. THOSE IN THE SERVICE ARE DOING *MORE* THAN THEIR SHARE. WE SALUTE THE MEN AND WOMEN OF OUR ARMED FORCES. LET THOSE OF US WHO HAVE SUPPORTING ROLES TO PLAY SO CONDUCT OURSELVES THAT ON THEIR RETURN THEY WILL BE AS PROUD OF US AS WE ARE OF THEM.

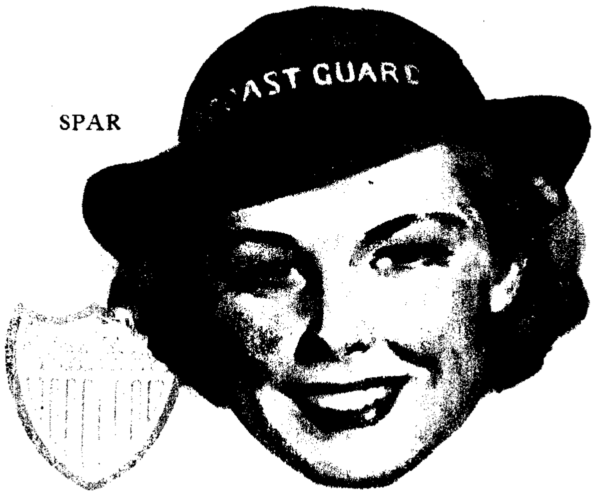

WAC


NAVY AVIATION


WAVES

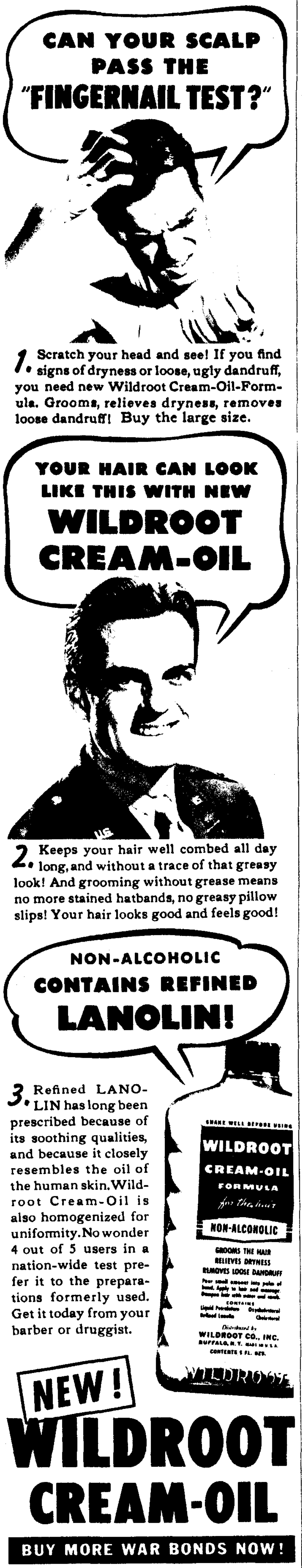

MARINE CORPS


NURSE


SPAR

Portraits by Bradshaw Crandell who used members of the Armed Forces as models, when available. A full color reproduction of this advertisement, suitable for framing, will be sent free upon request. Write Pontiac Motor Division, Pontiac 11, Mich.

PONTIAC DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

renko, who headed Uman's Health Department under Soviet rule and worked as assistant under the Germans until he was dismissed.

"Then in October, 1941," he said, "there was a second roundup. From our best information eight thousand persons were killed in Sukhoi Yar. There was a third mass killing in January when about two thousand were taken away."

The last roundup was a particularly ghoulish one. Two hundred skilled artisans whose lives so far had been spared, with their families—about six hundred persons in all—were taken to Sobkovsky Forest, about six miles away, where they were executed and buried so thinly that the city's Health Commission had to repeat the job to keep the dogs away. Doctor Bondarenko believes that about twelve thousand persons in all were killed. Other estimates run higher. Uman now has only forty per cent of its previous population.

Not all the missing are dead, however. No one has succeeded yet in establishing how many were shipped away to work in Germany. From the village of Voitovka alone, which has about five hundred homes, the Germans took "sixty-four adults and a hundred and fifty young men and women," as a grizzled peasant explained. The number from Uman must have been considerable. In one flax factory near Munich alone there were fifty women from the city.

Only a few have returned and mail from the rest stopped long ago. The Germans discovered they were using naïve codes. Sometimes these modern galley slaves turned up one corner of a letter to indicate that conditions were bad, two that they were worse and three that they could stand them no longer. One wrote that "three of our girls have married airmen"—Allied aviators—another that "it rains here almost every night."

I had a chance to talk with two of them. One was a snub-nosed, thirty-one-year-old actress, Galina Ivanovna, from the Kolkhoz Theater in Kiev. She had been making fur hats at a factory in Ulm for five months when a friendly Austrian showed her how to steep a poisonous brew of cigarettes.

"They sent me home finally," Galina Ivanovna said.

"We had many friends," she went on, "French, Czechs and Belgians. The Frenchwomen used to say we were worse off than they. Sometimes they sang bits of the Internationale with us in the washrooms."

On another occasion the German foreman wanted to know why his "happy" workers weren't singing at their machines. In response, Galina said, the Ukrainians sang some of their beautiful, patriotic folk tunes while the overseer, not understanding, nodded his approval and kept time with his foot.

Recruiting "Voluntary" Labor

This was "voluntary" labor and this is the way it came about: In February, 1942, at a mass meeting, the Nazi citizens' labor officer explained the "volunteer" program. Blandly he said, "If you don't go you'll be asked."

Two nights later raiding parties of German Ukrainian police began operations. Galina was one of their prisoners. So was Valya Markarova, who was routed from her cottage near the city's outskirts at two A. M. At five in the morning both were on their way to the Reich in a train of crowded, unheated boxcars. The journey was a nightmare of long halts, hunger, and transient camps, in and out of which they were herded like cattle.

Valya is only twenty now. She's a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a soft voice. Sitting at dinner she was shy at first, but then spoke more freely. Once she started to emphasize a point with her hands when she suddenly remembered. There was an awkward, embarrassed pause.

"Let me help you with your food," suggested the Red Army major who sat at her right. She agreed thankfully. Later I learned her story.

For two months she had lived in a barracks inside the factory compound near Munich. With others she was preparing flax under the direction of a foreman who didn't understand her language any more than she knew German. They worked ten hours a day, six days a week, and on the seventh they loaded railroad cars or worked in the fields. Their diet of two thin meals daily was so scanty they soon displayed signs of malnutrition. Their hair grew brittle and their teeth loosened.

With the earthy wisdom of the Ukraine, the girls discovered wild garlic growing in the enclosure and rubbed it on their gums. It infuriated the Germans. Once one of them kicked Valya to the ground when, not comprehending his order, she continued to use this homely remedy.

"I couldn't stand it," she said passionately. "When the trains went past I often thought of suicide. Then one morning I just put my hand into the machine." It cost her her fingers and four months of hospital recuperation and of dickering with the Arbeitsamt before she reached home, a completely broken girl. In return she had received a net of seventy pfennigs weekly—enough to buy a glass of ersatz lemon pop.

Each new German move in the conquered country seemed to produce only a new failure. At first they imported trained Ukrainian nationals in an effort to form a quisling government. They succeeded in inducing a few dissidents and malcontents to join their services, but these behaved so outrageously that the bulk of the people became only more firm in their opposition. So the Germans had to assume open responsibility themselves.

Soldiers with a Purpose

When they tried to recruit soldiers for the army of "liberation," among Red Army prisoners, some of them accepted to escape the certain death of the concentration camps. But once armed and clothed, so many of them deserted to the Partisans that the Germans had to stop the recruiting altogether.

On the farms the Germans did no better. Competent experts now believe that while the acreage wasn't appreciably reduced in these sections, the yield to the Germans was far below normal. The Ukrainian peasant is as gifted as his Czech cousin at agricultural sabotage. Land that was p'owed under the threat of the truncheon and the firing squad is already growing crops for the Red Army in what appears to be the best of any recent season.

Uman's countryside is open, with young orchards and hardly any stands of timber or forest that would provide guerrilla cover. But the people found other ways of organizing their underground activity. If they were betrayed, as occasionally happened, they fled to the precarious security of neighboring villages and continued their fight.

I met one such just as he was returning. For four months he hadn't been in Uman. Earlier he had mended shoes when he wasn't planning some new expedition against the Germans. Now in the dusk he was wandering through the city's familiar streets, drinking in his surroundings and looking for the man who had reported him to the Gestapo.

He would have passed by had we not stopped him because of his peculiar dress and the red flash on his cap which identified him as a guerrilla. Anatoly Malyshev was wearing a Nazi tunic without its markings and had a Luger at his belt.

"Yes, I escaped all right," he said; "but I didn't realize they'd go so far. They shot my wife."

Nothing could break these people, but the battle had drained their resources to the dregs. The front was only twenty-five miles away when I arrived and the city was empty and exhausted like a patient whose racking fever has suddenly broken. The streets were almost deserted, except for the marching soldiers slogging through mud that rose to the tops of their knee boots or the salvage units that were already at work. Even those few persons who moved about seemed to have some special reason which was far removed from such normal pursuits as a job or tomorrow's dinner. There wasn't a store or a market in the place, no school or theater—and Uman had once had 43,000 inhabitants.

This was the kind of desolation that the Germans had produced deliberately, but they never have, and still don't, understand the resilience of their enemies either at the front or behind the lines. This was the fact which emerged most clearly during talks I had on three different evenings with war prisoners: Germans themselves, Austrians who hated their erstwhile deliverers, Rumanians who didn't want to fight, Czechs who surrendered from Nazi labor battalions and quickly joined the brigades of Soviet General Svoboda.

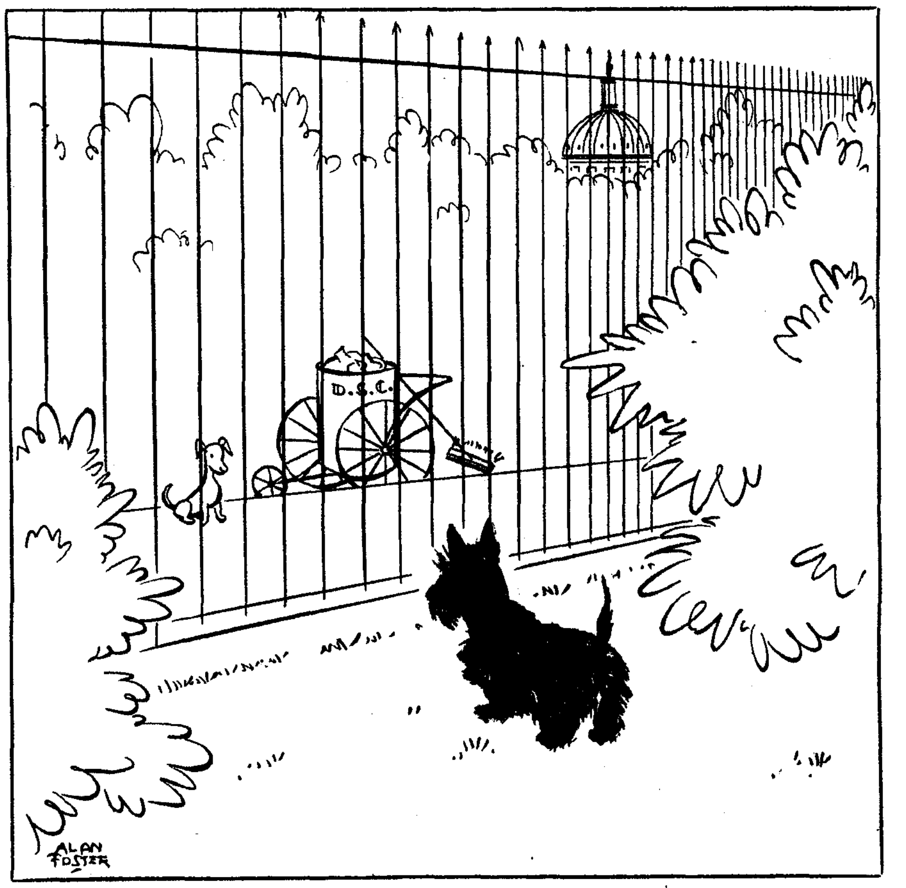
The Germans were still mentally and physically tough. They agreed they were beaten. Willi Jahrschagen, from Remscheid in the heart of the bombed Rhineland, leaned back in his chair, paused a moment, then said he thought Germany probably wouldn't be able to carry on another European war "vorläufig"—for the time being. One of the Red Army officers who heard it blanched and strode from the room.

"I'd have killed him with my own hands if I'd stayed," he confessed later. "And we have the strictest orders about the treatment of prisoners."

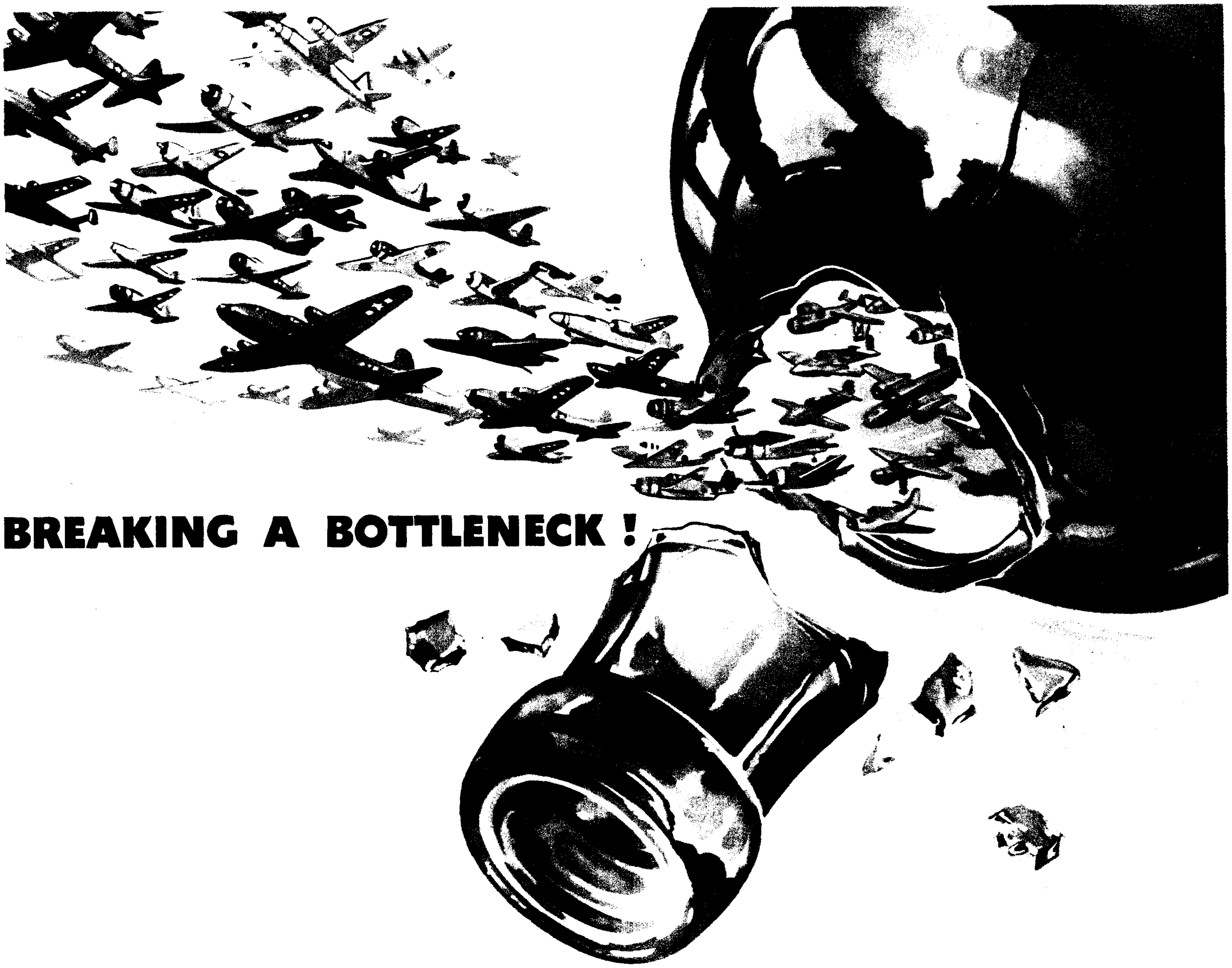
The prisoners were pleasantly surprised that they hadn't already been shot, as Goebbels had been telling them for so long.

What really puzzled them was that the Russians should be pushing them back. It

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Has your department picked up any new rumors?"



BREAKING A BOTTLENECK !

Texaco Scientists found way to Break Isobutane Bottleneck to speed Production of 100-octane Aviation Gasoline

Millions upon millions of gallons of fine 100-octane gasoline are required to keep America's vast air armadas flying.

One of the difficulties in producing this vast quantity of gasoline was this:

It takes a gallon of isobutane to produce four gallons of aviation gasoline. And until recently isobutane had to be made by a slower, time-consuming process.

That bottleneck was broken.

Texaco Research has developed a new but already vitally important "liquid catalyst" process for converting plentiful butane into precious isobutane. A process that can operate continuously, without periodic shutdowns. It requires less plant equipment than any previous process.

After the war is won, this typical development of Texaco Research will put more lightning getaway, smoother pick-up, unprecedented power into your new car! And more miles per gallon!

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

Coming . . . a finer **FIRE-CHIEF** *gasoline and a finer*
Sk[illegible] gasoline because of Texaco's work in this war

FROM ARCTIC BLASTS TO SWELTERING TROPIC HEAT

EVINRUDES keep driving along!

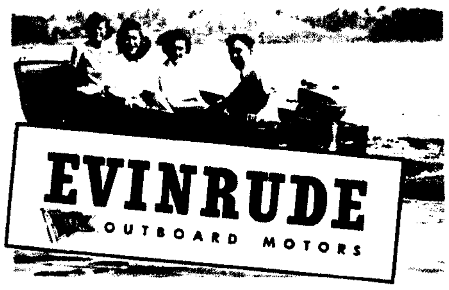
OUR fighting men wouldn't give a nickel for equipment that let them down when the going got tough! The Evinrudes that serve on battle fronts around the world must take things as they come . . . must keep driving steadily along regardless of fantastic extremes of climate and the rigorous demands of combat operations.

Evinrudes were ready for such service! Long before war threatened they were "in training" for rugged assignments, *anywhere.* From polar icecap to humid jungles, Evinrudes have been covering the remote waters of the world for more than 30 years!

1 **Jungle Ambulance!** Over jungle trails, miles are measured in endless hours of labored, painful progress. But here an Evinrude-powered small boat helps give wounded jungle fighters fast and merciful transport from front line to the base.

2 **Crew Carries Boat** — and motor! So light are the Army's Storm Boats that their crews can readily carry them and their powerful motors. Underway, they "plane" like racers, can be "crash-landed" on beaches completely clear of the water.

3 **On Rubber Boats,** as on many types of craft, outboards are the only practical motors! Evinrudes power many sizes of rubber hulls, from this small Navy utility boat to large rearming and landing boats with a load capacity of several tons.



4 **No New Evinrudes** for pleasure use until they are no longer needed by our fighting forces. Then they will be available again . . . new peacetime Evinrudes . . . the finest you have ever enjoyed! EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wis.

EVERY DOLLAR YOU INVEST HELPS SPEED VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

wasn't in the book. Hitler's fuzzy intuitions hadn't covered this point. The Nazis seemed to come so close to victory and now they were dying by the thousands or marching back—when they weren't running away—from the riches that had been promised them.

Up from their own ranks have come four lines of doggerel that tell their confusion:

Es geht alles vorueber.
Es geht alles vorbei.
Zwei jahre in Russland
Und nichts ponimai.

(Note: The last word is a vulgarization of the Russian, *ya ne ponimaiu*—I don't understand. "I've been two years in Russia and don't understand anything at all.")

They fear retribution for the damage and loss they have caused and have found their scapegoat in the S.S., Hitler's Elite Corps. "I don't see how German men can do such things," one prisoner said piously.

Those of the Germans who were in the occupation forces were equally at sea. They have never heard of John Steinbeck nor have the Russians who told about them. But they outdid themselves in roles similar to those he portrayed.

A Nazi efficiency expert, who arrived last summer at an agricultural station near Uman, said peasants were loafing. Why weren't the pigs out in the fields, he wanted to know. So the pigs were sent. Most of them were soon carted back with sunstroke.

Four other Nazis were quartered in the home of a gray-haired physics professor, Vasily Nuzhny. He laughed with deep satisfaction in telling of their search for mental escape. One was a lieutenant who often asked permission to play the piano, then sang mournful, sentimental songs about "heimat." An oberleutnant tried schnapps in quantities and, in his cups, made a top sergeant dance on the table until he fell off.

The sergeant had only an orderly to abuse and did it vigorously until the orderly would confide in the professor: "He thinks he's a baron. He'll be lucky to sweep the streets after the war."

Nuzhny's smiling judgment was, "The oberleutnant wasn't so bad. He only broke bottles. He didn't shoot."

The Germans had tried to destroy everything, but they failed in that, too. During the week I spent in Uman a vast change occurred. The city breathed and moved again. It had rested only a moment before beginning the tremendous task ahead. The oppressive, unnatural quiet of the first hours of freedom had passed. Bread was being distributed on rations. The shipment of shoes and clothing was under way from Kiev. Railroad troops had driven their repair units almost to Uman. Those of the city's citizens who wished—and the proportion of Ukrainian homes that still have their ikonostas is considerable—gave thanks to their orthodox God in five churches.

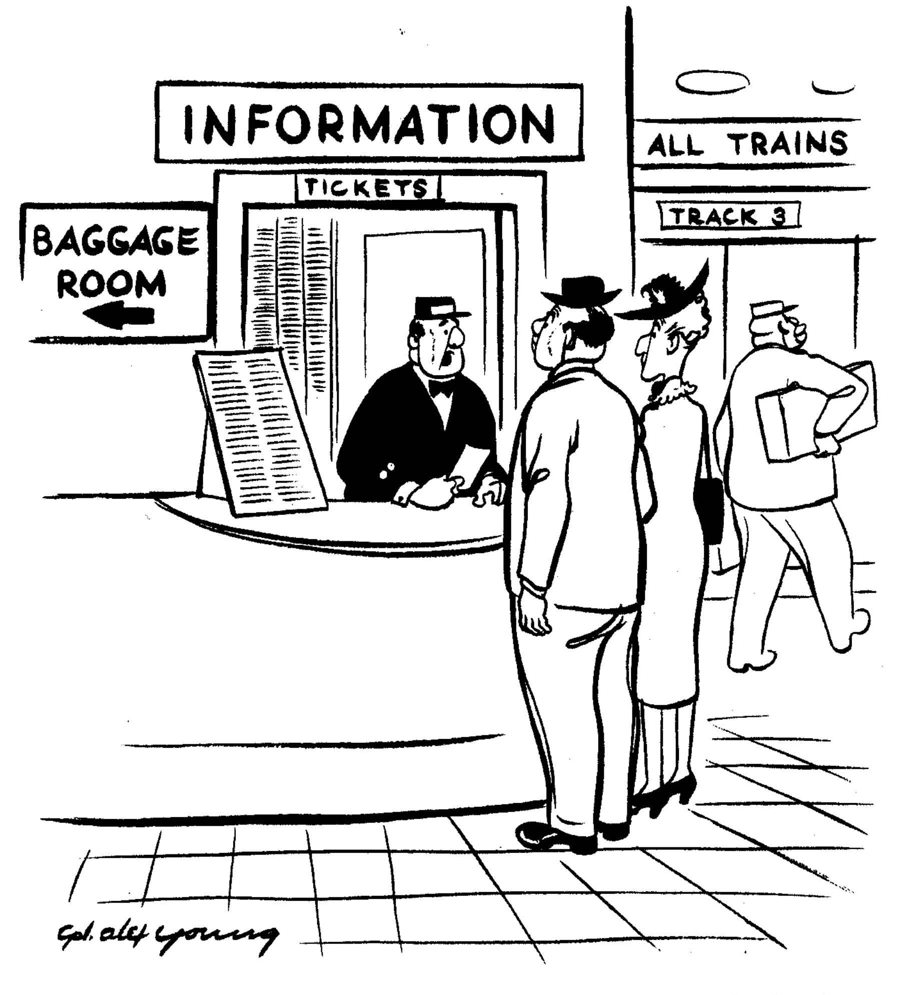
One of the driving forces in the rebirth is a slender, smiling, thirty-year-old schoolteacher from Saratov named Dmitri Zakharov. He had been wounded, captured by the Germans, had escaped to become a guerrilla organizer, grew a beard to hide his age and had the distinction of a price on his head. When Uman was freed he shaved off his whiskers and accepted appointment as temporary chairman of the city soviet, the Russian equivalent of mayor. His first official duty was to arrange the funeral of five Red Army officers killed on the southern Bug River, but hardly had the simple wooden markers been raised above the grave than he was planning other things. For, like all of Uman, his thoughts are less on death than on the future.

Spirit of Reconstruction

He has the ability to concentrate on essentials. He is not quite certain which glass is used for champagne, but he knows the district intimately. "We need doctors and teachers," he said, "and stores where people can buy." He had catalogued the buildings that would be reconstructed, the services that would again be put in operation, the schools that would be reopened. As he talked earnestly by candlelight in the cottage where we had a midnight supper in the fashion of Russian officials, one felt something of the immense power that has contributed to this country's wartime record, and of the emotional reservoirs on which it has drawn.

The Germans inflicted horrible disaster on Uman. But, supported by the physical resources of the richest countryside in Europe and the energy of a people who have reached their own homes, the city is slowly healing. Along with hundreds of places like it, Uman has exacted its toll from the Nazis. Germany's blood bath has been in vain. The Wehrmacht and the home front have been jarred to the core. They have lost the golden empire, and they know it.

THE END



"We're hoping this morning's train will arrive tomorrow night sharp"

COLLIER'S CPL. ALEX YOUNG

COVER THE HOME FRONT, THIS VACATION!

LIGHTNESS
TOUGHNESS THE CHEAT

DEVOTE your vacation
To serving the nation,
No matter how slackers may sneer...

LIGHTNESS
TOUGHNESS THE CHEAT

Stay home and refreshen
Some household possession—
The mountains will wait till next year!

YOURS FOR VICTORY—THE 5 CROWNS

(Lightness, Smoothness, Richness, Flavor, Body—but **NO TOUGHNESS***)*

LIGHTNESS
FLAVOR
SMOOTHNESS
BODY
RICHNESS

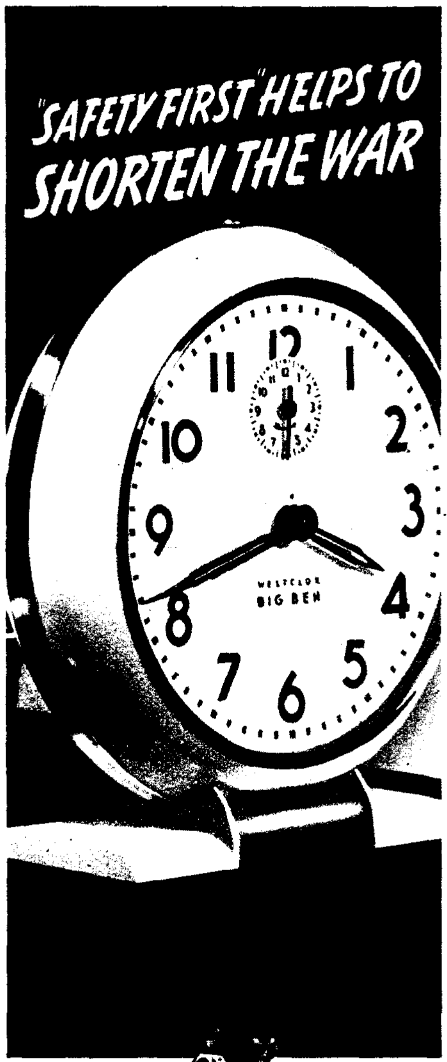
Seagram's
In the Famous Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor... smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

Seagram keeps the **TOUGHNESS OUT** ... blends extra **PLEASURE IN**

For Pre-War Quality ... Say Seagram's and be Sure

THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK


"SAFETY FIRST" HELPS TO SHORTEN THE WAR
WESTCLOX
BIG BEN

The war needs every hour of manpower

We doff our hats in honor of
Machinist Harry Pelf
Who heeds the safety rules as though
He'd thought them up himself

Wears no loose clothes around the lathe
Or wherever dangers lurk
And keeps his peepers open and
His mind upon his work

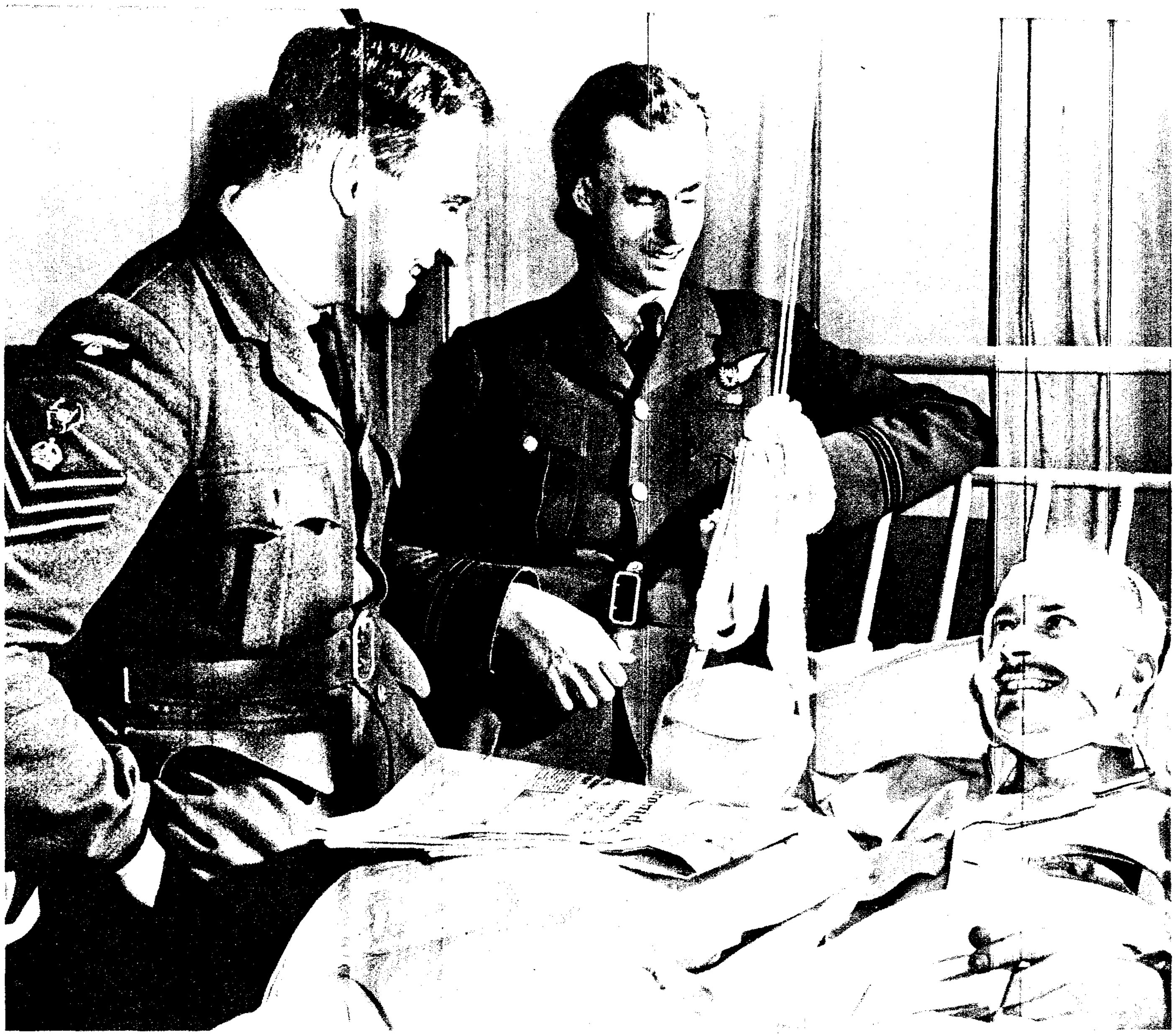
The war he wants to shorten and
He knows that he can help
By just obeying safety rules
Are *you* a Harry Pelf?

—Big Ben

BIG BEN*
Keeps America On Time
WESTCLOX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Because Westclox craftsmen and facilities are devoted to vital war work, Big Ben and other Westclox are not being made until further notice. WESTCLOX, Division of General Time Instruments Corporation, La Salle-Peru, Illinois.



The beloved sergeant cheers a badly burned pilot at the rehabilitation hospital. *At center is an American member of the R.C.A.F. who, after two years of treatment,* has a new face and new hands and is ready to fight in the European skies again

MEN MADE OVER

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

When the young pilots are carried into the R.A.F.'s burn center, they usually lack eyes, faces or hands. However, when they emerge, they look like new men—and they are

THE ward is a long, wide, cold room with bright green curtains at the windows. There are yellow and mauve potted chrysanthemums on the table down the center of the room, and a black iron coal stove at either end. Wicker chairs and a table covered with magazines stand in front of the far stove, and this is where the patients, wearing Royal Air Force uniforms, gather. Five or six men are lying in the white-painted beds.

The ward has the casual, cheerful, faintly bored feeling of any place where men are convalescing. But this ward is not like other wards, because *no one here has a real face,* and many of the patients have hands that are not much good, either. These men are members of the air crews who crashed in planes or were thrown clear or dragged from the burning wreckage—but not quite soon enough.

The men around the stove interrupted their conversation to talk to one of the patients in bed. The wagon that will carry him to the operating room is drawn up alongside the bed, and a nurse is helping him onto it.

"What's it to be today, Bill?"

"Eyebrows!"

"Won't he be pretty!"

Then there is a chorus of "Cheerios," and the operating-room trolley rolls away. There was no special feeling about this, because eyebrows aren't bad. The boy had been through so many operations and was so close to having a face again that this little extra pain did not worry him. Besides, men have been wheeled in and out of this ward all day long, day after day, and each man, alone, has learned how to wait for and endure these trips.

In a bed farther down, another boy is waiting. His turn will come after the eyebrows are made. He is going to get a nose. For weeks, he has been growing the skin for his nose in a narrow sausage-shaped pedicle attached to the unharmed skin of his shoulder. His face is incredible, and one hand is entirely gone.

There is no expression in these burned and scarred faces; all the expression is in the eyes and in the voice. You cannot tell age. Fire takes that away, too. The boy has light brown, tufty hair and good, laughing eyes and a good voice and a dreadful face that will soon, at least, have a nose. He was twenty-one, though *you could only know this if you* were told. He had been a chauffeur before the war, driving for the squire of his village.

The welfare officer had arranged to get him an industrial job when he would have enough of a face, but he did not want it. He wanted to go back with one hand and that face and be a chauffeur again in his village. Because the village is "home" and what he loves. His people are there. The village is a recognizable world.

In fact, they would all like to go back to what was before—before the war and before the flames got them.

Around the stove, there are now four boys gossiping together. One has just come from London, and they are asking him about his trip. He is going to be operated on tomorrow and, after that, he will return to flying and he is very happy. He is an American from Columbus, Ohio, and he crashed in a Hurricane.

His face, they say, was simply pushed back two inches inside his head. Now his nose is very flattened, and the skin around his eyes is odd, but by contrast with the others, he looks fine. He feels fine, too, because what he likes is to fly and he will be doing that again.

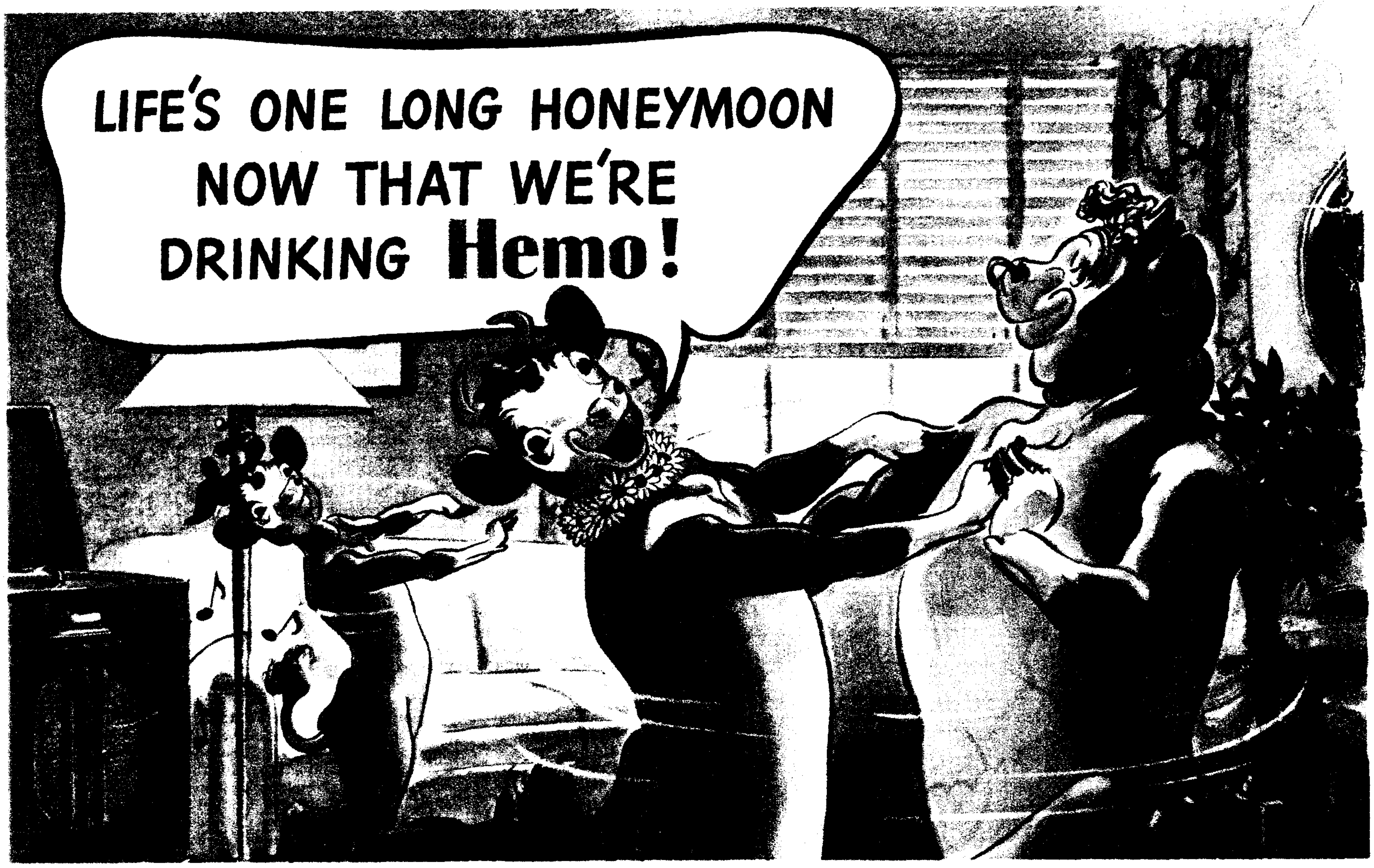
The others will not fly. They are talking easily and generously about his squadron, and neither you nor they nor anyone looks at the curled claws of hands of the 19-year-old Canadian or at the melted stump that the 21-year-old English boy has, or at the stiff, reddish, solidified fingers of a boy who always worked on a farm in Canada and who would like to again. Maybe some day his hands will bend just enough to let him do it.

The 19-year-old Canadian with the claw hands wants to be a boat builder. He is a darling with a lively brain, but one half of *his face is hardened, twisted, reddish meat,* and the other half is fairly okay, so that you can see what a nice-looking kid he was. He thought he'd lost his left eye after he was pulled out of the wrecked plane because he couldn't see out of that eye. He was a gunner, and his pal, the navigator, pulled him out, and he said to his pal, "Where's my eye? I have lost my eye somewhere here."

So his pal said: "Well, we'll look for it then." And they crawled around on the grass dazed and burned, looking for the eye.

This story, you may not instantly guess, produces roars of laughter from everyone, because it just goes to show how dopey a guy can be.

There is a wonderful man on the staff of


LIFE'S ONE LONG HONEYMOON NOW THAT WE'RE DRINKING Hemo!

Wake up with Hemo—
Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

ONE GLASS OF HEMO—TWO TEASPOONS MIXED IN MILK—GIVES:

- The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
  PLUS
- The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
  PLUS
- The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
  PLUS
- The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
  PLUS
- The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
  PLUS
- The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
  PLUS
- The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Borden's
Hemo

"ELSIE, DEAR," murmured Elmer, the bull, dreamily, "you always were the apple of my eye!"

"It's not your eyes—it's your *feet*—I'm thinking about," teased Elsie, the Borden Cow. "HEMO's certainly put swing in your waltz!"

"Blow my horn!" groaned Elmer. "Is there *no* protection against your ravings about HEMO?"

"Protection?" asked Elsie brightly. "Why, dear, HEMO is *grand* protection against a vitamin deficiency we ALL face these days. According to standards set by government nutritionists, 2 glasses of HEMO (mixed in milk) give you your *full day's needs* of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), D, and Niacin! *And* of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus! On top of that—"

"Wait—don't tell me!" twitted Elmer. "On top of that, HEMO is the most delicious chocolate milk drink ever—*smooth* as a Viennese waltz!"

"And the easy, *sensible* way to take your vitamins and minerals!" agreed Elsie. "HEMO, you know, is a real nourishing food to begin with. And Borden's add *more* protective vitamins and minerals to make this good food really *wonderful!*"

"I guess," speculated Elmer, "that's why folks keep saying HEMO's *the way to drink your vitamins and like 'EM!*"

• • •

▶ **Get HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer at fountains. At home, use the full pound jar—only 59¢. The HEMO for one drink (2 heaping teaspoons) costs just 2½¢! On sale at drug and grocery stores.**

©Borden Co.

this hospital, a former schoolteacher, now a flight sergeant, who lives with these wounded boys and whose job it is to see that they make the hard and lonely adjustment to their disfigurement that they must make if they are to live. He is their friend and confidant and he knows as much about them as one man can know about another. He treats them with a matter-of-factness which is essential and, in the beginning, startling to an outsider.

He said casually, "Pete, show your hand. He's got a real bad hand."

And there was the hand, or rather the non-hand, and there above it was the serious, hesitant face of the 21-year-old Englishman. We looked at his hand as if it belonged to someone else and we were only interested to see what fire could do to a hand. His face was fairly good, but the sides of his head had been burned flat and a head is strange without ears. This boy had been a talented pilot. He completed his operational tour, which means thirty separate missions against the enemy. Then, as a rest, he was sent to be an instructor. It happened that his student crashed the training plane when he was flying with him, and the pilot got these burns trying to pull the student out of the wreckage. But this is just bad luck, you see.

The saline baths, which are the essential basis of burn treatment, are in rooms alongside the ward. We went in to see the baths, and there was a boy sitting in the deep tub in the chilly white room. The attendants were keeping his face dampened and under the water. He was patiently flexing his purplish hands. He was being cheered on by a sergeant who is in charge of the baths and who loves the baths only less than he loves the boys he is saving.

"Come on!" the sergeant said. "You can bend them more than that." Then, not to be too hard on this child, who had been here only three days, he said, "You see yourself how good they are. Your face is fine, too. We'll have you out of here in no time."

The boy answered, but you could not understand what he said. His skin was burned so tight that he could scarcely move his mouth, and the words came out in a shy mumble. The face was absolutely expressionless, so set that it looked dead, and yet the shape of it was still intact. Two bright blue eyes stared out of the scarred face and watched the stiff hands that bent ever so slightly under water. The rest of him was the fragile tender body of a very young boy, for, after all, nineteen is a very young boy.

"Come on, now," the sergeant said. "Come on. Bend them."

The boy had been opening and shutting his fingers the distance of a quarter of an inch for two hours and he would go on doing that for more days than one wanted to think about. But in the end, he would move his hands, and his face would be fixed, and then he would fly again.

They were having tea in the reception office. This is a wonderful hospital, in which the staff and patients call one another by their first names and nicknames, and the patients feel as at home as if they were guests at a summer camp and they have all been together so often or so long that they have permanent jokes, and they have all got such guts that there is no place for pity.

In the office, there was a pretty blond girl in khaki who is a chauffeur now and who drives these boys to the village pub or to a neighboring football field where the hospital team plays an army team or to the train or the movies or wherever they want to go. Another pretty girl, who wears a Saint John's black uniform, is the secretary, and there were a few interns getting a quick cup of tea during a lull in the operating room. There was also a girl wearing a blue silk bandanna handkerchief over her hair, and a polo coat. She was tiny and pink-cheeked and absurdly young-looking to be a married woman. But she was married, and her husband was sitting beside her, and he was very young, too, and tall. He was blind now. Beneath the bandage over his eyes, you could see the familiar drawn, burned face.

A Wife's Achievement

The girl had come to this hospital on the first day her husband arrived and she had not left him since. He was new to being blind and very awkward about it. She managed so that her husband should not feel his awkwardness. The blind soldier talked happily and easily, with the confidence his wife had given him. He was teasing the girl chauffeur about the football team that she lugged all over the countryside: What sort of football team was she sponsoring anyhow? They had been beaten everywhere since she started driving them.

This hospital is one of four Royal Air Force burn centers and it was planned as a wartime hospital. But there will be five or seven years' work after the war, not counting the men now prisoners in Germany who will need this sort of care. The average hospitalization is from six to eight weeks; but these bad burn cases take two years, at a minimum, to be repaired.

"It's a cocktail I read about in a murder mystery"

COLLIER'S BARBARA SHERMUND

ACT 2
SCENE 3

"You mean now that I've got rid of my '5 o'clock Shadow' we'll be seeing more of each other?"

We'll guarantee that she'll see more of *you* if you avoid "5 o'clock Shadow". A clean, cool shave with a genuine Gem Blade has brought to light many a handsome chin.

For Gem's the super-keen blade with the deep wedge-edge. It shaves closer—never pulls, scrapes or nicks. It keeps your face neater *longer*. There's 60 years of know-how in each and every Gem Blade!

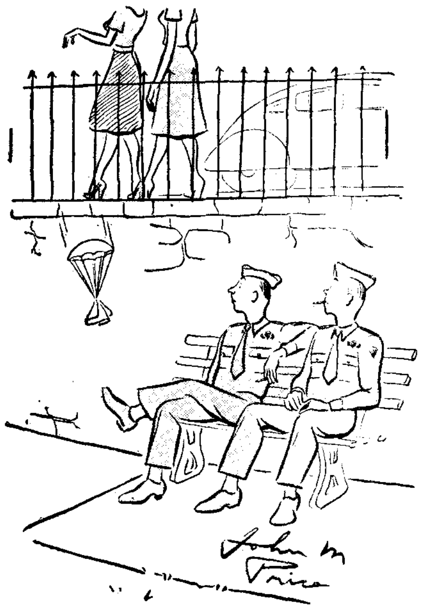
GEM
SINGLEDGE
GEM BLADE

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM

RAZORS and BLADES

©1944, American Safety Razor Corp.



COLLIER'S JOHN M. PRICE

Not only R.A.F. cases are treated here. There are bomb wounds where the face has been torn apart, and sailors who have been burned and rescued from the sea, and men of all services who have been terribly damaged in accidents. But the largest group are the boys in Air Force blue, and the oldest among them is twenty-nine.

The hospital is a marvel. The men have unbounded confidence in the surgeons. This confidence is based on observation. They see with their own eyes the slow, patient miracles performed by Doctor Archibald McIndoe. He works with them tirelessly, operating three or five days a week, sometimes from ten in the morning until ten at night. But he does more than surgery, and that is why the hospital is a marvel. You would never see a more delicate and unpretentious job of lifesaving than goes on here.

Mac believes that, with sufficient time, he can fix a man's face "so that it will not cause comment." This is what he tells them promising nothing more and delivering nothing less. When these burned boys arrive, they see others like themselves, and the rubber in the human soul is so resilient that they always see someone who looks worse than they look. Mirrors are handy. The men are not allowed to become afraid of facing their present disfigurement.

Since they will be in and out of this hospital regularly for years, they do not wear hospital uniforms. As soon as they can walk, they are given their R.A.F. uniforms and shipped off to the village to mingle with people and get used to living in the daily world. The local people are accustomed to them. They are not stared at, and this first adjustment is fairly easy. After this, they are encouraged to go to London, mainly to see and be seen. They are apt to go in pairs and keep each other company, but the job of making them accept themselves without self-consciousness is so well done that this initial contact with strangers appears to come off successfully every time.

Mac has abandoned the basket-weaving school of occupational therapy. He feels it is silly. These are men vitally concerned in the war effort, and there is an industrial workshop at the hospital which makes small airplane parts. The work is voluntary, and they know that they are doing something useful. When Mac is through with a patient for a time, feeling that he has had all the operations he can take, the patient is sent away to work at a job or, if the disability is too serious, the patient is sent to a rest home which is also a limited factory and training school. The men are not permitted to become idle or to feel that they have lost all chance of fitting into an average life during the long years of treatment.

Mac says that the worst disability is blindness, but after that comes the loss of hands. Fortunately, total loss of both hands is rare, and it is amazing what these boys can learn to do with a hook for a hand or by using the stumps of fingers. And when they come back to the hospital—as they must—they build up an affection for the staff. They find old friends in the wards and, due to Mac, there is no hospital gloom, none of that excessive starched hospital discipline, and the men are really very cheerful about their return visits.

They have a club called the Guinea Pig Club, which gives a bang-up dinner in the village once a year, and all the old patients come as if they were attending a school reunion. It is a great enough achievement to repair these damaged faces, but to keep the minds behind the faces so sound and so self-reliant is a triumph.

Some Unsolved Problems

There are some things which even Mac cannot handle, and they are not talked of especially. There is the heartbreak of parents when they first see their children come back like this. There is the tragedy of the wives who cannot take it. One doesn't talk of this, and the losses are cut, and life goes on.

There is something else, perhaps worse and deeper. It is the fear of these very young men that, after the war, they will never really be able to compete with whole men and that they will not find a decent job and will not be able to provide properly for themselves or their families. So they make a joke of disaster and form a beggars' union.

It is natural that these boys should not be thinking about the peace and how to prevent the Germans from ever starting another war. They have done their share. They have paid for the safety of our world in advance.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

"However, I'm sticking around for the day when a few battalions of 4-Fs march into an airplane plant in uniform to work on the assembly line at fifty bucks a month alongside civilian workers getting seventy dollars a week. Also, I want to listen to the 1-A guys singing merrily as they march off to war if Washington decides that the 4-Fs are to get the union wage scale in the war plants. Either way it's going to be worth waiting for. Or am I the only one who's nuts?"

AND a couple of children were overheard by Pfc. James H. Bahti discussing the future. One said that he was going to be a Marine when he grew up. The other elected to be a bombardier and then, after a dark pause, said, "Do you think the war will be over before we grow up?" The first kid considered this possible calamity briefly. Then he brightened up: "Maybe, but maybe they'll have another one for us."

FROM Mr. Eddie Bronnick of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, a veteran of the first World War, we learn that that war was "an honest war." He arrives at his conclusion thus: "Men lined up on both sides and slaughtered one another. Of course, none of us knew exactly why, but we did. There was no bombing of civilian populaces. There was no murdering of women and children. We just got in there with the Heinies and slugged it out, man to man. As wars go, it was respectable." And Mrs. Chloe Allman of Perkasie, Pennsylvania, recalls that in the 1940 Presidential election, "both sides promised to keep us out of war, whether they meant it or not. This time we shall have to listen to both sides telling us that they'll get us out of war, and we will vote for the man who says it with the most oomph."

THERE was something else we had intended saying but we've forgotten it. Maybe it's because, just as we were about to go out to lunch, we received the following notice from Crystal Springs, Mississippi: "Big Barbecue Out To Miss Lou Cafe Saturday. Everybody is cordially invited to come out and help witness the good time. Boston will start cookin Friday evenin at SunSet. Will be two kinds meat: Two Goats, One White fatface beef. On the Out Skirt of town. Come and help win freedom."

WE CAN'T go. Too bad. But things might be worse. We might, for example, be running for President. . . .

W. D.

THIS SUPERIORITY OF
PHILIP MORRIS
RECOGNIZED
by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . . shown by the findings of distinguished doctors:

PROVED
far less irritating
to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT —DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

NOTE: We do not claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But these findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS *far less irritating* to the nose and throat. You will find they *taste* far finer, too!

Every day, new thousands CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!
Call for Philip Morris
all for PHILIP

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

SAVES APOLOGIES FOR MY APPEARANCE
SIMONIZING MAKES ME LOOK NEW AGAIN
YES... AND SIMONIZ KEEPS ME BEAUTIFUL
MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE
Liquid SIMONIZ KLEENER
KLEENER
SIMONIZ

Get More Beauty per Rationed Mile

The Older Your Car... The More It Needs Simoniz

FINISH METAL

The finish, too, is fast losing its vitality. Only by protecting the enamel regularly can you hope to preserve it for the duration.

Simoniz Now . . . Also Saves After Victory Value!

Save yourself the embarrassment of constantly apologizing for your car. Simoniz and the finish will sparkle like new again. Then what a thrill you'll get out of driving. Everyone will admire your car's glistening beauty. Besides saving your pride Simoniz preserves the finish and keeps your car new looking. That means you'll get a lot more on a trade-in when victory comes. And it's so easy now to Simoniz. You'll enjoy doing it yourself. So get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Do it right away!

Simoniz and the Simoniz Kleeners are now sold by your grocer as well as by hardware, auto accessory, paint, drug, department stores, service stations and garages.

SIMONIZ THE FURNITURE AND WOODWORK IN YOUR HOME, TOO!

The Sencho

Continued from page 17

"They're leaving, Cross. We're taking them and their families. We promised them that. Anyone who stays must be considered as—as disaffected."

How noble, Harvie Cross thought. How very damned noble to keep a promise so late. But it was the right thing, of course. One always did the right thing, even though it was at the wrong time.

Kilravin spoke. "You know the trails, Cross. You know the way to the east coast, the quickest way. If we—"

"The men are armed, Cross," Major Partridge interrupted. "You won't be in any danger."

"You can come back," Kilravin blurted eagerly. "You can come back to your holdings, if you wish, and . . . and . . ." His voice broke lamely.

Harvie let out a long breath. "And if I refuse?"

The two soldiers peered at him in the gathering dusk; they failed to comprehend.

The major whistled softly and said, "If you refuse—why, I imagine we've walked up the hill for nothing."

This was safer ground. This was better, man to man and no weapons involved. "Sorry, then," Harvie Cross answered. "You've walked up the hill for nothing." He went back to the house with his shoulders straight. Mua held the door for him and he moved directly to the table and sat down. Presently he ate his supper.

THE lights in the harbor were out, and only the moon showed where the empty wharves lay. The warehouses were blue in the hot evening, and only a few lamps remained aglow in town. From Harvie Cross' veranda, it resembled a forgotten set in an empty theater; the small audience was patient, waiting for the new curtain to rise.

"It's all right, Mua," Harvie soothed. "Your people will come back some day. You will be wife to the sencho, and they will point to you when you ride past and say, 'There goes Mua, the wife of the sencho. She stayed with him, and now he has become great.'"

Mua shivered against him. She wanted to know about the ones on foot; would they get away?

"Do not fear for them," Harvie Cross told her. "They will get through and reach the island. It is the ones at sea who might meet trouble. When day comes, they might be seen from the air, and the Japanese will think it is a supply convoy."

They heard the army from the north come in, motors throbbing as the vanguard filtered through the town. They stood together on the veranda and waited.

Captain Tayama came first. He came up the slope wearing full regimentals. This was an occasion, and one had to be equal to it. One could not enter a city in triumph dressed in linen campaign shorts. He bowed to Harvie, one fist on his great sword of the samurai. "You did not become impatient?" he inquired. "It is rude for us to be late." He saw Mua in the darkness and smiled. "The lady suffers not?"

Mua shook her head quickly. "She suffers not."

Hard heels sounded on the steps and the screen was flung open.

Harvie was expecting this second visitor. It was the roly-poly fat man with the light skin and quavering voice, only now, like Tayama, he wore full regimentals.

"Komban wa, Cross San." He bowed. "We meet again."

"Komban wa," Harvie answered.

The fat man stepped onto the veranda and gazed around. He was evidently pleased. "This has been the house of Cross San?"

"Yes," Harvie said. "Of Cross San and his woman, Mua."

The fat man blinked at Mua. "The woman of Cross San?" he quavered.

"Will you not come in and be seated?" Harvie invited. He followed the two Japanese inside and gestured to Mua. She went back into the house without a word.

Outside, Harvie saw shadows flicker past the pond of light from the lamp in the window. They would be the escort. Japanese officers did not venture far without an escort.

They sat in uneasy silence until Mua came in with a tray. She put it down next to the wicker couch where the Japanese were sitting and drew the cork from the bottle. She glanced at Harvie but he shook his head.

When she had gone, Captain Tayama carefully lifted his hat from the table and placed it on the couch. "Stains are unbecoming," he explained. The fat man, Captain Ishiri, reached out for the bottle. He filled the glasses jerkily, giving himself the first splash.

"In accord with European amenity," he said in his queer, uneven tones.

"Because of the corkage," Tayama told Harvie.

Harvie winced inwardly. These were not the men he had treated with; they had changed and now took pleasure in veiled insults.

The Japanese inclined their heads and raised the glasses. "To the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere!" they toasted, and Harvie drank with them. This was better; this was more like it. They wanted to talk business.

The noises from town rose in the still night air, and the sharp clatter of a motorcycle echoed through the trees. There was a faint scream from somewhere; a man's shrill laughter sounded.

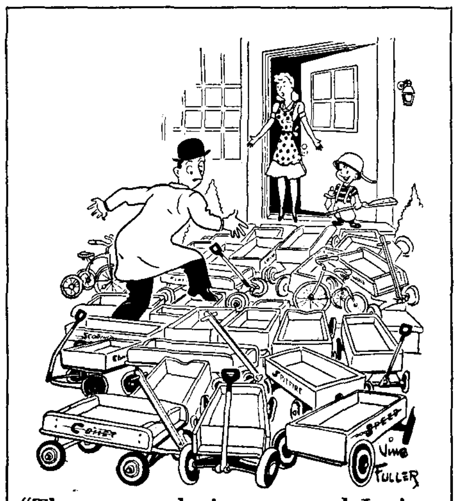
The new curtain was being raised. The stage was full of actors now.

"Are there any officer prisoners?" Harvie asked. "If so, I should be happy to have them billeted here."

Captain Tayama put his glass down and selected a cigarette from the ivory box. "There are *no* prisoners, Cross San, except for a small dog to which my friend Captain Ishiri took a fancy."

"A delightful dog," Captain Ishiri said.

Harvie Cross swallowed his drink. He didn't know whether the sudden prickle of sweat on his skin was due to the alcohol or to fear. No prisoners. Then the ones who had shot it out in the jungle had all been killed. They'd missed the last motor train, and now they all lay dead in the bush to the north.



"They were playing war and Junior captured all their mobile equipment"

COLLIER'S VING FULLER

"We must have complete control," Tayama said. "Like the Kwantung Army, we must be all things to all people."

"The Kwantung Army is the mightiest military machine on earth," Ishiri said. "We emulate it because of its model efficiency."

Harvie Cross refilled the glasses, his own last. The precise, impeccable men were becoming difficult. He gulped a mouthful of the root liquor. "About the agreement," he said, wiping his nose. "I understand that the concession here will be mine, in return for my co-operation."

SLOW amazement lifted Tayama's brows. He gingerly tapped ash in the oyster shell that Mua had painted. It was Ishiri who finally spoke: "We are ignorant of such an agreement, Cross San. It was in return for our protection and certain sums of money that we employed you."

"But the weeds! The hasheesh! It was all the garrison could do to load the boats. Many people remained in the town. My imports were to the letter."

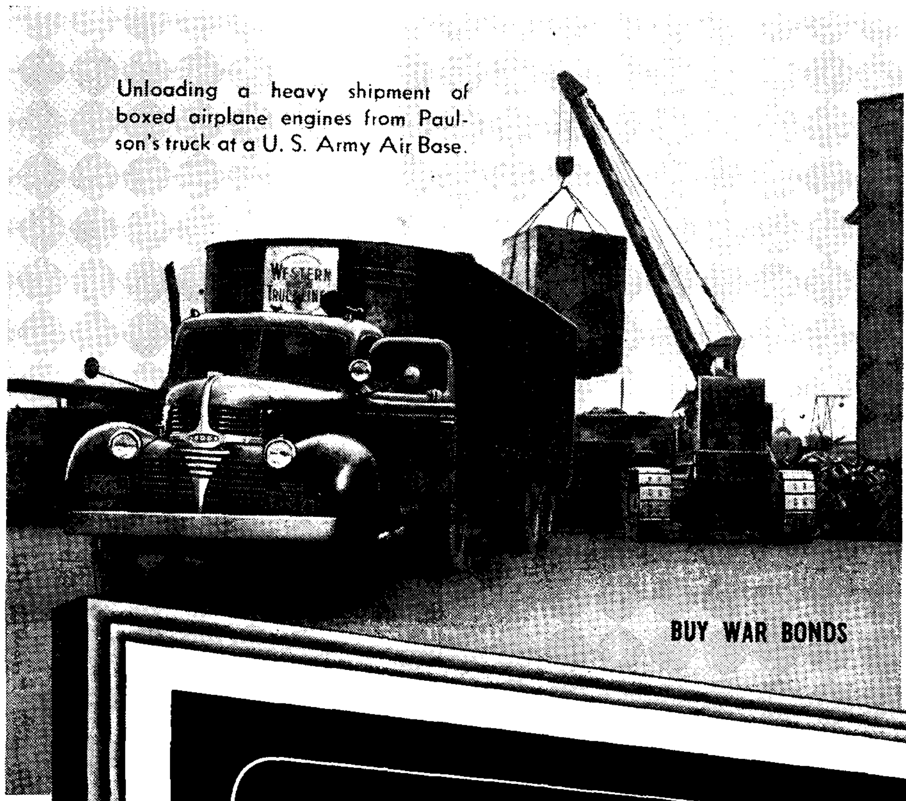
"Yes, yes, yes. But they were also your concessions."

"The title!" Harvie Cross shrilled. "To be sencho, you said!"

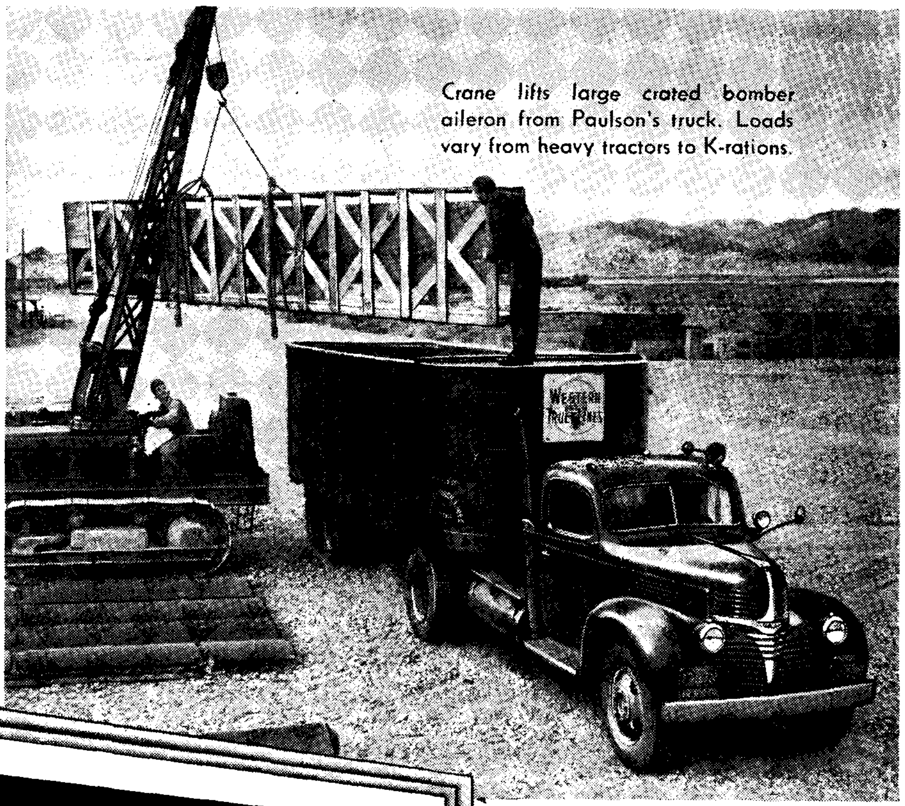
Ishiri nodded amiably. "Sencho—an army title. I am a sencho. This is Tayama Sencho."

"But—"

"It is not permitted to argue with the



Unloading a heavy shipment of boxed airplane engines from Paulson's truck at a U. S. Army Air Base.

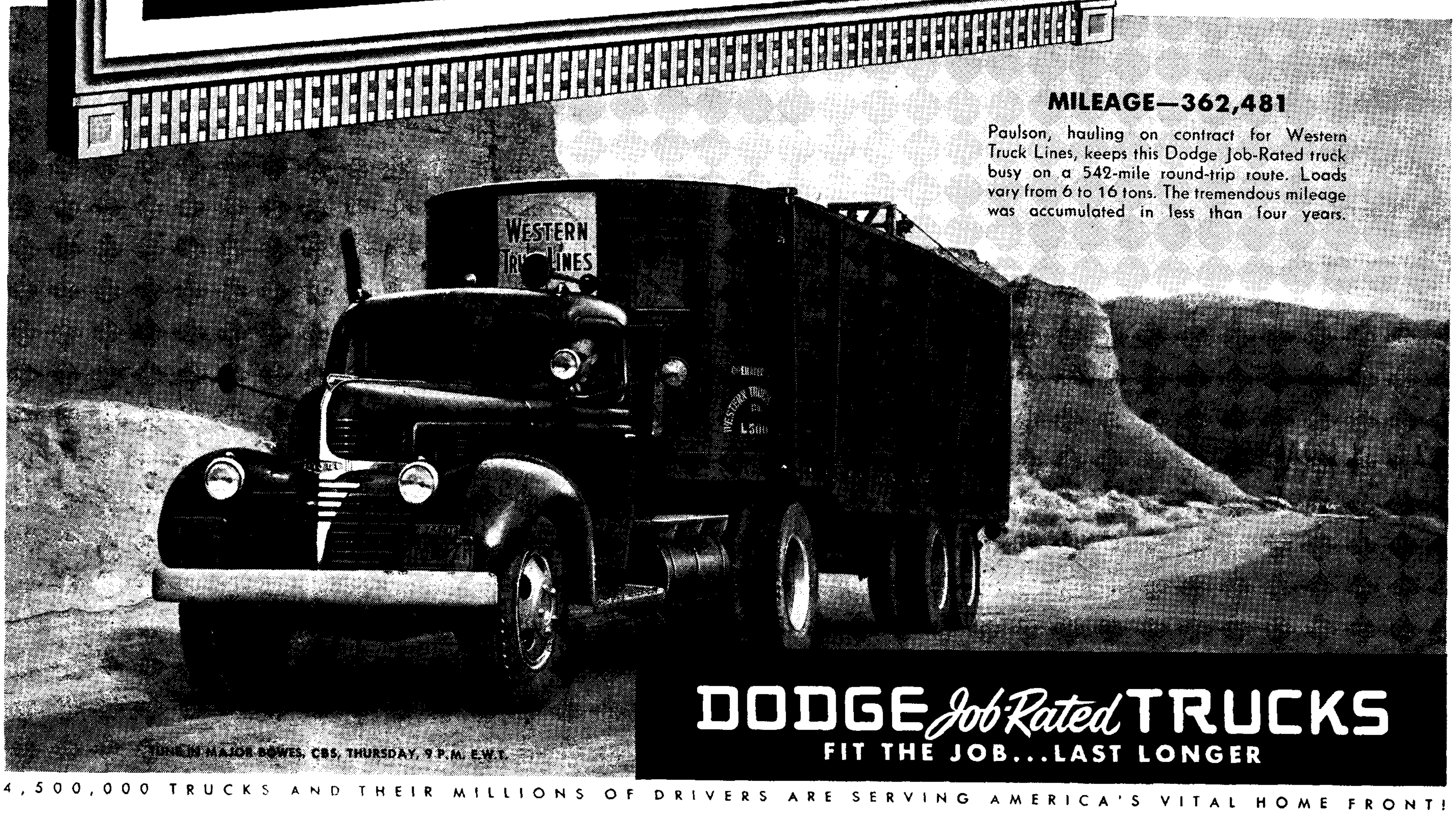


Crane lifts large crated bomber aileron from Paulson's truck. Loads vary from heavy tractors to K-rations.

MILE AFTER MILE AFTER MILE WITH DODGE DEPENDABILITY

WHILE over 300,000 Dodge-built Army trucks are serving our fighting forces, Dodge Job-Rated trucks, like the one pictured, are doing a great home-front job. Its owner, Edward Paulson, El Monte, California, will emphatically tell you that "it's a long way . . . to the last mile...of a dependable Dodge."

DODGE
DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



MILEAGE—362,481

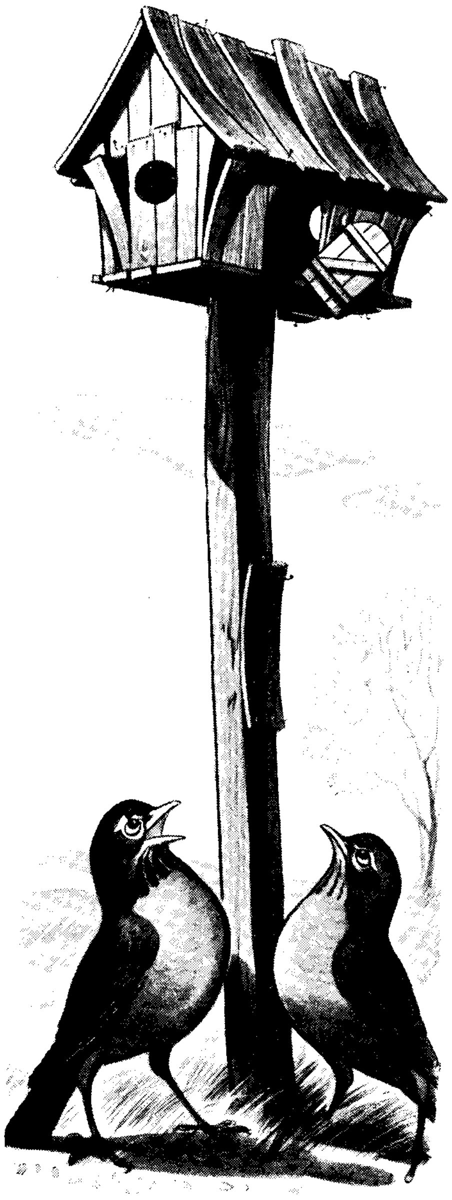
Paulson, hauling on contract for Western Truck Lines, keeps this Dodge Job-Rated truck busy on a 542-mile round-trip route. Loads vary from 6 to 16 tons. The tremendous mileage was accumulated in less than four years.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, CBS, THURSDAY, 9 P.M. E.W.T.

DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

FIT THE JOB...LAST LONGER

4,500,000 TRUCKS AND THEIR MILLIONS OF DRIVERS ARE SERVING AMERICA'S VITAL HOME FRONT!



Quoth the Robin:

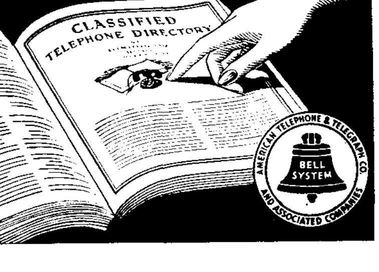
"It's time to look in the Classified for Spring repairs"

Where's a roofer? Where's a house painter? Who makes screens? Who cleans carpets...and drapes?

Your spring cleaning and repairing questions are quickly answered by the Classified section of your telephone book.

Local people who perform all kinds of services, as well as dealers in many branded products, are listed in this handy reference guide. Whichever you need . . .

Look in the Classified


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Japanese Army, Cross San," Tayama said hastily. He rose and walked around the room.

Harvie was on his feet, hands clenched. "I was to have Kalua! You—Tayama Sencho—you told me that. It was promised!"

Tayama whirled and cracked his palm across Harvie's mouth. "You fool! You disgusting white fool!" He stood back, his eyes terrible as he glared at the white man. "Why did you permit your schooner to leave? You sold it to the British, perhaps!"

Harvie leaned against the wall. His face stung where he had been struck; through watering eyes he watched Ishiri get up and join Tayama. "It is too bad about your schooner," the fat man said silkily. "Tomorrow our airplanes will find the convoy and sink it."

"You will be expected to pay us for the loss," Tayama said. "The schooner was a part of the business which we provided for you. We will set the price at one hundred thousand yen."

Harvie raised his head, his eyes never leaving Tayama. This was a dream, a long bad dream conjured up in his mind from the hasheesh. But the dream had been planned; everything had been rehearsed, even to the slightest expression of the face or the motion of a hand. The precise little men had left nothing undone.

Shots sounded from town; voices babbled in a mixture of tongues and there was another scream. Maybe that had been planned, too. A sharp shriek brought the Japanese to attention and Harvie's muscles contracted. It was Mua.

Feet shuffled beyond the grass curtain and someone grunted, then giggled. There was a slap followed by the thump of an overturning table and the long grasses billowed outward in the motion.

"Mua!" Harvie shouted, and lunged toward the curtain. Captain Tayama's sword caught in his feet and he sprawled on the matting. He rolled over, panting for breath, caged and hurt. Mua gurgled something and bodies crashed to the floor.

Tayama grinned, holding the point of his sword at Harvie. "Everything is the property of the Japanese Army," he said.

Tayama drew back his sword and guided the point to the scabbard. He dropped the blade and the wheep of metal reassured him. "I leave in the morning for the south, by way of the gai. You will accompany as—protective coloring."

"I trust our escort will be rested," Ishiri smiled.

A low whimpering came from the curtain, and a man laughed.

HARVIE didn't remember, clearly, how he escaped. There had been the root liquor and more cigarettes, then the feigned drunkenness as he lurched across the veranda and stumbled into the shadows of the lawn. The sky was an orange glow over the harbor; the warehouses and the wharves seemed to shimmer in the wild firelight, and torches bobbed through the streets of the town.

Mua was gone, of that he was certain. There had been a flat shot, and the men of the escort tramped from the house, hissing and quacking among themselves. Tayama and Ishiri were mumbling stupidly in their native tongue.

Harvie Cross trotted through the night, holding his mouth closed against the darting insects, his nostrils flared as he labored for breath. Behind was the town and the house on the hill; the light in the sky was dim now,, and the only sounds were his quick breathing and the pounding of his feet.

Harvie jogged along the trail, almost spent, his legs heavy and limp at the knees. A voice cried "Halt!" and he almost collapsed. Gasping and wet, he rolled his eyes at the darkness ahead. A figure with a rifle advanced from the shadows. "Who is it?"

"Cross—it's Cross, for God's sake. Is that you, Kilravin?"

"Who's with you?" Kilravin brought the rifle down to his hip.

"No one! I swear it!"

"Come forward and put your hands behind your neck."

Harvie Cross stepped forward, his elbows spread in the air.

"What do you want?" Kilravin demanded.

"I want to take you through. I can show you the way to Singapore—it's a way they don't know. Please!"

Kilravin eyed him speculatively. "You don't want to take us back to your yellow playmates, do you?"

"Oh, for God's sake! I left them there. They sacked the town and put a torch to the harbor. I cleared out." He didn't mention Tayama or Ishiri; he didn't tell about Mua. That was his little red wagon, not Kilravin's.

A corporal wearing the insignia of the New Zealand Volunteer Rifles came up behind Kilravin. "What's he say, Sergeant?"

"They're burning the town," Kilravin answered over his shoulder. "He wants to guide us—call the major."

The corporal hesitated. One arm was in a sling and he had difficulty carrying his rifle. "What about the others?" he demanded. "What of them we left behind?"

Kilravin raised the muzzle to Harvie's throat. "Yes, Cross, what about the others?"

Harvie lowered his arms. "Who owned the dog?"

"The dog? *What* dog?"

'Well . . . they captured the dog."

For a hushed moment the corporal and Kilravin studied Harvie Cross; a bug ticked through the leaves at their feet.

"Captured the dog," Kilravin whispered absently. "Captured the dog. . . ." He snapped erect and wheeled on the corporal. "Go get the major!"

THE corporal was back in less than a minute and the major held a Webley in one hand. He kept it pointed when he confronted Harvie. "So you've decided to come with us, eh?"

Harvie nodded wearily.

"Didn't like your master race, eh? Well—what's the offer?"

Harvie Cross bit his lower lip until it stung. "Just that you trust me, that's all. I—I've been a fool." He worked his mouth to make more words. "I'll show you the way out. It isn't far. You'd never find it alone."

The major narrowed his drooping lids. "No tricks?"

"No tricks."

The two stood six inches apart, their eyes locked. The major's indecision left him, because he felt now that he knew this man; he had known many men and he'd seen them like this before.

"Very well," said the major.

Kilravin alerted the party and Harvie shouldered his way to the front, the sergeant at his heels. The men hooked the heavy Enfields on their arms and stood waiting; there were more bandages showing than there was flesh.

"This way," Harvie said, and started down the trail. Kilravin stayed behind him and the major brought up the rear.

A ten-minute walk took them around the east side of the gai and past some bottomlands. "Watch those swamps, Kilravin," Harvie warned. "When you come back you can use them. They look like solid grass to the Japs."

Trooping along the lip of a ridge, Harvie pointed to some jagged rocks ahead. "See those, Kilravin? There's an opening through them—just big enough for a man to crawl through. You can trap them there."

"When we come back?"

"Yes." He pointed down to the right. "There's a spring in those trees. You'll be back."

He led them off the ridge and swung left through the tall saber grass. On a rise of ground he halted and held his arm out. "There's the coast, Kilravin. You go right this side of the beach. March for twenty minutes at a steady pace. That'll be a mile. You'll see a deserted hut between you and the beach. There's a trail leading from it into the bush. Take that trail and stay off the beach. By dawn you should be as far as the line they're holding in the south. From there you can get to the island. Give my regards to Singapore."

Kilravin looked down at Harvie Cross and lowered his rifle to the ground. "Where are you going?"

"Back. I've got some holdings to attend to."

Major Partridge came up and wanted to know why they were stopped.

"Cross is leaving us here, sir," Kilravin told him.

The major's glance was sharp. "Why?" He yanked the Webley from its holster.

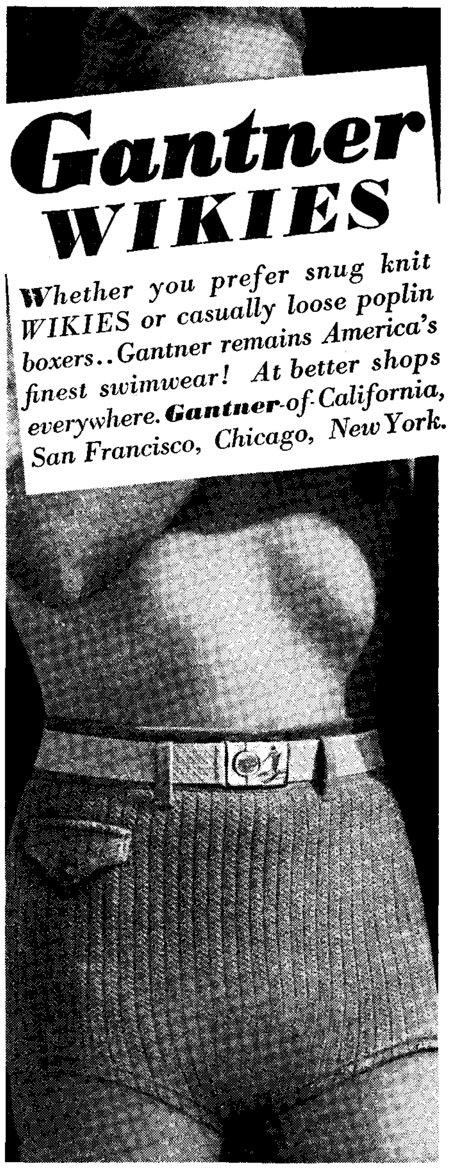
Harvie smiled. "Some unfinished business—none of yours. Kilravin knows the way now. You would have hit for the beach."

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

"They'll go up the gai. They'd have spotted you from there."

"I have almost a hundred men."

"Wounded men, and they have a thousand



Gantner WIKIES

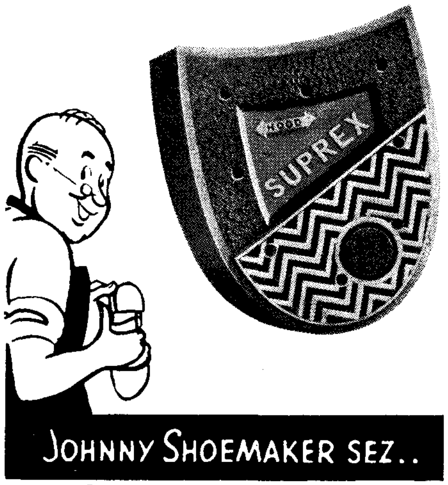
Whether you prefer snug knit WIKIES or casually loose poplin boxers..Gantner remains America's finest swimwear! At better shops everywhere. **Gantner**-*of-California, San Francisco, Chicago, New York.*

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC

EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

TRY MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless



JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

FOR **EXTRA SHOE LIFE**

ASK FOR HOOD

RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

healthy ones. Ten thousand—a million He turned to Kilravin. "I want your gun."

Kilravin looked at the major: the men were crowding up from the trail, fidgeting uneasily, and the corporal with his arm in a sling poked Harvie's shoulder. "Take mine, mate. I can't use it."

The major nodded curtly. "All right, Cross."

Harvie took the Enfield and turned it over clumsily in his hands. "Here, man." Kilravin muttered, and showed him how the bolt operated. "You've five rounds. This is the sight leaf, and this the—"

"I won't need the sight."

Kilravin hesitated, trying to think of something to say to Harvie Cross who wanted to go back into the bush with five rounds in his rifle. The major allowed the sergeant thirty seconds and motioned him on. "Quick time, Kilravin," he ordered as the men filed past raggedly. They stumbled forward, faces drawn with pain and fatigue. When the last man had gone down, Harvie offered his hand.

"You can make it now. So long."

The major took Harvie's hand and gripped it. "Good luck, Cross." Understanding softened his eyes. "I'll tell them in Singapore that—that one of our people stayed behind."

He waited until the major was a white blob in the night, moving fast to catch up. Then the white blob disappeared, and Harvie Cross was alone. He started back through the saber grass, his legs swishing against the blades. On the ridge he halted and listened, but there was no sound from ahead, only the zip and hum of insects. He waved them from his face and pressed forward, hot and flushed despite the coolness of the night. He left the bottomlands behind and climbed along the trail. At the spot where he'd found Kilravin, he paused once more and stood tense. He sniffed, slightly, as if it would help his hearing. Then he turned toward the stream, crouching as he moved.

There would be time; he was sure of that. Time for him to reach the bridge, and time for Partridge to get away to the south. He came out on the slippery shale with the weeds growing through it, the place where he had come with Mua so very long ago to pick the big-stemmed flowers on the bank. Ahead arched the bamboo bridge and it was empty.

Harvie Cross settled his body on the shale, working his elbows and knees back and forth until they were comfortable. He grasped a patch of weed and ripped it away so the rifle would rest evenly, without obstruction. Listening again for a moment, he slid the bolt home and clicked down the handle. He ran his left hand forward to the end of the sling and found the trigger guard with his right. He wriggled once on the shale, and waited.

Pretty soon now, Tayama would be making his trek south so that Major Partridge and his party couldn't escape. The deep blue night was turning a sick gray, and it wouldn't be long. . . .

DAWN breathed through the jungle, rustling the leaves and warning night creatures to find cover; the insects had thinned out and only the slow chuckle of the stream sounded in the new day.

Presently they came timidly to the bank on the other side, picking their way through the shrub, bayonets fixed. They didn't cross the bridge; its high arch made them cautious. Then the samurai appeared and chattered at the escort. He flicked his hand scornfully and climbed up the arch of the bridge, one brown fist on his sword. He was gazing directly at the shale heap when Harvie Cross curved his finger around the trigger and took a breath.

THE END

Lonesome Man

Continued from page 19

track marked off and smoothed up and then built a little grandstand to hold the crowds. But it looked like something to Joe Barton and me. We dumped our bread corn at the mill that Saturday and spent the rest of the day watching the workmen finish up the job.

Aaron Blood came down and stood with us, whittling with his big jackknife and saying nothing. Most of the other Squaw Creek settlers came, too, and the place was overrun with cow hands from the outlying ranches.

Along about sundown, Shiner Maverick and a couple of his hands rode up. Shiner was a big, laughing, loudmouthed sort of man. He rode a cat-stepping sorrel with a white mane and tail. His rigging, with a full-stamped saddle and conchas of hammered silver, was a sight to make a couple of farm kids stand back in awe. He carried a huge lettered signboard under one arm and a hammer in his bridle-rein hand. He swung down and started nailing the sign up beside the entrance to the grandstand and everybody crowded around to read it.

IT WAS such a close-packed group that Joe and I couldn't see for a while. Then everybody burst out laughing and the crowd fell away, and Joe and I read:

HORSE RACES!   HORSE RACES!

SAT., NOV. 1, 1888

HALF-MILE HEATS — $100 PURSE

ENTRANCE FEE — $3
For anything that wears
hair and runs on four feet!

"You can always bet on Shiner," some cow hand burst out. "He knows how to draw a crowd. Hell, I'm going to enter that old black I been riding. In a scramble like that's going to be, anything's liable to win!"

The crowd started drifting back toward town. Joe and I kept hanging around, all eyes and ears. We saw Aaron Blood still standing in front of the sign and we could tell by the movement of his lips that he was taking his time and spelling out each word. Finally, he turned and started back toward the mill, picking his teeth with the point of his jackknife, thoughtful-like. Joe and I fell in behind him, full of excitement and talk.

"Wouldn't you just give nearly anything," Joe said, "if you could ride in them races?"

"If I had my druthers," I said, "I'd be a cowboy and ride a fine horse and fancy saddle like Shiner Maverick."

"Sure," said Joe. "Who wouldn't druther be a cowboy? But if we was cowboys, we could ride in the races."

We were silent after that, following along right behind Aaron Blood, each thinking how hopeless our ambitions were. Joe's folks were squatters who'd just come to Squaw Creek the year before. They still lived in a dugout in the side of a hill. My folks were better off.

Pa owned a good farm and had some money in the bank. But he meant to buy another farm with that money, if he could ever talk Aaron Blood into selling out his rich bottom-land claim. Pa wasn't buying fancy horses and saddle rigs for a boy to be gallivanting around the country on when he should be plowing cotton and corn.

Pa didn't come to the races the next Saturday. Neither did Joe's folks. But Joe and I delivered our bread corn to the mill and found perches on the top seat of the grandstand an hour before the show was to open.

It was a fine fall day, with the air keening for winter and the autumn-tinted brush along the creek flaming red and yellow. The crowd gathered quickly, ranch folk filling most of the grandstand, with the farmers and nesters taking what seats were left and spilling out around the edges. The horses were prancy and their cowboy owners full of talk and holiday exuberance. Joe Barton and I sat on our high seats and drank up the show with an unquenchable thirst.

Shiner Maverick and his four chosen judges climbed up into the judges' stand. Shiner stood up and made an opening speech, then called for the lead-off race, the half-mile heat, with the one-hundred-dollar purse.

Some fifteen cowboys on their fastest cow horses paid entrance fees for that race and there was a lot of horseplay and confusion in getting them placed and lined up. And before it could be settled, in came Aaron Blood, riding his big roan bull!

In the excitement and hurrah, he'd ridden up to the judges' stand and was reaching in his pocket for the entrance fee when he was first noticed. In the sudden quiet that followed this discovery, his jangling voice was raspy as a raw, chill wind.

"I come to enter my bull in the race," he said. "Here's the three dollars."

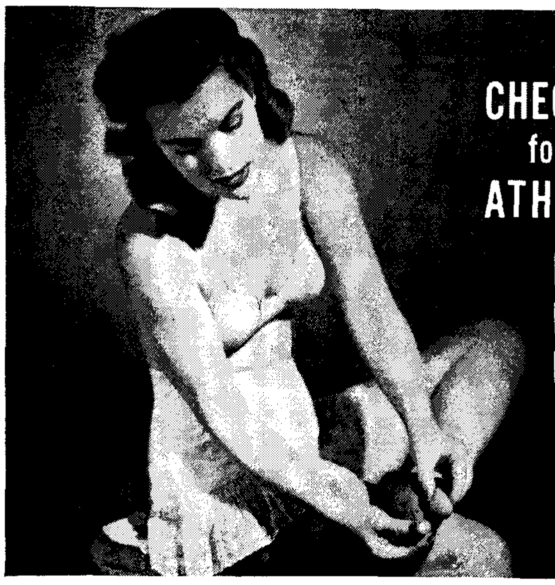
Under the circumstances, the statement

BAR-H
by
HICKOK

The Western cowboy was tough . . . the American way . . . like Americans today! That dauntless, vigorous fighting spirit . . . is in Hickok Bar-H Belts, Braces, Jewelry: authentic Western designs . . . in metal, and tooled on flexible saddle leather.

Bar-H Belts and Brace shown, *$1.50 each.* Sterling Bronco Tie Bar *$2.50;* sterling Steerhead Tie Chain *$3.50.* Bar-H Wallets *$2.50, $3.50 and $5.* Other Bar-H items *$1.50 up.*

Pats. pending.



CHECK YOURSELF
for symptoms of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

- ☐ Peeling between toes
- ☐ Cracks between toes
- ☐ Soft, soggy skin
- ☐ Itching

HAVE YOU GOT IT?

Maybe you never realized it, but chances are *you* have Athlete's Foot. Surveys show over 70% of U. S. adults infected each year. Mild case may suddenly become serious. Now science has a better treatment! In thousands of test cases, practically all infection cleared up quickly with easy 2-way Quinsana method—used today by millions.

NEW 2-WAY TREATMENT

1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.

2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of *re-infection* from shoe linings.

MENNEN
QUINSANA
for
Athlete's
Foot
50¢*

IMPORTANT: The fungi which cause Athlete's Foot exist almost everywhere. For protection and relief, use Quinsana daily. Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. (*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA)

should have sounded only preposterous. How Aaron Blood managed to make it sound insulting, I'll never know. But he did. And Shiner Maverick flinched as if he'd been hit between the eyes with a loaded quirt.

Then somebody's horse crowded against the roan bull and the big brute snorted and lunged sideways, barely missing the horse's flank with a sweep of his long horns. That was when Joe and I first noticed that, for a saddle, Aaron Blood had thrown a dried cowhide across the bull's back. And hanging to a rawhide string around Aaron Blood's neck was a big cow horn with a mouthpiece whittled for blowing.

The blocky farmer hauled his bull's head back around with the single rope attached to a ring in the creature's nose. He sat there with his stiff black hat bending his ears, still holding up his three dollars toward the judges.

That's when Shiner Maverick's face began reddening like a turkey gobbler's snout in strutting time and he blew up.

"What the hell?" he demanded. "Git that fool bull out of here before he ruins a good horse with them horns."

Aaron Blood didn't bat an eyelash. "Your sign," he said stubbornly, "reads 'anything that wears hair and runs on four feet.' This roan bull fills the bill. Are you taking my money? Or is your word like I've heered tell—not worth a damn!"

That was insult enough to bring on a killing in those days, and Joe Barton and I sucked in quick, ragged breaths as we saw the purple-faced Shiner Maverick grab for the butt of the pearl-handled six-shooter he always wore in a low-slung belt of hand-tooled leather. But just then somebody whooped. Somebody else saw the humor of the thing and whooped with the first man. Then the whole grandstand rocked with rowdy laughter.

SHINER MAVERICK was too smart a man not to know when he was whipped. He'd stuck his own foot in the loop with that fool sign. The crowd was with Aaron Blood now, and all Shiner could do was pull in his horns. His hand fell away from his gun and he managed a weak grin.

"I reckon," he said with as much bravado as he could muster, "you've called the turn, Blood. Hand over that three dollars and line up your bull for the race!"

The bull made more trouble in lining up the racers—he kept shying away and plunging out ahead. When the starter finally got them ready, there was plenty of room on either side of the roan bull.

All the time, Aaron Blood sat stiffly astride his mount, clutching his cow horn with his right hand. The starter raised a bandanna handkerchief and Aaron Blood lifted the mouthpiece of his cow horn. The bandanna flashed down. Aaron Blood hooked a rusty spur in the side of his roan bull and blew a blast on the cow horn that rocked the grandstand. At the same instant, the bull lunged forward with an angry bellow you could hear even above the cheers of the crowd. He took out down the track with his tail in the air and the loose cowhide flopping and rattling about his rump.

It was too much for the high-spirited racers. They broke and fell away from that roan bull as if he were a winged devil incarnate. Most of them bogged their heads and went to pitching and bawling and circling. Three fell down. Five stampeded and went out over the fence. One squealing little paint was so terrified that he wheeled and tried to climb up into the stands.

Some of the riders finally fought their horses back onto the track and turned them loose in the right direction. But they were far too late. Aaron Blood's roan bull proved to be a ridge runner. He finished an eighth of a mile ahead of the stragglers.

Aaron Blood circled the bull when he'd crossed the line and brought him to a halt before the judges' stand.

"I'll take that hundred dollars," he told Shiner Maverick.

A GROWL went up from the cowboy riders, of course. They said the race hadn't been fair. They said Aaron Blood had no right to booger their horses with a flapping cowhide and a blasting horn. They said if he was any kind of a man, he'd throw those things away and they'd show him how fast his roan bull could run.

Aaron Blood paid no attention to them. He just sat there on his bull and kept waiting for the angry Shiner Maverick to hand over the prize money.

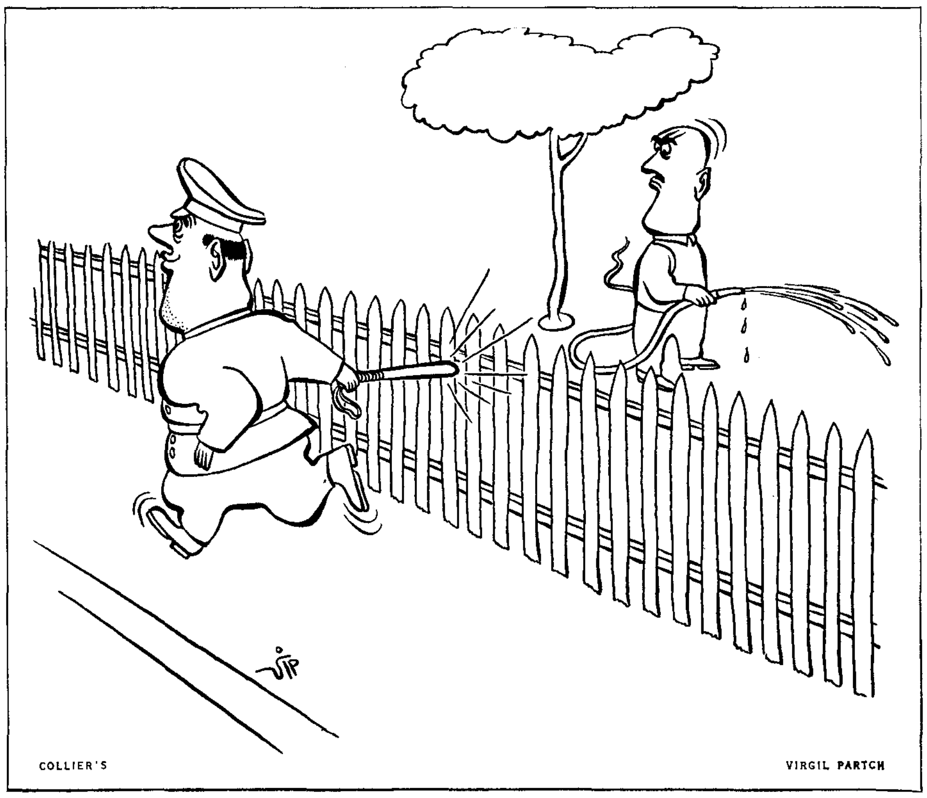
"Well," he said impatiently. "I won the race, didn't I? Do I git the money or don't I?"

He got the money. There was nothing else Shiner Maverick could do. The crowd, both nesters and ranchers, had seen the best show they'd seen in a long time and they didn't care whether the race had been fair or not—they aimed for Aaron Blood to get his money. The howl and jeering that went up at Shiner's show of reluctance told the rancher that. And no matter where his feelings were, he knew he had to go with the crowd, or risk losing everything he'd put into his race track.

Shiner reached in a cigar box and handed Aaron Blood a packet of ten-dollar bills tied up with a string. "Now take that damned bull and get off this track," he told the winner.

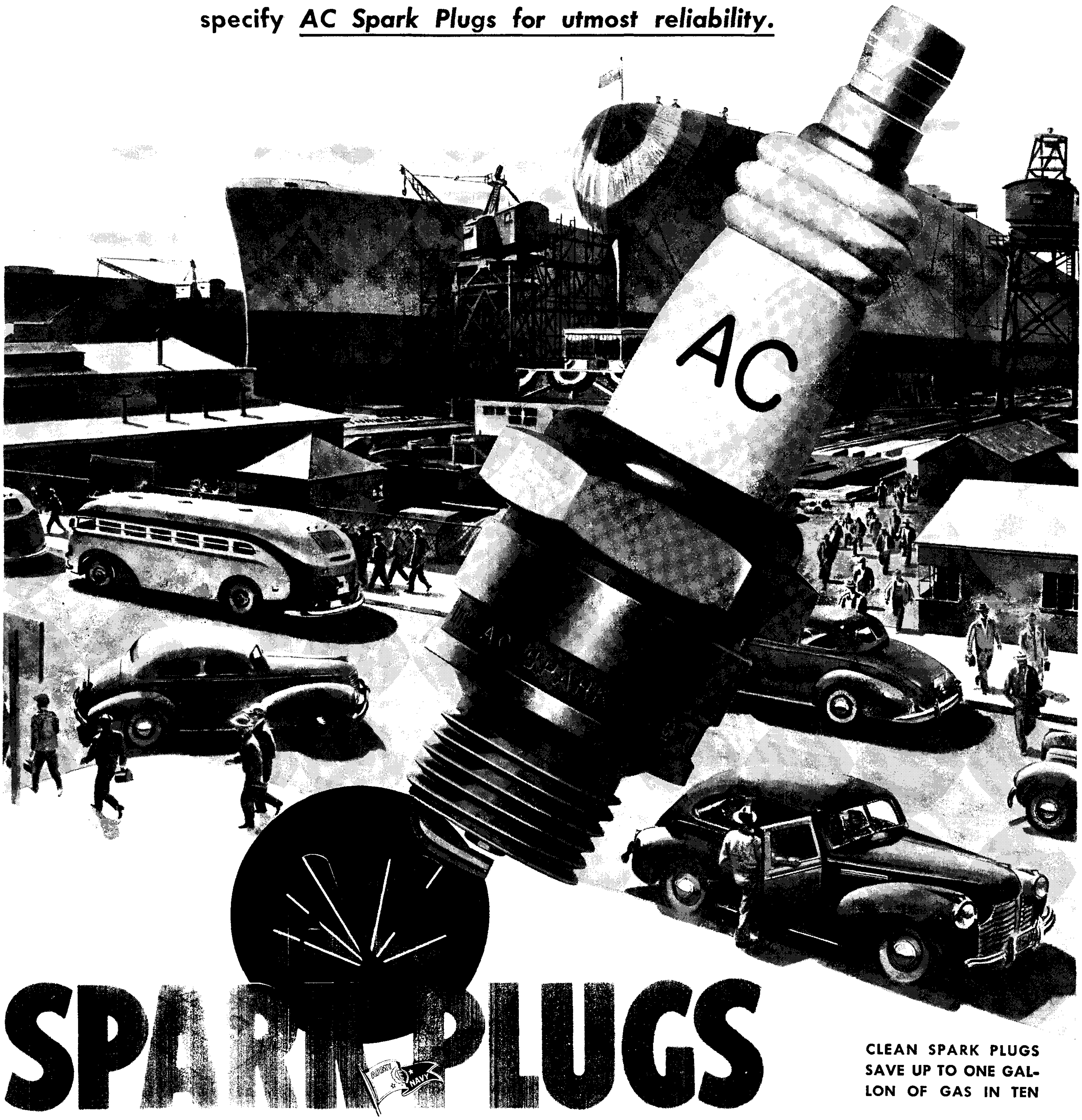
Aaron Blood gave no sign that he'd heard. He took the packet of bills and sat there on his bull and counted them slowly. When he was satisfied that he hadn't been cheated, he stuffed the money in his hip pocket. Then he lifted his hat, pulled out a handkerchief and dusted it off. When he had it set firmly back on his ears, he turned to the cowboys and grinned faintly.

"Boys," he said, "I ain't admitting I've taken an unfair advantage. But seems like some of you don't lose easy, so I'm willing to run the race over. Make up a hundred between you and I'll bet this hundred against it that you'll be looking at the rump end of this



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Thousands of the men and women who build ships for Victory keep their *spark plugs "on the job" longer* with regular cleaning and adjustment. When replacement is necessary, they specify *AC Spark Plugs for utmost reliability.*



CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

SPARK PLUGS—have them cleaned regularly

AIR CLEANER—have it rinsed when your car is lubricated

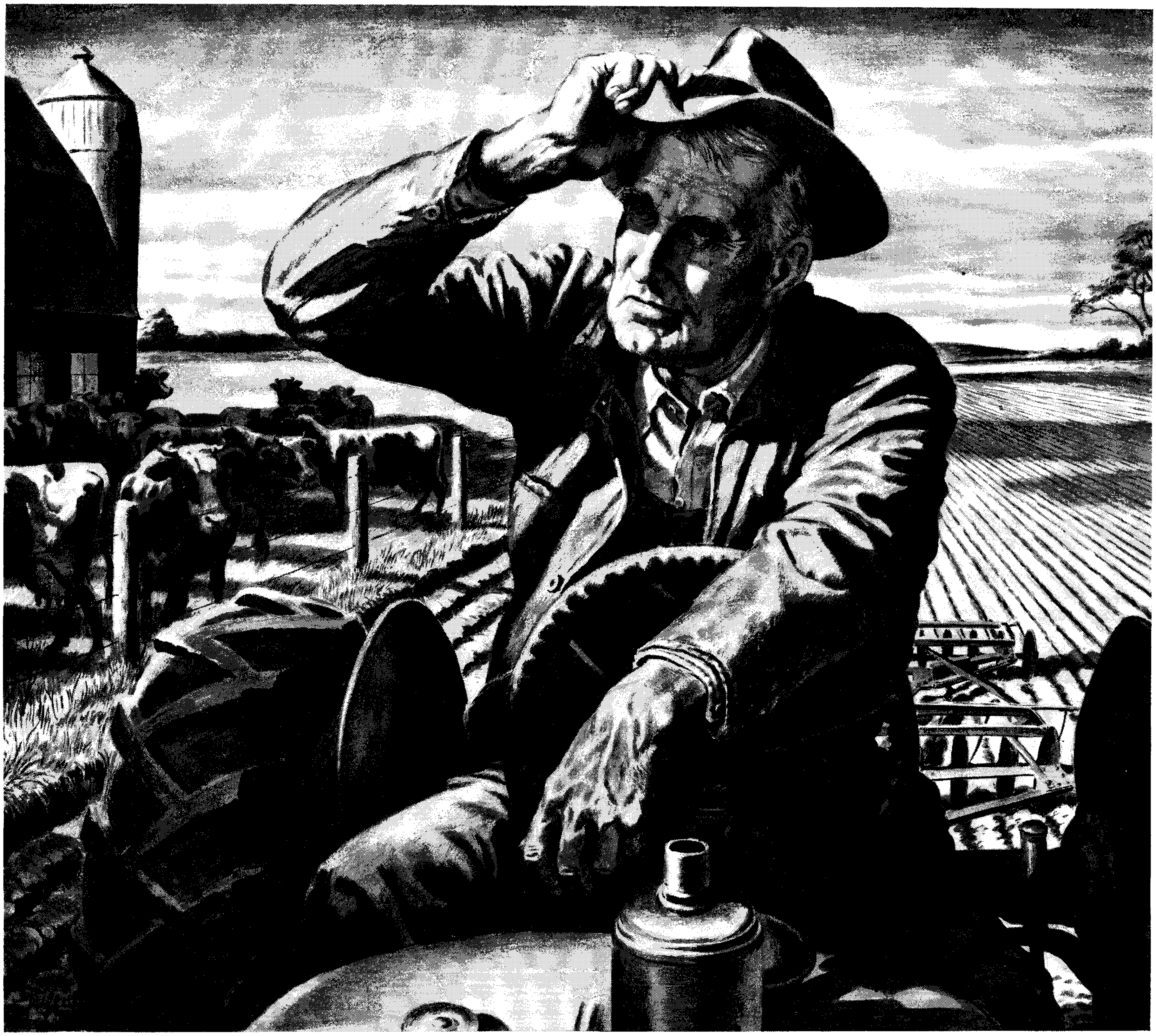
FUEL PUMP—have it checked thoroughly at 35,000 miles

OIL FILTER—have it checked when your car is lubricated

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly

BUY WAR BONDS AND BRING VICTORY QUICKER

While son Jim helped capture Hill 205

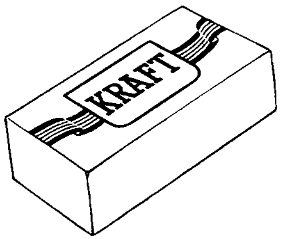


There was a war crisis this Spring on thousands of dairy farms. Months of dry weather killed the fall-planted small grain crops. Re-planting, new planting *had* to be done.

It meant far more than feed for cows. It meant *milk and the products of milk* to meet the nation's vital need.

Of cheese the U. S. Government's requirement alone this year is estimated at nearly 450 *million* pounds. (Cheese can carry valuable nutrients of milk to our fighting men overseas and to our fighting allies.) And, for you and other civilians, 500 million *more* pounds of cheese are needed.

You hear about the brilliant actions of our boys on the battle fronts, including the sons of our dairymen. None of us at home can match what they do for victory. But none of us here works more *days*, more *hours*, more *valiantly* than the people left on America's dairy farms. They're in the front line of the battle for food . . . and they know it.



Because of the tremendous demand, both military and civilian, you may not be able to get as much *Kraft Cheese as you would like, or get your favorite varieties —Kraft American, "Old English", "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, Velveeta, and so on. But you may be sure, as always, that any cheese or cheese food which bears the Kraft name represents the very highest standard of quality.*

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY

A Division of National Dairy Products Corporation roan bull when he crosses the finish line the second time."

That was throwing his rocks straight at them, and cowboys of those days weren't the kind to let a challenge go. They made up fifty dollars, Shiner Maverick rounded out the hundred, and they lined up for a second race.

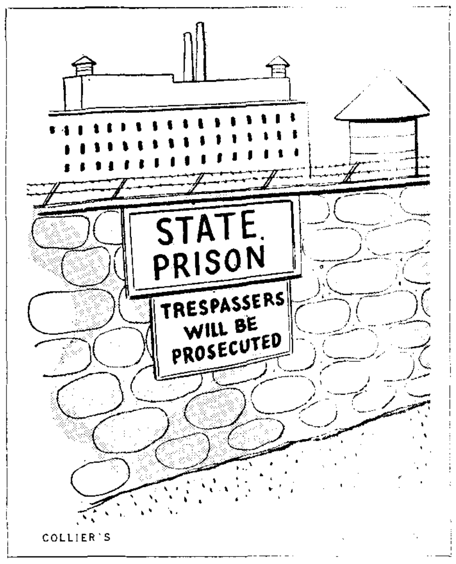
Aaron Blood had discarded his cow horn and the dried cowhide. He now rode his bull up to the starting line with nothing except the one rusty spur that he wore on the right heel of his square-toed brogans. But when the handkerchief flashed down for the start, that spur was enough.

The truth was, of course, the horses had never recovered from their previous fright. The gaps between them and the bull were even wider this time and when Aaron Blood hooked the rusty spur into the roan bull's belly, and the big leggy creature lunged ahead with a protesting roar, the horn and rattling cowhide were never missed.

The grandstand got a better show this time than before. The horses scattered like flushed quail. One pitching black snapped Seth Murray out of the saddle, and the cowboy landed in the grandstand—across the lap of robust, red-cheeked Martha Doell, whom he'd been trying to court for months.

The crowd cheered him. The rest of the horses were all over the place, rearing and plunging and pawing the air and falling over one another.

When the dust finally cleared, there wasn't one horse on the race track. There was only Aaron Blood and his fast-running bull coming in on the homestretch and coming fast. They barely got the track cleared in time for the finish.



The applause Aaron Blood got this time as he collected his winnings was weaker than before. His contemptuous manner was plainly evident to the crowd. His parting shot at Shiner Maverick was a flat insult.

"Now," he said to Shiner Maverick, "you can take your little two-bit race track and go on being a big show-off and blowhard. I've showed them you ain't so wide across the britches."

With that, he picked up his cowhide and horn and rode off in the silence that followed his words.

Joe and I stayed and saw the rest of the races, but they didn't amount to much compared to what we'd already seen.

THE next Saturday, Aaron Blood rode up to the mill on his roan bull, leading a couple of proud-stepping horses with fancy saddles on their backs and bridles with red tassels in the headstalls. Joe and I were fishing for channel cat again, just fooling away the time till the afternoon races started. We watched Aaron Blood unload his bread corn on the platform and then tie his roan bull to the same tree where he always tied him. Then he walked over toward us, leading the two saddled horses.

"Howdy, boys," he greeted, grinning broadly. "I got some presents for you. I figured this black horse for Joe and the bay for you, Bud. Course, if you want to swap, it ain't no consarn of mine."

We dropped our fishing poles and stood, thunderstruck, just staring at Aaron Blood. We looked at each other, our mouths open. Then we turned and stared, wordless, at the man again.

For the first time in the years I'd known him, I saw the complacent, hidebound assuredness fall away from Aaron Blood. Under our openmouthed gaze, his eyes shifted uneasily. He kept fumbling the soft leather of the bridle reins in his hands like a kid caught stealing watermelons.

"Well," he finally said nervously, "it's all right, ain't it? You ain't mad?"

"You mean, Mr. Blood," gulped Joe, "that you aim to give us them horses? Just flat out give 'em to us?"

Aaron Blood wouldn't look straight at us any more. He kept looking past us, just a little to one side. He was so nervous that he reached up and pulled off his stiff black hat and began to fumble it in his hands, making all sorts of dents and creases in it.

"Well," he said finally, "you boys have been mighty good friends of mine. That is, I like to think you have. I just thought a little present of some sort—"

I got my breath then and I said, "Gee, Mr. Blood!" And Joe, he said "Gee!" and started toward the horses. I followed and we walked around them, like they were something too fine and nice to touch.

WHEN we finally got up nerve enough to ride them and saw how gentle and proud-gaited they were, Joe cried a little and I guess maybe I did some, too. And Mr. Blood stood there beside the mill-pond dam, and there was a misty light in his eyes like I'd seen in Mamma's sometimes when she kissed me and put me to bed.

We never did thank Aaron Blood as he should have been thanked. Boys don't have words to thank gods for their gifts. All we could do was blurt out how we aimed to maybe enter the horses in the races and win some money and then grow up to be cow hands and wear high-heeled boots and silver-mounted spurs and bullhide chaps and rope wild cattle out of the brush. We'd make him foreman if we got a ranch, too.

I guess that was thanks aplenty. Because he planned with us and told us how to keep our blankets dry, so we wouldn't scald our horses' backs, and how to be careful in shoeing them and not drive nails up in the quick, and what to do if one got a nail or something in the frog of its foot. But he left early with his corn meal. He smiled at us as he rode off and it wasn't till I got home and showed my horse to Pa that I began to question Aaron Blood's motives.

Or rather, it was Pa who questioned them. He said there was a catch somewhere. He said nobody just up and bought a couple of kids a horse and saddle apiece, if he didn't have some ulterior motive. He said not to unsaddle that horse, but to wait till he'd saddled one of his own, and the two of us would ride right over to Aaron Blood's farm that night and get to the bottom of the thing.

I didn't want to go and I said so, but I went. Pa was like that. When he didn't understand something, he couldn't keep still till he'd found out about it. All along that ride, he kept shooting sidewise glances at me, as if he half suspected I'd lied to him about something.

It was dark when we reached Aaron Blood's oak-pole shack. It sat back under widespread live oaks, and yellow lamplight spilled out through the door. Aaron Blood's stout silhouette filled the doorway just as we rode up, and there was a rifle in his hands.

"Who is it?" Aaron Blood demanded belligerently.

"It's me, Blood," said Pa. "Emil Devers. I come to find out about this horse and saddle my boy Bud claims you give him."

"All right," said Aaron Blood harshly. "I give it to him. What about it?"

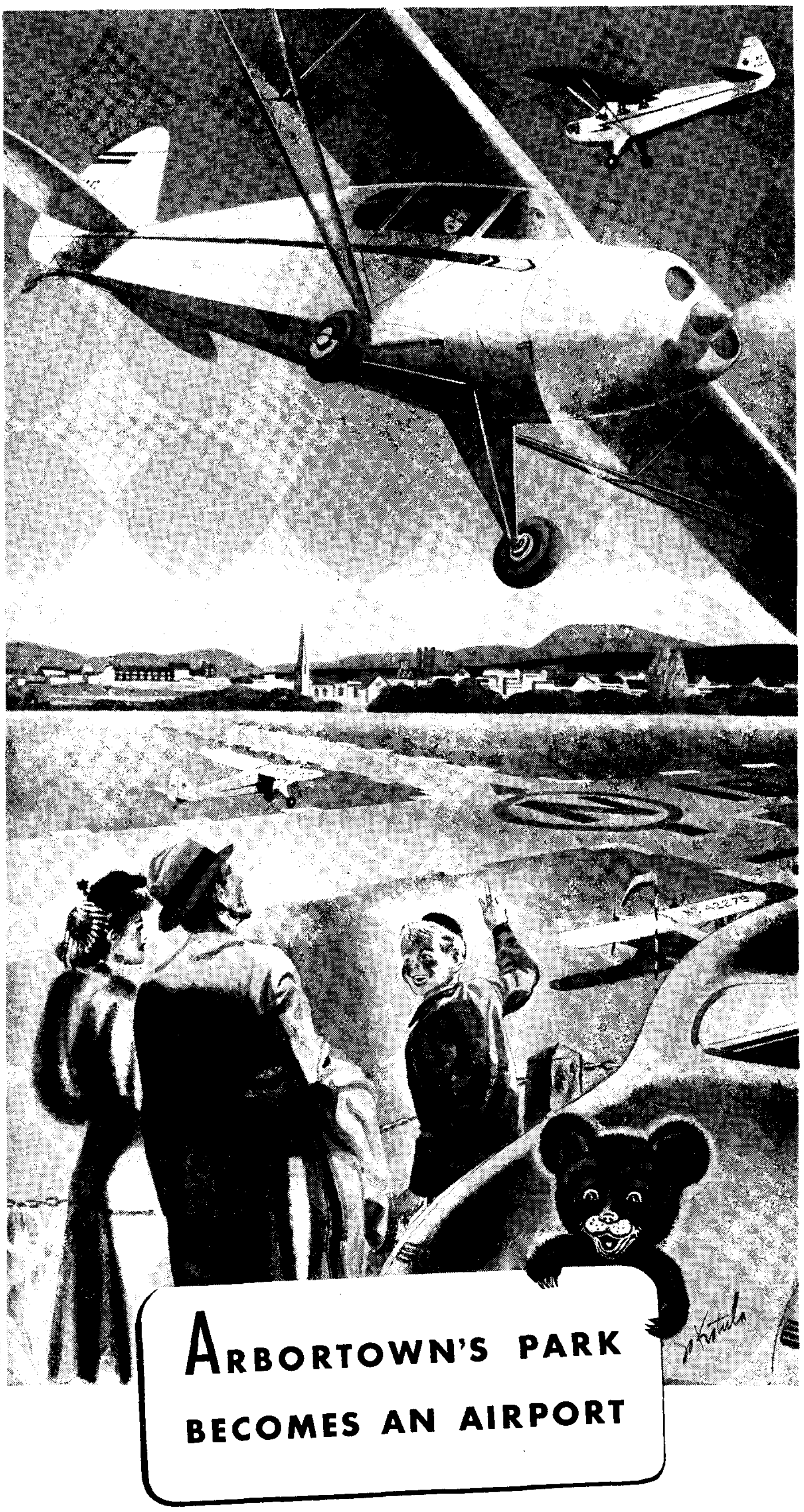
That seemed to stump Pa, for he sat quietly in his saddle for a moment.

"Well, look, Blood," Pa finally said. "You can't afford to go around giving boys horses and saddles. What d'you mean by it? What're you after?"

I was glad it was dark, and nobody could see the slow, hot flush of burning shame that crawled up my neck into my face.

I could see Aaron Blood's silhouette stiffen. When he spoke, it was in that raspy, unyielding voice that grated on your nerves the way it does to scrape a rusty tin can with your fingernails.

"Emil Devers," he said, "let me tell you something. I can afford to do what I damn' please. I won that money off'n a bunch of growed-up fools and I bought horses for them boys with it because I like 'em. The reason I like them boys is because they treat me white and ask no questions, which is more'n



ARBORTOWN'S PARK BECOMES AN AIRPORT

THE mayor and almost every citizen of small, wide-awake Arbortown wanted an airport. They knew their flying sons and daughters in the Service, and countless others, would want to fly after Victory. They realized that landing facilities promised a bright and prosperous future for Arbortown.

Everyone considered the location of landing facilities most important. So a section of the park has now been converted into Arbortown's own airport—conveniently located to the town! It is modest at present but has fine possibilities for expansion as traffic warrants. Arbortown is ready for the coming air age! After Victory you can land there and at thousands of other towns in your peacetime Piper Cub.

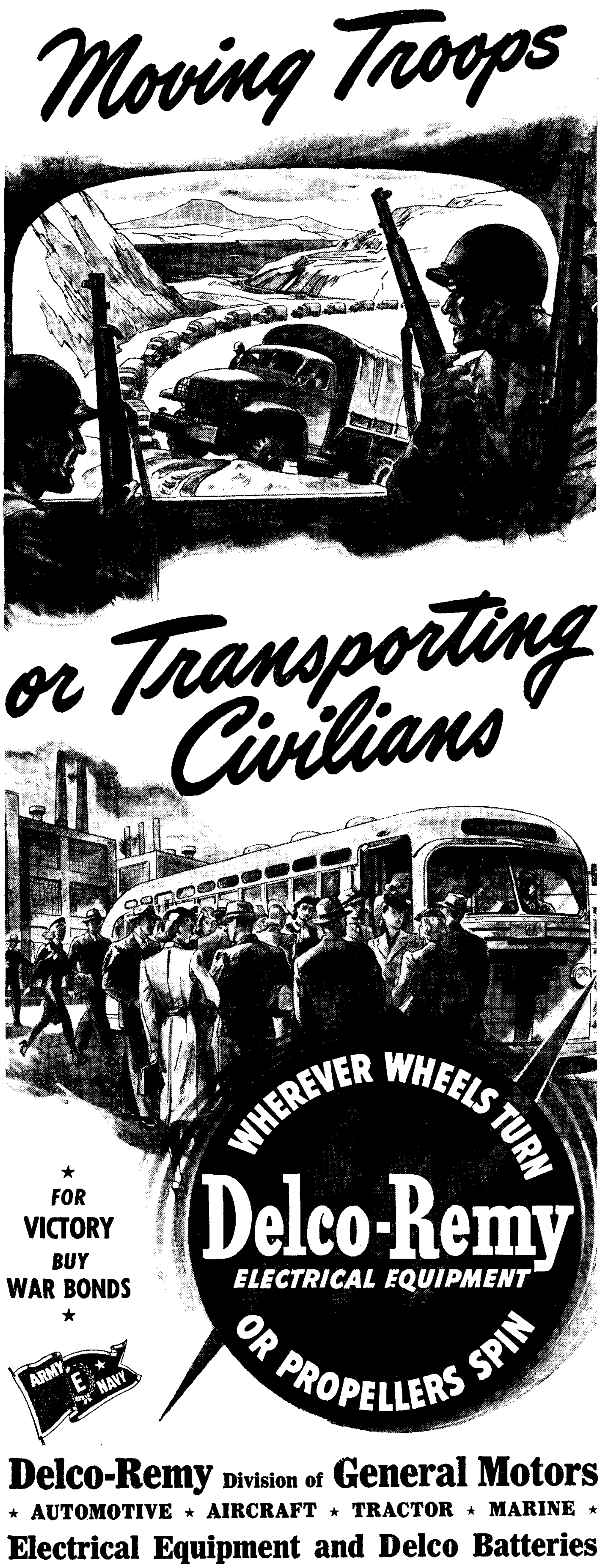
Is your town ready to offer its citizens and transients the convenience of landing facilities? If not, it should plan an inexpensive landing strip or airport now—for its citizens and its future! A new booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age", gives the why, where and how of building landing facilities. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department R54W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

GET YOUR AVIATION BOOKLET—"Piper Cub . . . In War and In Peace." Full color, 32 pages. Covers history of light plane, Piper Cub planes, coming air age, how to fly. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department R54, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

★ ★ ★

PIPER Cub

Points the Way to Wings for All Americans



Delco-Remy Division of **General Motors**

★ AUTOMOTIVE ★ AIRCRAFT ★ TRACTOR ★ MARINE ★

Electrical Equipment and Delco Batteries

I can say for the grown people of Squaw Creek or any other place.

"Another reason is this: I was a boy once *and I done a lot of hopin' and dreamin'*, just like them boys. You was a boy once and you done the same thing. And now look at us both. Me, a cranky, bellyachin' old coot that the Lord himself couldn't git along with. Hatin' myself and just about everybody else. You, greedy as a hog and grabbin' off ever' piece of land you can git your hands on. So damned suspicious you can't let a man do something kind for your boy 'thout lookin' for meanness behind the act.

"It ain't right, Emil Devers, for a boy to starve for things he wants so long that, by the time he's grown, he's all warped and twisted like me 'n' you. He ought to git some few of the things he aches for. There ain't no sense in his whole life being wasted!"

Pa gasped, but he never said a word.

"When I give them horses to Bud and Joe," Aaron Blood went on, "I was just making sure two kids I knowed wasn't going to waste their whole lives. And I'm still making sure of it. You do ary thing to keep Bud from gittin' pleasure out'n that horse I give him, and I'll shoot you down like I would a sheep-*killin' dog. And you can tell Joe's pa the* same thing. Now git off my place and make it a hurry-up job!"

HE SLAMMED the door in our faces then, and I could hear him walking the floor and cursing savagely as we rode off.

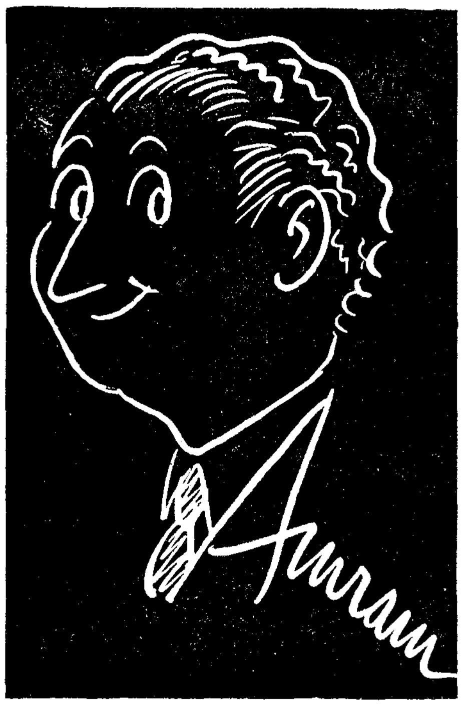
He never did bring his bread corn to mill after that. When we got to inquiring around about him, we heard he'd left. Nobody seemed to know when or where. He was just gone—him and his big roan bull.

Joe and I never did win any race money with our horses, but we did get to be cowboys and could rope wild cattle out of the brush. We even got to be ranchers. Lots of times we've wished Aaron Blood would show up so we could tell him all about it. But he never came back.

He must have been a mighty lonesome man.

THE END

The Week's Work



Amram Scheinfeld—by himself

IT'S in the Cards, p. 18, is the third startling article by Amram Scheinfeld we have printed within a year, and, like its predecessors, it promises to touch off some violent pro-and-con arguments. For Scheinfeld makes disturbing predictions about how we Americans will be forced to change our habits of living after the war—and he isn't concerned with postwar gadgets, but with postwar men and women.

This article, like Scheinfeld's The Husband Shortage, and How Equal Are Women?, is based in part on material which will appear in his forthcoming book, Women and Men, which will be published by Harcourt, Brace & Company next fall, and, like all his work, it presents complicated scientific data in laymen's language.

Scheinfeld's career as a popular interpreter of science evolved in a believe-it-or-not sort of way from his work as a comic-strip artist. Born in Kentucky and reared in Wisconsin, Scheinfeld got a newspaper job at seventeen, rolling along for years as reporter, feature writer, columnist, editor and cartoonist on papers in Milwaukee, Baltimore and New York. Cartooning led him to comic strips, and some of the characters he created for Dixie Dugan and other strips still are running. Even now he sometimes serves as consultant on comic strips that show signs of faltering.

Duane Decker

During his newspaper years, Scheinfeld pursued programs of study in sociological and psychological fields, more from curiosity than for any career purpose. One day in 1935, upon his return from research sessions in Paris and London libraries, he decided to write a book on genetics. The book, You and Heredity, justified the several years of effort he put into it. It was a Book of the Month selection, sold several hundred thousand copies, was translated into seven languages, and is used as a textbook in hundreds of colleges. It is, in fact, the world's most widely read book on human genetics.

The new tome, Women and Men, required five years of preparation. Besides doing the usual research, Scheinfeld sticks to his newspaper habit of gathering information by personal interviews. To learn of sex differences in animals, he interviewed animal trainers and caretakers at circuses and zoos, he talked to laboratory workers, dog-kennel experts, S.P.C.A. authorities and race-horse men.

Scheinfeld considers it tremendously important for the general public to learn more about the findings of scientific men. He says, "I believe that much of the world's present confusion would be cleared up if the knowledge that is now locked up in scientific sanctums were disseminated in a popular way. I sincerely believe that 'the truth shall make you free.' "

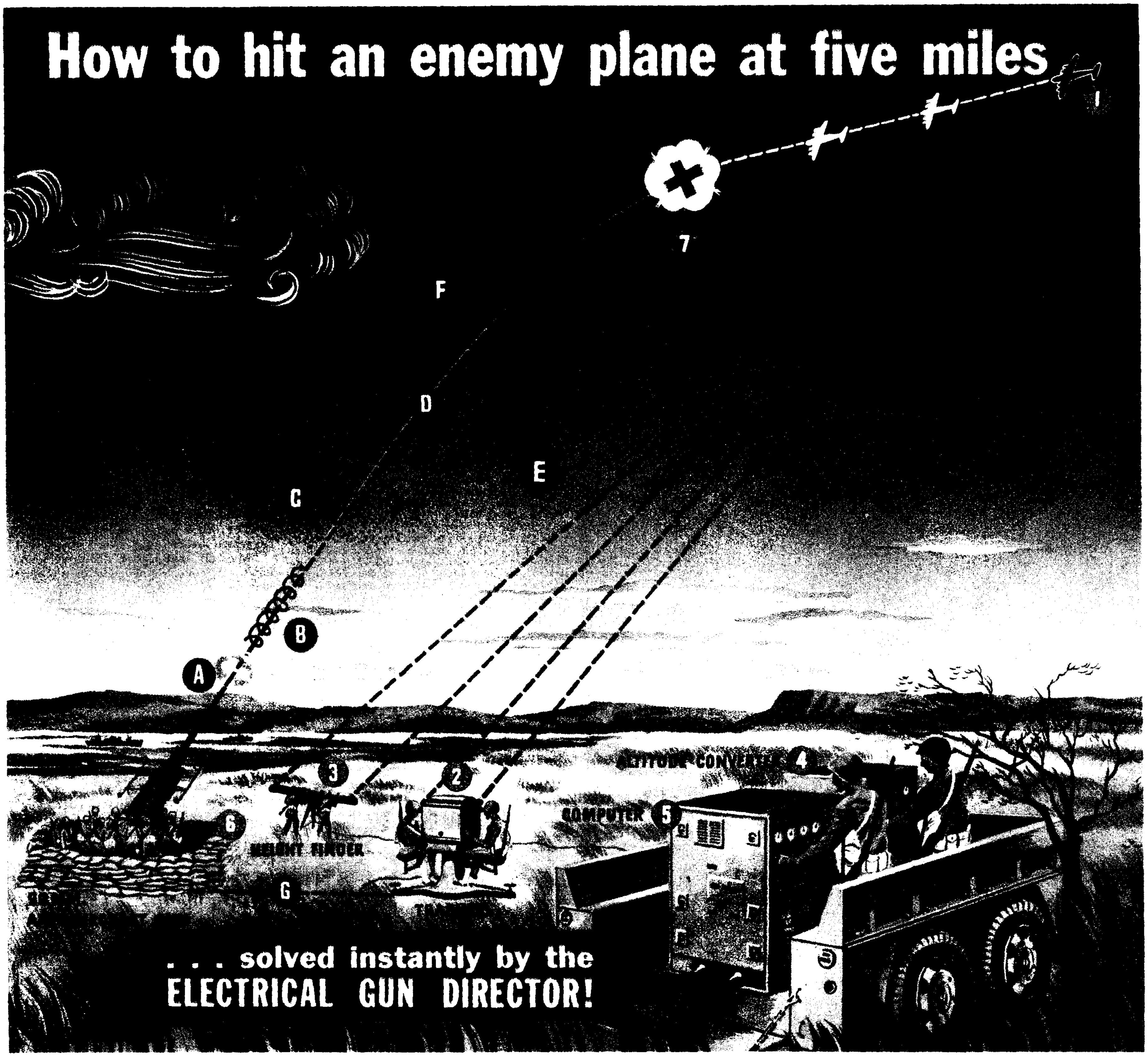
His comic-strip training was invaluable, Scheinfeld says, because it taught him how to reach people. And his comic-strip drawing technique is useful in making technical diagrams that are easy to understand.

"My trouble," he says, "is in keeping a 'Pow!', 'Wham!' or 'Zowie!' from getting into a chart of chromosomes, or an occasional gag from getting into discussions of endocrinology or anthropometry."

THE wartime ambition of Duane Decker (Soldier's Son, p. 15) is to become a combat correspondent for the Marines, into which he was inducted recently, but his peacetime ambition is to do exactly what he has been doing for the past ten years: live in the country near Amherst, New Hampshire, with his wife and small daughter, and write fiction. His current story is, he says, "an adaptation of a chapter in a novel I have slowly been writing for some time, off and on, and which I expect to finish about 1954—so watch for it."

SEVERAL months ago Collier's Kyle Crichton journeyed out to Wisconsin to get the story of flying ace Captain Richard Ira Bong, then home on leave after blasting 21 Jap planes out of the sky. The article, which appeared in the February 26th issue, noted that "his sixty-day leave would soon be up and he was going back to the South Pacific. . . ." The rest, as they do say, is history. Bong raised his bag to 27 Jap planes, topping all records, including Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's mark of 26 German planes shot down in World War I, and winning promotion to the rank of major. Collier's takes a special pride in Major Bong's new achievements. . . .

A. P.



The Problem

An enemy bomber is sighted 5 miles away, 3 miles high, flying fast. He's within range of your 90 mm. anti-aircraft battery. A shell will take perhaps 20 seconds to reach him, but meanwhile he'll have flown nearly 2 miles. How could you possibly tell where to aim *to hit such a speeding target?*

How the Gun Director solves it

Enemy plane 1 is spotted and followed by Tracker 2 and Height Finder 3, which feed information into Altitude Converter 4 and Computer 5. Swiftly the Computer plots the plane's distance, course and speed—aims the gun 6 and sets the fuse of the shell to burst at a calculated point 7 for a hit.

This *electrical brain*—the Computer—thinks of everything. It figures on: **A** muzzle velocity of gun; **B** shell drift to the right due to its spin; **C** air density; **D** time of shell's flight; **E** downward pull of gravity; **F** direction and velocity of wind; **G** even the distance between Tracker and gun!

Developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories men working with Army Ordnance experts, and made by Western Electric, the *electrical* Gun Director has made our anti-aircraft fire more accurate than ever. It is one of many electrical weapons produced by the makers of Bell Telephones.

YOU can help to knock down enemy bombers by putting more and more and MORE of your dollars into War Bonds!

75TH ANNIVERSARY
Western Electric
IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

Come and Be Hanged!

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

The Story Thus Far:

NEVILE STRANGE, a young Englishman, induces his wife, Audrey (who is devoted to him), to give him his freedom so that he can marry someone else. His second wife, Kay, grows increasingly jealous as she observes that the relationship between Nevile and Audrey remains a friendly one.

Some three years after Kay gets her man, she and Nevile become the guests of old Lady Tressilian at her country estate: Gull's Point. Their hostess is the widow of Nevile's guardian, whose fortune—left in trust to Her Ladyship—will go to Nevile *and his wife,* on Lady Tressilian's death.

There are other guests staying at Gull's Point or at the near-by beach resort: Audrey; Ted Latimer, a good-looking young slicker who has been in love with Kay for years; Thomas Royde, a planter from Malaya who hopes to marry Audrey; and old Mr. Treves, a student of criminology. Sensing the truth—that Nevile still loves Audrey—Kay creates a number of ugly scenes; and Nevile is most unhappy.

Mr. Treves is suffering from a heart ailment. Late one evening, he walks to his hotel near by (where he has an upstairs room), only to find an out-of-order sign on the elevator. At the time, he has two companions: young Latimer and Royde. Much perturbed—because he knows the climb to his room will affect his heart—he tells the others good night; and they go away.

The following day, Mr. Treves is found in his room dead of heart failure; and the owner of the hotel states unequivocably that the elevator *had not been out of order!*

A short time later, Lady Tressilian is brutally murdered in her bedroom by a mysterious killer. Whereupon, the Law—represented by Superintendent Battle from Scotland Yard; his nephew, Inspector James Leach of the local police force; Major Robert Mitchell, the chief constable, and some aides—takes over.

The evidence points strongly toward Nevile Strange. The old lady had apparently been beaten to death with a golf club—Nevile's niblick. A coat with blood on one sleeve is found—it is the coat Nevile had been wearing at the time of the murder. Until 10:30, on the evening of the tragedy, Lady Tressilian had been closeted in her bedroom with a man—Nevile; and, according to the examining physician, the murder had occurred between 10 P.M. and midnight.

Nevertheless, the investigators jump at no conclusions. Instead, they question everyone. After which, Battle and Leach send for Nevile, who is quite conscious that he is in a perilous spot. When he reports, Battle asks him if he knows of anyone who dislikes him very much. He shakes his head—he can think of no one who dislikes him. Battle smiles. "You've been saved, Mr. Strange," he says quietly, "by pure chance."

The superintendent then explains: he says that Barrett, the maid, has testified that her mistress had rung for her, *after* Nevile had left her room; he says that the old lady was not killed with a golf club. "That niblick," he says slowly, "was put there deliberately to throw suspicion on *you.*" He pauses. Then: "Who is there in this house that hates you, Mr. Strange?"

Conclusion

I'VE got a question for you, Doctor," said Battle. They were in the doctor's house after returning from the nursing home where they had had a short interview with Jane Barrett.

Barrett was weak and exhausted but quite clear in her statement. She had been just getting into bed after drinking her senna, when Lady Tressilian's bell had rung. She had glanced at the clock and seen the time—twenty-five minutes past ten. She had put on her dressing gown and had come down. She had heard a noise in the hall below and had looked over the balusters.

"It was Mr. Nevile just going out. He was taking his raincoat down from the hook."

"What suit was he wearing?" Battle asked her.

"His gray pin stripe. His face was very worried and unhappy-looking. He shoved his arms into his coat as though he didn't care how he put it on. Then he went out and banged the front door behind him. I went on in to her ladyship. She was very drowsy, poor dear, and couldn't remember why she had rung for me. She couldn't always—poor lady! But I beat up her pillows and brought her a fresh glass of water and settled her comfortably."

"She didn't seem upset or afraid of anything?"

"Just tired, that's all. I was tired myself. Yawning. I went up and went right off to sleep."

That was Barrett's story and it seemed impossible to doubt her genuine grief and horror at the news of her mistress' death.

They went back to Doctor Lazenby's house, and it was then that Battle announced that he had a question to ask.

"Ask away," said Lazenby.

"What time do you think Lady Tressilian died?"

"I've told you. Between ten o'clock and midnight."

"I know that's what you said. But it wasn't my question. I asked you what you, personally, *thought.*"

"Off the record, eh?"

"Yes."

"All right. My guess would be in the neighborhood of eleven o'clock."

"That's what I wanted you to say," said Battle.

"Glad to oblige. Why?"

"Never did like the idea of her being killed before ten-twenty. Take Barrett's sleeping draught—it wouldn't have got to work by then. That sleeping draught shows that the murder was meant to be committed a good deal later—during the night. I'd prefer midnight, myself."

"Could be. Eleven is only a guess."

"But it definitely couldn't be later than midnight?"

"No."

"It couldn't be after two-thirty?"

"Good Heavens—no!"

"Well, that seems to let Strange out all right. I'll just have to check up on his movements after he left the house. If he's telling the truth, he's washed out, and we can go on to our other suspects."

"The other people who inherit money?" suggested Leach.

"Maybe," said Battle. "But, somehow, I don't think so. Someone with a kink, I'm looking for."

"A kink?"

"A nasty kink."

WHEN they left the doctor's house they went on to the ferry. The ferry consisted of a rowboat operated by two brothers, Will and George Barnes. The Barnes brothers knew everybody in Saltcreek by sight and most of the people who came over from Easterhead Bay. George said at once that Mr. Strange from Gull's Point had gone across at 10:30 on the preceding night. No, he had not brought Mr. Strange back again. Last ferry had gone at 1:30 from the Easterhead side, and Mr. Strange wasn't on it.

Battle asked him if he knew Mr. Latimer.

"Latimer? Latimer? Tall handsome young gentleman? Comes over from the hotel up to Gull's Point? Yes, I know him. Didn't see him at all last night, though. He's been over this morning. Went back last trip."

They crossed on the ferry and went up to the Easterhead Bay Hotel.

Here they found Mr. Latimer newly returned from the other side. He had crossed on the ferry before theirs.

Mr. Latimer was very anxious to do all he could to help. "Yes, old Nevile came over last night. Looked very blue over something. Told me he'd had a row with the old lady. I hear he'd fallen out with Kay, too, but he didn't tell me that, of course. Anyway, he was a bit down in the mouth. Seemed quite glad of my company for once, in a way."

"He wasn't able to find you at once, I understand."

Latimer said sharply, "Don't know why. I was sitting in the lounge. Strange said he looked in and didn't see me, but he wasn't in a state to concentrate. Or I may have strolled out into the gardens for five minutes or so. Always get out when I can. Beastly smell in this hotel. Noticed it last night in the bar. Drains, I think! Strange mentioned it, too! We both smelled it. Nasty decayed smell. Might be a dead rat under the billiard-room floor."

"You played billiards—and after your game?"

"Oh, we talked a bit, had another drink or two. Then Nevile said, 'Hullo, I've missed the ferry,' so I said I'd get out my car and drive him back, which I did. We got there about two-thirty."

"And Mr. Strange was with you all evening?"

"Oh, yes. Ask anybody. They'll tell you."

"Thank you, Mr. Latimer. We have to be so careful."

As they left the smiling, self-possessed young man, Leach said, "What's the idea of checking up so carefully on Nevile Strange?"

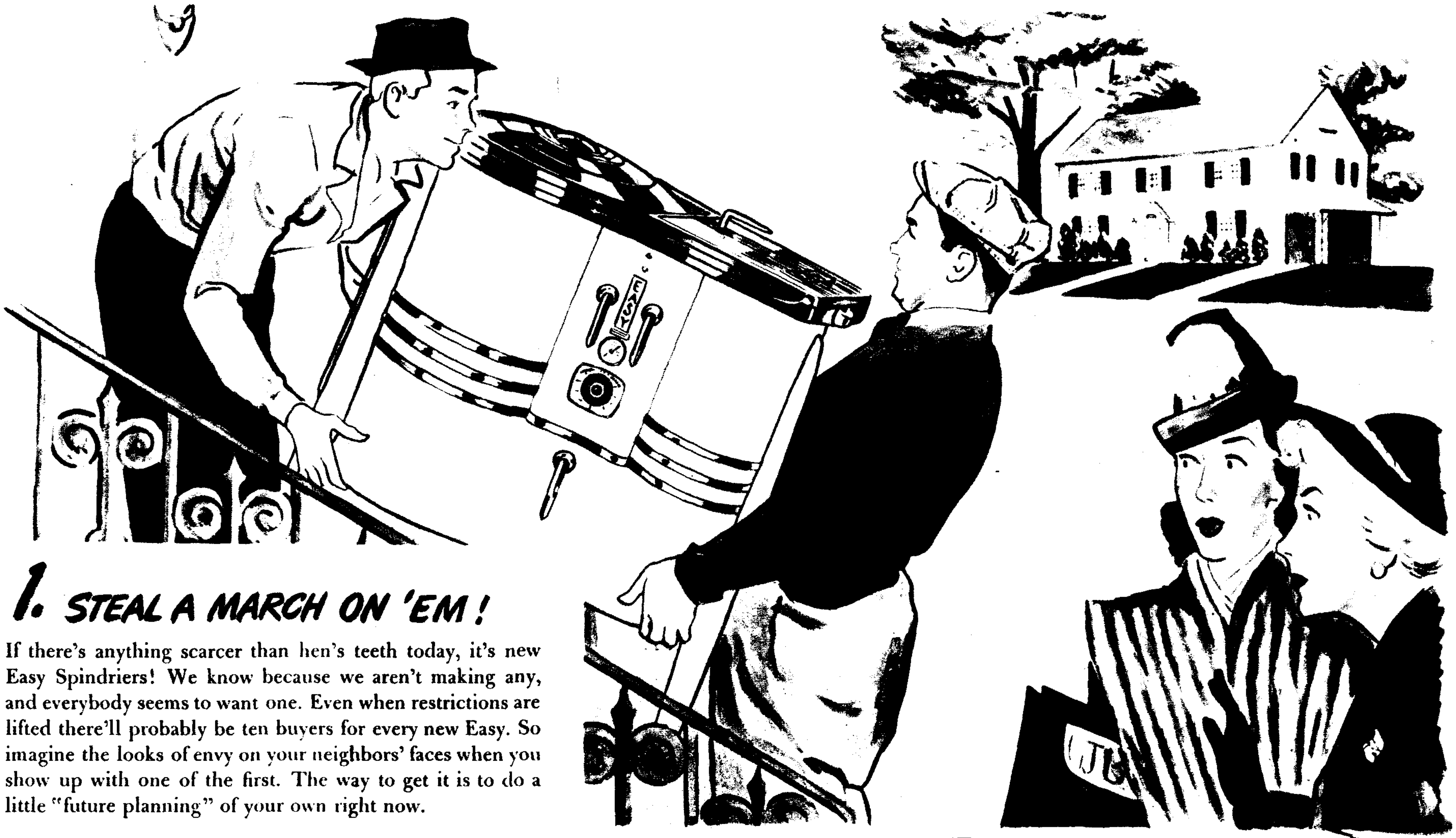
Battle smiled.

Leach got it suddenly. "Good Lord! It's

(Continued on page 50)

Thomas Royde took Audrey's hands. He realized then what was the matter. He said sternly, "You were thinking of throwing yourself over that cliff?"

HOW TO BURN UP YOUR NEIGHBORS {IN A NICE WAY OF COURSE}



1. STEAL A MARCH ON 'EM!

If there's anything scarcer than hen's teeth today, it's new Easy Spindriers! We know because we aren't making any, and everybody seems to want one. Even when restrictions are lifted there'll probably be ten buyers for every new Easy. So imagine the looks of envy on your neighbors' faces when you show up with one of the first. The way to get it is to do a little "future planning" of your own right now.

2. YOU'LL BE THE TALK OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Your wash done and on the line in less than an hour! Spindrier's two busy tubs do the job ⅓ to ½ faster. One washes a full load while the other rinses a full load and whirls it damp dry. No plodding along a tub-at-a-time with this Easy! Gets clothes 25% dryer, too, with no wear and tear on clothes, no fear of nipped fingers, no broken buttons. The Spindrier principle is time tested and proven. It goes to work the minute you get it. Nothing to install, no troublesome connections. Just plug your Spindrier into an electric socket and your washing headaches are gone for good!

3. HERE'S HOW YOU GET GOING—

Start saving now for a new Spindrier the minute they begin to arrive at your Easy dealer's. Follow the government's good advice—fight inflation by refusing to buy things you don't need now. Buy war bonds, and save all the money you can, so when Easy starts building washers again instead of military equipment, you'll be ready! You can count on this—the new Spindriers will be as good as we can make them with a background of 67 years, specializing in home laundry equipment. You'll be proud to join the family of more than 2,000,000 satisfied Easy users. Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, N. Y.

EASY AMERICA'S LEADING WASHER

HOME LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT SPECIALISTS FOR 67 YEARS

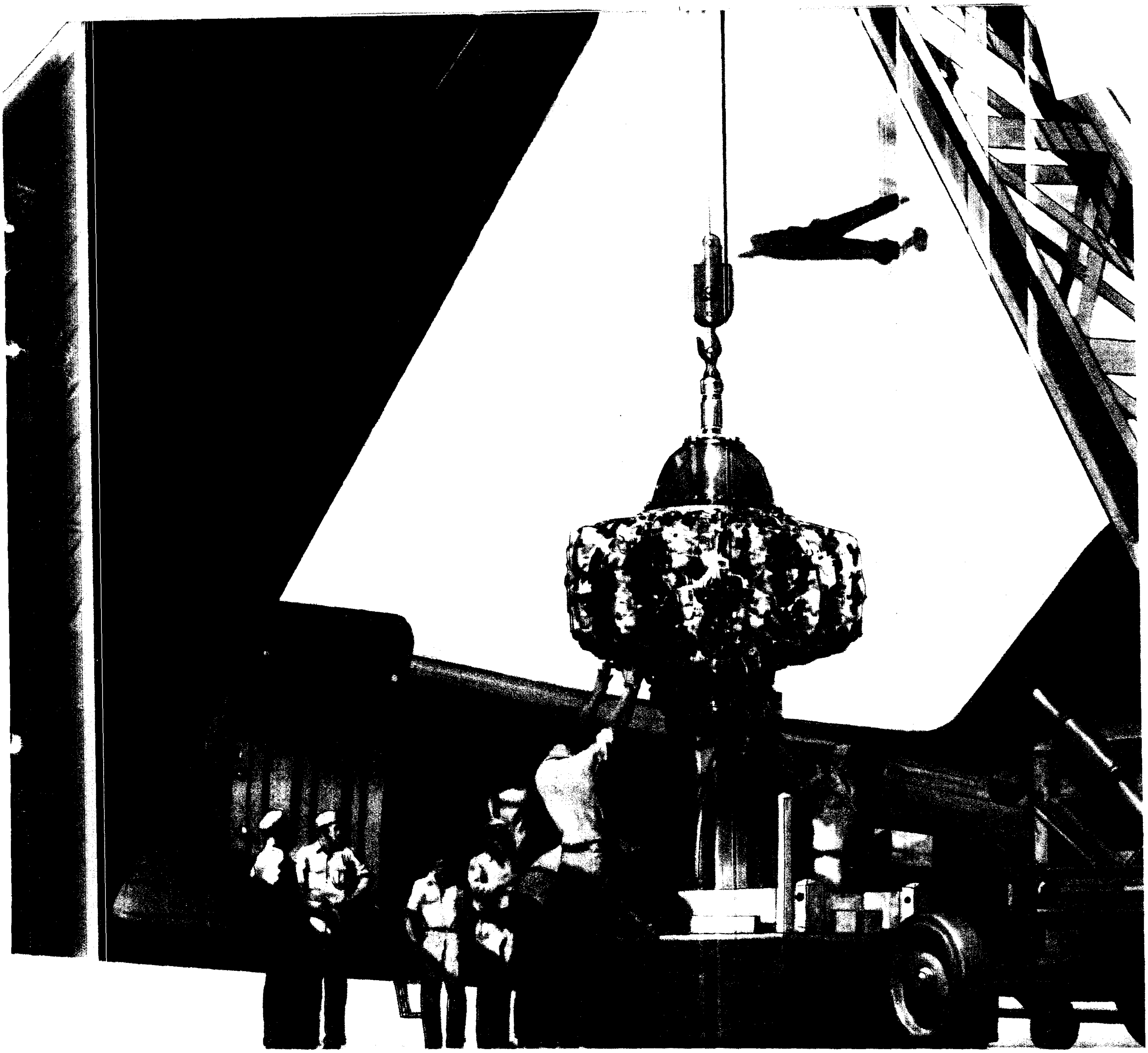
Rush!...
Fly 10 Tons
Across the Ocean!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

TO SPEED VICTORY
BUY BONDS FASTER

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

MAKING PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES FOR B-24 LIBERATOR BOMBERS AND C-47 AND C-53 CARGO PLANES, ALUMINUM AND STEEL FORGINGS, IRON AND MAGNESIUM CASTINGS, HIGH-EXPLOSIVE AND ARMOR-PIERCING SHELLS, MILITARY TRUCKS AND MANY OTHER WAR PRODUCTS.



That amount of matériel will take care of the individual needs of Private Jones for just about six months!

For, believe it or not, *one and one-half tons of food, clothing and other supplies must be transported monthly to maintain one U. S. soldier overseas.*

Multiply this by the number of men in our armed forces and you'll have some idea of the titanic job facing U. S. transport facilities—and, prominent among these, the giant C-47 and C-53 cargo planes powered by Chevrolet.

Chevrolet manufactures big, powerful, smooth-working Pratt & Whitney engines for the Skytrain and the Skytrooper—often referred to as the "workingest airplanes in existence"—just as it manufactures engines for the mighty B-24 Liberator—one of America's mightiest bombers.

And Chevrolet is also building replacement engines for these aircraft in a steady stream . . .

Building them so that cargo planes may continue to carry ground troops and flying personnel, as well as food, trucks, anti-aircraft guns, ammunition and all the other supplies our armed forces manage to stow away inside a Skytrain—and so that B-24 Liberator bombers may continue to blast our Axis enemies.

Chevrolet is proud to power these mighty planes, and proud, too, that their ability to "rush 10 tons across the ocean" is contributing so largely to America's ability to fight a winning war on battlefronts all over the world.

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

How to give your car more

STAYING POWER

One quality in your car today counts more than all the others . . . staying power. How much staying power does it have . . . enough to see you through? Experts on staying power say 2,000,000 cars will be scrapped this year. Don't let this happen to yours.

Oil-attention — always important in car care — is vital today. Use the best oil you can buy. Change it frequently and regularly.

You can safely depend upon 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils. They are friction fighters. They lubricate safely and completely. They last a long time, and, having such staying power of their own they add staying power to your car.

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil is the raw material from which these oils are made. That's where their quality comes from. No other crude has the same physical and chemical characteristics. Every oil entitled to use our emblem is guaranteed to be *all* Pennsylvania . . . not a drop of any other crude. Such fine raw material can be expected to make superior finished products . . . and it does.

The war effort requires quantities of Pennsylvania Motor Oil. But there still are emblem Pennsylvania Oils for essential civilian use. Rely upon them to protect the staying power of your car.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

For your protection, fine oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
PERMIT NUMBER..........
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world
COPYRIGHT 1932 U. S. A. BY PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
TRADEMARK REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CARE FOR YOUR CAR FOR YOUR COUNTRY . . .
CARE FOR YOUR COUNTRY . . . AND YOURSELF . . . BY BUYING WAR BONDS REGULARLY

(Continued from page 46) the *other* one you're checking up on. So that's your idea."

"It's too soon to have ideas," said Battle. "I've just got to know exactly where Mr. Ted Latimer was last night. We know that from quarter past eleven, say, to after midnight, he was with Nevile Strange. But where was he *before* that—when Strange arrived and couldn't find him?"

They pursued their inquiries doggedly—with bar attendants, waiters, lift boys. Latimer had been seen in the lounge between nine and ten. He had been in the bar at a quarter past ten. But between that time and eleven-twenty, he seemed to have been singularly elusive.

Then one of the maids was found who declared that Mr. Latimer had been "in one of the small writing rooms with Mrs. Beddoes—that's the fat North Country lady."

Pressed as to time, she said she thought it was about eleven o'clock.

"That tears it," said Battle gloomily. "He was here, all right. Just didn't want attention drawn to his fat (and no doubt rich) lady friend. That throws us back on those others—the servants, Kay Strange, Audrey Strange, Mary Aldin and Thomas Royde. *One* of them killed the old lady. But which one? If we could find the real weapon—"

He stopped, then slapped his thigh.

"Got it, Jim, my boy! I know now what made me think of Hercule Poirot. We'll have a spot of lunch and go back to Gull's Point, and I'll show you something." . . .

Mary Aldin was restless. She went in and out of the house, picked off a dead dahlia head here and there, went back into the drawing room and shifted flower vases in an unmeaning fashion.

From the library came a vague murmur of voices. Mr. Trelawney was in there with Nevile. Kay and Audrey were nowhere to be seen.

Mary went out in the garden again. Down by the wall she spied Thomas Royde placidly smoking. She went and joined him.

"Oh, dear." She sat down beside him with a deep perplexed sigh.

"Anything the matter?" Thomas asked.

MARY laughed with a slight note of hysteria in the laugh. "Nobody but you would say a thing like that. A murder in the house and you just say, 'Is anything the matter?' "

Looking a little surprised, Thomas said, "I meant anything fresh."

"Oh, I know what you meant. It's really a wonderful relief to find anyone so gloriously just-the-same-as-usual as you are!"

"Not much good, is it, getting all het up over things?"

"No, no. You're eminently sensible. It's how you manage to do it that beats me."

"Well, I suppose I'm an outsider."

"That's true, of course. You can't feel the relief all the rest of us do that Nevile is cleared."

"I'm very pleased he is, of course," said Royde.

Mary shuddered. "It was a very near thing. *If Camilla hadn't taken it into her head to ring the bell for Barrett after Nevile had left her—*" She left the sentence unfinished.

Thomas finished it for her. "Then old Nevile would have been for it all right." He spoke with a certain grim satisfaction, then shook his head with a slight smile, as he met Mary's reproachful gaze. "I'm not really heartless, but, now that Nevile's all right, I can't help being pleased he had a bit of a shaking up. He's always so damned complacent."

"He isn't really, Thomas."

"Perhaps not. It's just his manner. Anyway, he was looking scared as hell this morning!"

Mary burst out suddenly. "Thomas, I'm worried. I'm frightfully worried."

"Yes."

"It's about Mr. Treves."

Thomas dropped his pipe on the stones. His voice changed as he bent to pick it up. "What about Mr. Treves?"

"That night he was here—that story he told—about a little murderer! I've been wondering, Thomas. . . . Was it just a story? Or did he tell it with a purpose?"

"You mean," said Royde deliberately, "was it aimed at someone who was in the room?"

Mary whispered, "Yes."

Thomas said quietly, "I've been wondering, too. As a matter of fact, that was what I was thinking about when you came along just now."

Mary half closed her eyes. "I've been trying to remember. He told it, you know, so very deliberately. He almost dragged it into the conversation. And he said he would recognize the person anywhere. He emphasized that. As though he *had* recognized him. She gave a quick shiver. "It's so odd, Thomas, the way he died."

"Heart attack. He had a bad heart."

"I mean that curious business about the lift being out of order. I don't like it."

"I don't like it very much, myself," said Thomas Royde.

SUPERINTENDENT BATTLE looked round the bedroom. The bed had been made. Otherwise the room was unchanged. It had been neat when they first looked round it. It was neat now.

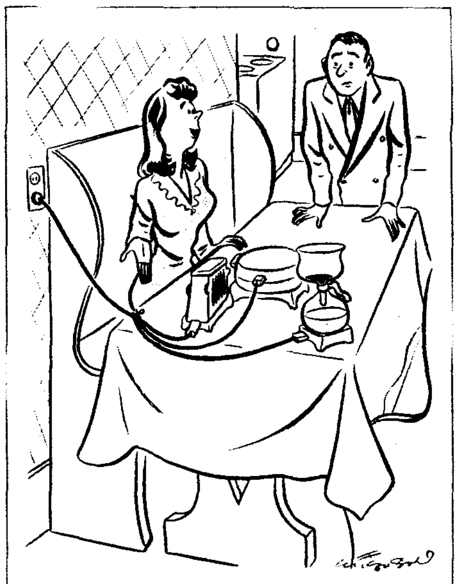
"That's it," said Superintendent Battle, pointing to the old-fashioned steel fender. "Do you see anything odd about that fender?"

"Must take some cleaning," said Jim Leach. "It's well kept. Nothing odd about it that I can see, except—yes, the left-hand knob is brighter than the right-hand one."

"That's what put Hercule Poirot into my head," said Battle. "You know his fad about things not being quite symmetrical—gets him all worked up. I suppose I thought unconsciously: That would worry old Poirot, and then I began talking about him. Get your fingerprint kit, Jones. We'll have a look at those two knobs."

Jones reported presently: "There are prints on the *right*-hand knob, sir, *none* on the left."

"It's the left one we want, then. Those other prints are the housemaid's when she last cleaned it. That left-hand one has been cleaned since."



"I put them all on one wire to save electricity"

COLLIER'S F. WILKINSON

"There was a bit of screwed-up emery paper in this wastepaper basket," said Jones. "I didn't think it meant anything."

"Because you didn't know what you were looking for, then. Gently now, I'll bet anything you like that knob unscrews— Yes, I thought so."

Jones held the knob up. "It's a good weight," he said, weighing it in his hands.

Leach, bending over it, said, "There's something dark—on the screw."

"Blood, as likely as not," said Battle. "Cleaned the knob itself and wiped it and that little stain on the screw wasn't noticed. I'll bet anything you like that's the weapon that caved the old lady's skull in. But there's more to find. It's up to you, Jones, to search the house again. This time, you'll know exactly what you're looking for."

He gave a few swift, detailed instructions. Going to the window, he put his head out.

"There's something yellow tucked into the ivy. That may be another piece of the puzzle. I rather think it is." . . .

Crossing the hall, Superintendent Battle was waylaid by Mary Aldin.

"Can I speak to you a minute, Superintendent?"

"Certainly, Miss Aldin. Shall we come in here?"

He threw open the dining-room door. Lunch had been cleared away by Hurstall.

"I want to ask you something, Superin-

Expect the biggest THANK YOU you ever received

HIS STOMACH WILL SAY THANK YOU

What a difference—and what fun it is—when you see that devoted dog of yours is so wonderfully nourished that he just bubbles over with health and high spirits—all alive from nose to tail! No wonder that GAINES—*The Complete Meal*—is the largest-selling dog food throughout the U. S. A. Just see what GAINES MEAL gives your dog—to nourish him completely. Meat meal, cereals, milk nutrients, dehydrated vegetables, minerals and vitamins—and everything else that is needed to keep dogs happy and well!

TAIL WILL WIG-WAG THANK YOU

Gun dogs, police dogs, toy dogs, war dogs, terriers, spaniels, and hounds—thousands of dogs of all sizes and breeds being fed on GAINES today are licking their chops at mealtime as they've never been licked before. An actual survey tells the tale. Over 9 out of 10 dogs go for GAINES the very first time they try it! No wonder GAINES has been for years the stand-by of prize-dog breeders. No wonder veterinarians so earnestly recommend it. No wonder it's the largest-selling dog food in the nation!

YOU'LL SAY

So easy to feed—Economical too.

MIXING TIME
68 SECONDS

Yes—this is the dog food—the identical brand big kennels have used for years—the dog food so highly praised by eminent veterinarians—the largest-selling dog food in America today. And yet this dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—keeps your cost of feeding way down! So at your dealer's—speak for GAINES. All you do is mix it with water and stir—and be ready for the biggest THANK YOU a dog owner ever received!

Just see the rewards when you feed
GAINES—THE COMPLETE MEAL
. . . stand-by of kennel men for years!

1. Complete nourishment. A scientifically balanced formula combining meat meal, cereals, dehydrated vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, D, E, niacin and pantothenate . . . tested for adequacy, digestibility and easy assimilation.

2. Dogs like it. And dogs don't tire of it. GAINES is America's biggest-selling dog food!

3. Easy to feed. Merely mix it with water and stir.

4. Economical. GAINES actually costs less to feed than meat and the usual type of baked or canned dog foods. It is sold in 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb., 25-lb. and 50-lb. bags. Sold on a money-back guarantee. No ration stamps are needed.

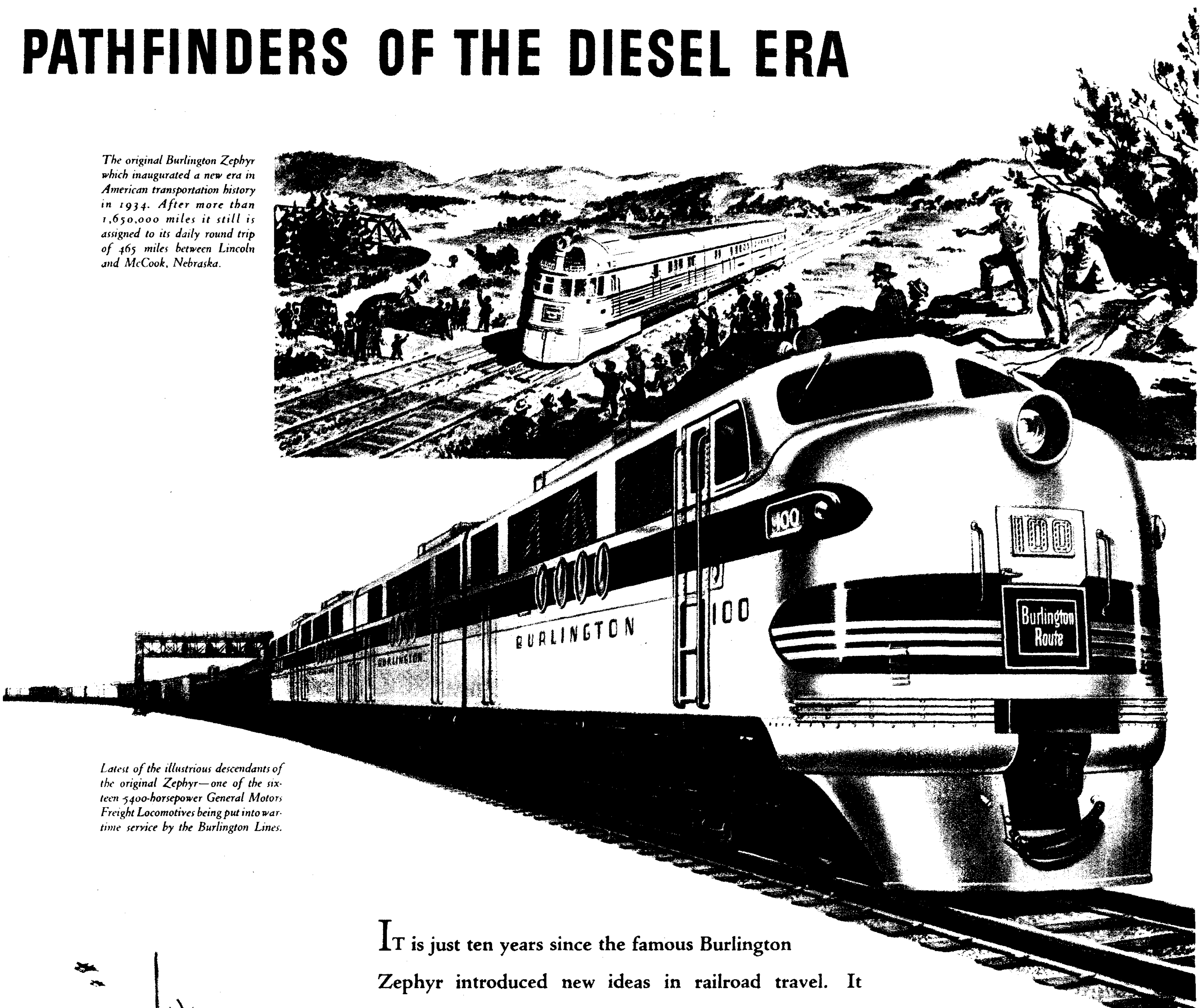
Copyright 1944 by General Foods Corp.

JUST ADD WATER . AND FEED
Keep 'em fed right
GAINES
MEAL

SPEAK FOR GAINES

THE COMPLETE MEAL FOR DOGS

PATHFINDERS OF THE DIESEL ERA



The original Burlington Zephyr which inaugurated a new era in American transportation history in 1934. After more than 1,650,000 miles it still is assigned to its daily round trip of 465 miles between Lincoln and McCook, Nebraska.

Latest of the illustrious descendants of the original Zephyr—one of the sixteen 5400-horsepower General Motors Freight Locomotives being put into wartime service by the Burlington Lines.

IT is just ten years since the famous Burlington Zephyr introduced new ideas in railroad travel. It was the world's first Diesel-powered streamlined train. Its power plant was General Motors Diesel. Today hundreds of General Motors Diesel Locomotives are hauling passengers and freight on 75 American railroads. They operate many millions of miles annually with astounding dependability and economy. Day by day additional GM Locomotives are entering that honored field of more than one million miles of operation. Every day brings new records of performance. And this performance, highlighted by its invaluable contribution to the astonishing war record of the railroads, is providing a glimpse of the greater day of railroading which lies ahead.

Keep America Strong
BUY WAR BONDS

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

LOCOMOTIVES .... ***ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,*** *La Grange, Ill.*

ENGINES . . *150 to 2000 H.P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

ENGINES . . . *15 to 250 H.P. ...... DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.*

tendent. Surely you don't, you can't still think that this—that awful crime was done by one of us? It must have been someone from outside! Some maniac!"

"You may not be far wrong there, Miss Aldin. Maniac is a word that describes this criminal very well if I'm not mistaken. But not an outsider."

Her eyes opened very wide. "Do you mean that someone in this house is—is *mad?*"

"You're thinking," said the superintendent, "of someone foaming at the mouth and rolling their eyes. Mania isn't like that. Some of the most dangerous criminal lunatics have looked as sane as you and I. It's a question, usually, of having an obsession. One idea, preying on the mind, gradually distorting it. Pathetic, reasonable people who come up to you and explain how they're being persecuted and how everyone is spying on them—and you sometimes feel it must all be true."

"I'm sure nobody here has any ideas of being persecuted."

"I only gave that as an instance. There are other forms of insanity. But I believe whoever committed this crime was under the domination of one fixed idea—an idea on which they had brooded until literally nothing else mattered or had any importance."

Mary shivered. She said, "There's something I think you ought to know."

Concisely and clearly she told him of Mr. Treves' visit to dinner and of the story he had told.

Superintendent Battle was deeply interested. "He said he could recognize this person? Man or woman—by the way?"

"I took it that it was a boy the story was about, but it's true Mr. Treves didn't actually say so. In fact, I remember now he distinctly stated he would not give any particulars as to sex or age."

"Did he? Rather significant, perhaps. And he said there was a definite physical peculiarity by which he could be sure of knowing this child anywhere?"

"Yes."

"A scar, perhaps. Has anybody here got a scar?"

He noticed the faint hesitation before Mary Aldin replied, "Not that I have noticed."

"Come now, Miss Aldin." He smiled. "You *have* noticed something. If so, don't you think I shall be able to notice it, too?"

She shook her head. "I—I haven't noticed anything of the kind."

But he saw that she was startled and upset. He brought the conversation back to old Mr. Treves.

Mary told him of the tragic sequel to the evening.

Battle questioned her at some length. Then he said quietly, "That's a new one on me. Never came across that before."

"What do you mean?"

"I've never come across a murder committed by the simple expedient of hanging a placard on a lift."

She looked horrified. "You don't really think—"

"That it was murder? Of course it was! Quick, resourceful murder. It might not have come off, of course, but it *did* come off."

"Just because Mr. Treves knew—"

"Yes. Because he would have been able to direct our attention to one particular person in this house. As it is, we've started in the dark. But we've got a glimmer of light now, and every minute the case is getting clearer. I'll tell you this, Miss Aldin: This murder was very carefully planned beforehand down to the smallest detail. And I want to impress one thing on your mind: Don't let anybody know that you've told me what you have. That is important. Don't tell *anyone,* mind!"

Mary nodded. She was still looking dazed.

Superintendent Battle went out of the room and proceeded to do what he had been about to do when Mary Aldin intercepted him. He tapped on the library door, and Nevile Strange's voice called, "Come in."

BATTLE was introduced to Mr. Trelawney, a tall, distinguished-looking man with a keen dark eye.

"Sorry if I am butting in," said Superintendent Battle apologetically. "But there's something I haven't got clear. You, Mr. Strange, inherit half the late Sir Matthew's estate, but who inherits the other half?"

Nevile looked surprised. "I told you. My wife."

"Yes. But"—Battle coughed in a deprecating manner—"which wife, Mr. Strange?"

"Oh, I see. Yes, I expressed myself badly. The money goes to Audrey who was my wife at the time the will was made. That's right, Mr. Trelawney?"

The lawyer assented. "The bequest is quite clearly worded. The estate has to be divided between Sir Matthew's ward, Nevile Henry Strange, and his wife, Audrey Elizabeth Strange, née Standish. The subsequent divorce makes no difference whatever."

"That's clear, then," said Battle. "I take it that Mrs. Audrey Strange is fully aware of these facts?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Trelawney.

"And the present Mrs. Strange?"

"Kay?" Nevile looked slightly surprised. "Oh, I suppose so. At least, I've never talked much about it with her."

"I think you'll find," said Battle, "that she's under a misapprehension. She thinks that the money, on Lady Tressilian's death, comes to you and your *present* wife. At least, that's what she gave me to understand this morning. That's why I came along to find out how the position really lay."

"How extraordinary!" said Nevile. "Still,

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 8

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 73.

1. **He was a docile and cleanly old recluse, and he scrubbed his quarters cleanly every day.**
2. **The nasal passages of the aviator dilated as the diaphragmatic breathing was stimulated by the hangar attendants.**
3. **The coupon was intended primarily to secure a refund in case of a defect in the material.**
4. **The Arabic courier executed a clever coup by seizing the officer's coupé.**
5. **It was evident from his reticence that he was loath to enlist, as he loathed war with an implacable hatred.**
6. **We called our guide "Charon" as he rowed us across the channel and continued his lugubrious chant in a raucous and sepulchral tone.**
7. **After becoming acclimated to the equator, he was no longer allergic to raspberry pollen.**
8. **The pronunciation of the name, Lysistrata, on the stage was criticized by many patrons of the theater and by students of classic literature.**
9. **That the caramels in the cupboard contained a lethal dose of strychnine was condemned as a groundless canard.**
10. **The orchestral arrangement for the film version was not appreciated by the musical savants.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the most generally accepted usage.)

Charles H. Hall

LIGHTER MOMENTS with Fresh Eveready Batteries

BUY WAR BONDS
Louis Priscilla

"Could I please speak to the editor of 'How to Behave in Arabia'?"

BATTERIES for "walkie-talkies" and other Army and Navy equipment must be compact, light and powerful. That's why our entire production of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries is now being shipped to the armed forces. And that's the very good reason why your dealer has none to give you now.

You get double value from every War Bond you buy. It's the soundest investment you could make—in your country's future as well as your own.

EVEREADY MINI-MAX "B" BATTERY FOR PORTABLE RADIOS

EVEREADY TRADE-MARK

The words "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Co., Inc.

I suppose it might have happened quite easily. She has said once or twice, now that I think about it, 'We come into that money when Camilla dies,' but I suppose I assumed that she was just associating herself with me in my share of it."

"It's extraordinary," said Battle, "the amount of misunderstandings there are even between two people who discuss a thing quite often—both of them assuming different things and neither of them discovering the discrepancy."

"I suppose so," said Nevile, not sounding very interested. "It doesn't matter much in this case anyway. It's not as though we're short of money at all. I'm very glad for Audrey. She has been very hard up and this will make a big difference to her."

Battle said bluntly, "But surely, sir, at the time of the divorce, she was entitled to an allowance from you?"

Nevile flushed. He said in a constrained voice, "There is such a thing as—as pride, Superintendent. Audrey has always persistently refused to touch a penny of the allowance I wished to make her."

"A very generous allowance," put in Mr. Trelawney. "But Mrs. Audrey Strange has always returned it and refused to accept it."

"Very interesting," said Battle, and went out before anyone could ask him to elaborate that comment.

He went and found his nephew.

"On its face value," he said, "there's a nice monetary motive for nearly everybody in this case. Nevile Strange and Audrey Strange get a cool fifty thousand each. Kay Strange thinks she's entitled to fifty thousand. Mary Aldin gets an income that frees her from having to earn her living. Thomas Royde, I'm bound to say, doesn't gain. But we can include Hurstall and even Barrett if we admit that she'd take the risk of finishing herself off to avoid suspicion. Yes, as I say, there are no lack of money motives. And yet, if I'm right, money doesn't enter into this at all. If there's such a thing as a murder for pure hate, this is it. And if no one comes along and throws a monkey wrench into the works, I'm going to get the person who did it!"

THERE was that about Thomas Royde which invariably endeared him to children. He never spoke to a child of his own accord, he was never heard to express any preference for their company; it was *they* who selected *him*. What they liked about him, perhaps, was his gravity. He treated their remarks with the same slow, careful attention that he gave to every other matter which engaged his attention. He certainly showed no signs of finding them "amusing" or "quaint." He judged them, as he judged grownups, on their merits, and he was always ready to be of practical help.

Miss Diana Brinton was already a beach acquaintance. He had assisted in the extraction of a comparatively large-size crab from a pool in the rocks, to a temporary home in Miss Brinton's tin bucket. This afternoon, as he sat on a rock and watched the waves advance and recede over the sands of Easterhead Bay, a shrill cry of distress interrupted the absorption which had brought a deep, corrugated frown to his forehead.

"Oh, come away, Don. Come *away!* Oh, please—please help me get him away. He's rolling on a fish and it's awfully dead."

Thomas roused himself and allowed a hot, insistent hand to pull him to his feet. Diana Brinton was a wiry, energetic ten-year-old. Don was a wire-haired terrier of loving heart and obstinate disposition.

At the moment he had inserted himself into a kind of crevice in the rocks just above high-water mark where he was rolling ecstatically on his back and sniffing in a frenzy of delight.

A stern command from Royde he decided, reluctantly, to obey and came lovingly toward them, wriggling and wagging his tail, all prepared to leap upon them in delighted affection. It was then that Thomas' nose confirmed Diana's diagnosis of the fish as "awfully dead."

"That's the worst of terriers," said Royde. "They will roll."

"Once when he'd just been washed," said Diana, "he went right off and found what Mummy said was butcher's offal, and he came back smelling just dreadful."

DON essayed further protestations of love and looked hurt by the tendency of his friends to keep him firmly at arms' length.

"We'll have to wash it off somehow," said Royde. "Let's take him down to the sea."

Their desultory efforts, however, were quite unavailing, and the main result was that everybody got very wet with sea water, and Don remained smelling to high heaven.

"Sea water's no good," said Thomas. "Hot water and soap's the only thing."

"That's not so easy. We'll have to smuggle him up to our bathroom in the hotel."

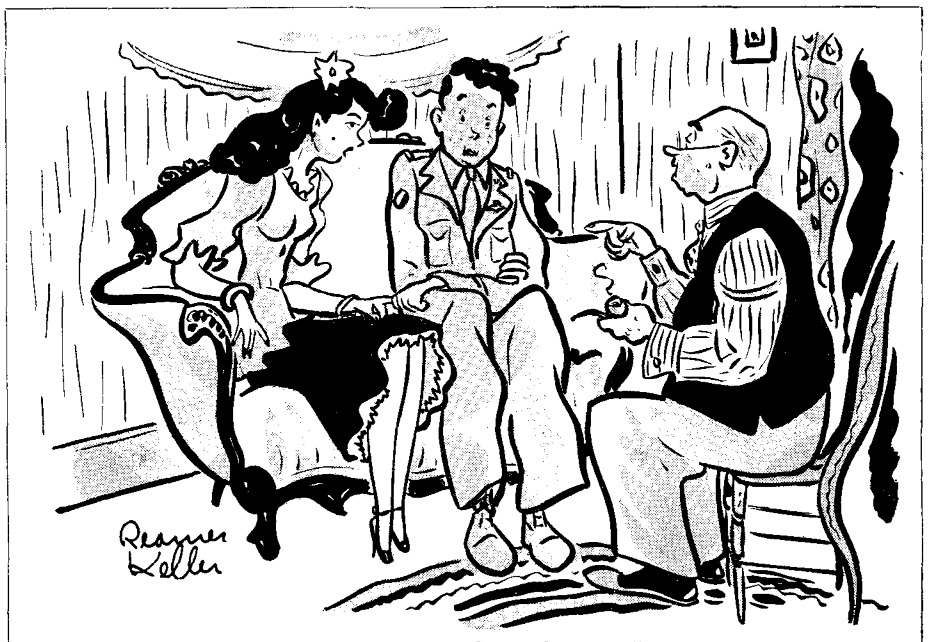
A surreptitious entry was made through a side door, and the bathroom was reached in safety. Here, behind bolted doors, a thorough cleansing took place at which Royde officiated, and Diana capered about and squeaked.

A sad and damp dog looked at them reproachfully when it was all over. Always the same with humans—no decent sense of smell! Just when he had found a really nice perfume such as any other dog would envy! And now that disgusting smell of soap again. It was enough to make one sick!

Parting with Diana after mutual congratulations, Thomas looked down at his clothing rather ruefully. He'd made himself in a bit of a mess with that damned dog. He remembered that he'd left a suit at the cleaner's which was due for collection today. He'd go along and get it now. Then he'd take these things along tomorrow.

As he trudged along the road, the frown on his forehead came back. Diana and Don had been an interlude. Now he was back again, slowly planning and puzzling things out in his mind. It took a bit of thinking to get things straight. He couldn't quite make up his mind about that burly superintendent. Seemed a commonplace fellow, nothing extraordinary in the way of brains, and yet, every now and then, there was a flash of rather supershrewd penetration.

It was abstractedly, when he had at last turned in at the doors of the "Twenty-four



COLLIER'S "It's shavetail, Dad, not bangtail!" REAMER KELLER

Those in the know-ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
W. A. Gaines

Spring house at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still used in the distillation of Old Crow whiskey.*

Today, as for generations past, Old Crow continues to be the chosen favorite of those who know and appreciate the finest

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

*The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

HOW TO HELP YOUNG FINGERS LEARN

The better their eyes can see, the faster their fingers learn. To give your child See-ability, place the lamp so that light shines directly on the task in hand. Take care to avoid shadows and glare. Take care, also, to use good lamp bulbs. It will pay you to get Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. Made bright and long-lasting by Westinghouse research and engineering progress, these dependable lamps will give you efficient and economical service.

SEE-ABILITY FOR YOUR HOME OF TOMORROW

See-ability, through wartime lighting improvements developed by Westinghouse engineers, will mean better living for tomorrow. You'll have greater eye comfort, added convenience, many new and beautiful lighting effects.

A FRIENDLY BEAM of light, shining across the yard, will guide your footsteps with a See-ability pathway to and from the garage.

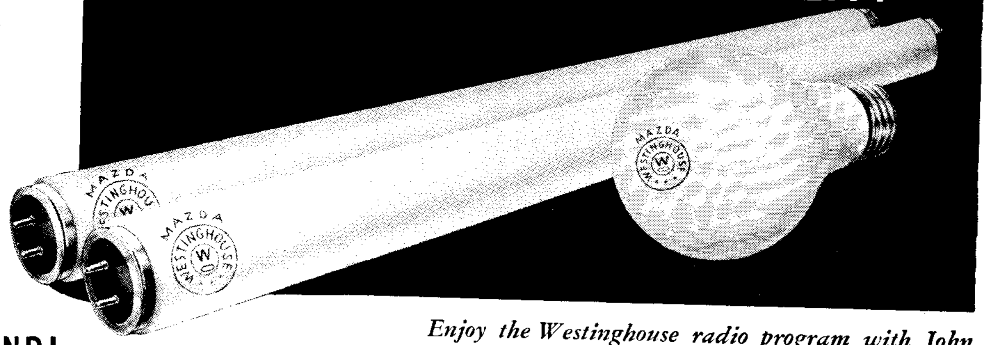
SEE-ABILITY FOR kitchen work-surfaces will make lighter work of cooking, baking, "fixing" and other household seeing tasks.

Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Bloomfield, N. J. Plants in 25 cities... offices everywhere.

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK . . . BUY AN EXTRA BOND!

Westinghouse

MAZDA LAMPS FOR SEE-ABILITY



Enjoy the Westinghouse radio program with John Charles Thomas, NBC, Sunday, 2:30 p. m., E. W. T.

The hat that saved a head

Said the Hartford Engineer: "Give them safety helmets."

That was his recommendation on finding shipbuilders working without head protection; while directly above, cranes were moving big loads and other men were using heavy tools.

Shortly after the "hard hats" were issued, a falling tool struck a man below. His helmet was pierced but it saved his head—perhaps his life.

In mills, factories, on construction operations, Hartford Engineers scout for hazards to life and property. Through advice to management and cooperation with supervisors they help correct dangerous conditions and unsafe practices.

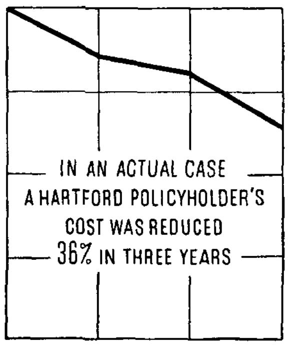
* * * * *

How Hartford Engineers help in the war

In peacetime, industry benefited from their work in prevention of accidents and fires. Now, when a full day's output from every available worker is vital to victory, the Hartford Engineer's efforts to maintain uninterrupted production are contributing mightily to America's record flow of planes, ships, tanks and guns.

* * * * *

...and help cut the cost of insurance



Fire losses are lower now than years ago, in relation to the values insured. The population accidental death rate is also lower. And insurance rates are down. All this is due in no small measure to the alertness and "know how" of insurance engineers, cooperating with industry and with policyholders in general.

Yes, fire *can* start itself!

Don't let waste paper, oily rags and other trash accumulate in basements, closets, out of the way corners. They can generate enough heat to ignite spontaneously. Clean up and keep clean! Make *every week* Fire Prevention Week.

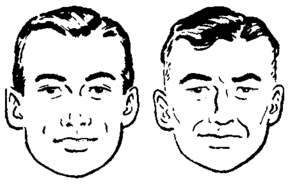
* * * * *

Ever hear of Valuable Papers Insurance?

Loss or damage to vital records—by fire, water, explosion, burglary, riot, etc.—could seriously hamper your business. Valuable Papers Insurance can help you keep it on an even keel. This protection will pay the expense of restoring your files, books, drawings, blueprints, deeds and other indispensable records if destroyed or damaged by practically any cause.

* * * * *

Which face can you trust?



"Trust an honest face" isn't a safe rule in running a business. It has caused employers heavy losses. Best plan is to cover *all* members of an organization with a Blanket Fidelity Bond. Then you *know* you're safe.

* * * * *

Want to save a fighter's life?

"Thank the people back home who gave me their blood!" That heartfelt thought occurs often in things our wounded men say and write. The miracle of blood-plasma! It has restored thousands, after terrible wounds and shock. Be a blood donor. Your body will quickly replace the pint you give. Go to the nearest blood donor station of the American Red Cross.

* * * * *

What you want in an insurance company

You want your insurance company to be financially strong—to have a good record for prompt claim payment—to be human in its dealings with policyholders and ready to serve them anywhere and at any time. Let the Hartford agent in your community or your own insurance broker tell you more about the advantages and benefits of being Hartford-insured.

HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Hartford, Connecticut

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance

Hours Cleaners," that he hunted through pockets and wallet for the necessary slip, having to confess in the end that he must have lost it.

"Name, please, then," said the girl, looking at him with a bored expression.

Thomas mumbled, "Royde."

The girl went away and hunted in a desultory fashion through various parcels. She came back presently saying brightly. "Afraid it isn't ready yet."

Things not up to schedule always annoyed Thomas. He protested. "It should have been ready yesterday. That would have been twenty-four hours. It's forty-eight hours now."

"Oh, well," said the girl. "Twenty-four Hours is just a name. It doesn't mean that—not this time of year, anyway."

"I asked you at the time, and you told me it would be ready by twelve o'clock yesterday."

"Must have been a mistake."

"Not at all. You were perfectly definite."

"Well, anyway, it's not done." she snapped at him. "Nothing's been done to it at all yet!"

"Then I'll take it away as it is."

He felt it was rather absurd, as he said it, but he was annoyed. He could not get used to this new spirit of never keeping to a pledged time.

The girl changed her manner. "If you're in such a hurry, I dare say we might get it done by tomorrow, twelve o'clock, as a special favor."

Thomas Royde said coldly, "I'm not in the habit of asking for special favors. I'll take it away with me now."

The girl gave him a nasty look, retired and returned with a badly done-up parcel which she shoved rudely toward him.

Thomas Royde picked it up and went out. He felt, quite ridiculously, as though he had won a victory. Actually it merely meant that he must take the suit somewhere else.

He decided to take it home with him for the moment. Perhaps Hurstall could deal with it. It was not really dirty—a sponge and a press would make it quite presentable.

Once or twice, as he walked up the hill, he wrinkled his nose distastefully. Dash it all! He could still smell that dog and his stinking fish—must have got it smeared on him somehow.

He went to his room and changed. There did not seem much wrong with the clothes he took off. He must be imagining that smell. Got it in his nose.

He sniffed. It seemed over here now, by the bed. The smell seemed actually to come from the parcel.

Thomas ripped it open and stared in surprise. Another mistake! This wasn't his suit at all. His had been a plain gray, this was a gray pin stripe.

He looked at the label pinned to one sleeve. Ah, that was it. The name on it was Boyd. The girl must have misunderstood him. He started packing the suit up again. He'd return it and—

He paused, once more sniffing. Decaying fish—that same fish. Surely there could not be two such extremely dead fish. And the smell came from the suit he had in his hands.

He looked it over curiously. Yes, there it was—an odorous, discolored patch on the shoulder of the coat.

On the *shoulder*—that was really very curious.

He frowned. Then, sitting down, he puzzled over it. Really very odd indeed. Under what possible circumstances—

The brain of Thomas Royde was like the mills of God that ground slowly yet ground exceeding small. . . .

Presently he went to the telephone and dialed the number of the Twenty-four Hours Cleaners. Explanations followed.

"Well, I'm sorry, I'm sure. I thought it was *Boyd* you said. . . . Yes, B for brother. . . . Boyd, Easterhead Bay Hotel. . . . I'm ever so sorry. . . . Your suit's ready now if you'd like to call for it."

Thomas put down the receiver just as Mary Aldin came out of the drawing room.

"Tea's just ready," she said. "Are you coming?"

Thomas Royde shook his head. "Sorry," he said, "I've got to go over to the Easterhead Bay Hotel."

Mary stared at him. "I thought you went over there after lunch."

"Yes—er—actually I forgot something. Got to go back for it. Have to see Latimer."

But when Thomas had once more crossed the river and trudged up the winding road, he did not ask for Mr. Ted Latimer. Instead, he made certain inquiries at the office and found what he had already dimly expected, that there was no one of the name of Boyd staying at the hotel.

THAT night, Thomas was very silent at dinner. This caused no surprise. He was habitually taciturn, yet his silence tonight held a deeper degree of abstraction. Usually, even if he contributed little to the conversation, he was at least listening. But tonight he heard nothing of what went on around the dinner table. His slow, persistent mind was forging its way ahead through a fog of perplexity.

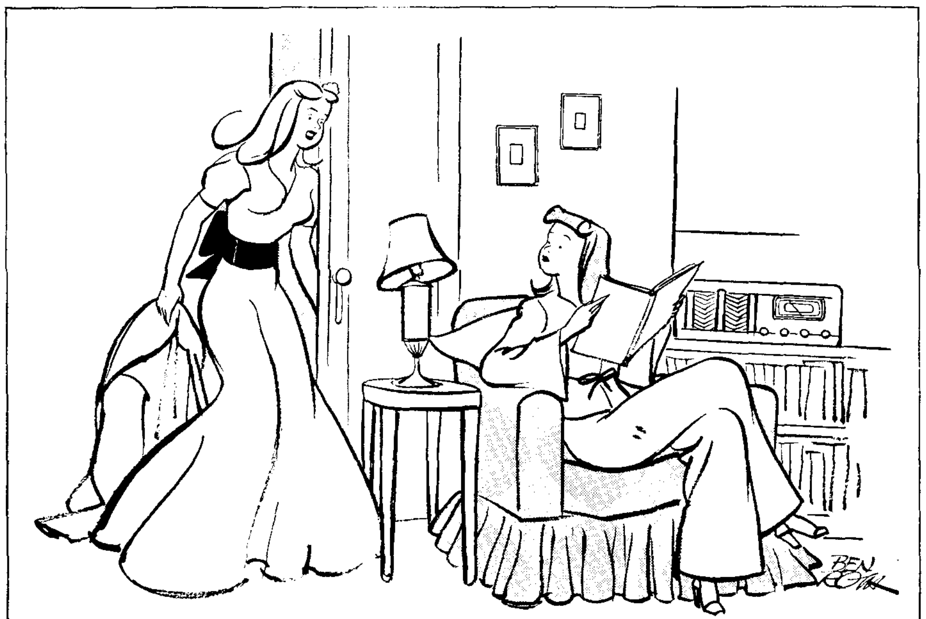
After dinner, he went out. This time he did not descend the hill to the ferry, but turned to the left instead. Up the hill, round a sharp curve inland, then down a dropping road to skirt a small bay, then the road climbed again, degenerated into a cart track and finally petered out onto the wide down-covered expanse of Stark Head.

Royde strolled to the cliff edge and looked over. It was a sheer drop here to the sea below. A good place, he thought idly, for suicide. He seemed to remember that there had been more than one case of suicide off Stark Head. A grim, forbidding headland—the end of nowhere.

He lifted his head. Facing him, across a small bay was the promontory on which Gull's Point was built. The house showed white and distinct in the moonlight. You could see the windows quite clearly from here. His head shifted a little to the right and took in the Easterhead Bay Hotel. It was brilliantly illuminated.

A different kind of illumination took place in Thomas Royde's brain. He suddenly conceived a theory. It seemed to him, offhand, a plausible theory.

He was considering it carefully in all its



COLLIER'S "We had a wonderful time. He had a full three months' pay, and only a one-day pass!" BEN ROTH

Are you "in the know" about Foran... Brooks... Downey?

IS DICK REALLY WILD AND WOOLLY? Nope, pardner. This singing cowboy of many a hoss opry is a dude from Flemington, N. J.—and a Princeton product to boot! Regents get Dick's vote for mildness. "What's more," he says, "I think they're better tasting than any other cigarette."

DOES PHYLLIS LOOK GOOD IN A JUNGLE? Ask the servicemen she entertained during her recent tour of the South Pacific! An artists' model before the movies discovered her, Phyllis finds Regents a model cigarette. "That crushproof box," she exclaims, "keeps cigarettes in perfect smoking condition!"

HOW IRISH IS MORTON'S "IRISH TENOR"? It's Connecticut-grown—but audiences in Ireland, where Morton toured several times, have pronounced it the real McCoy. This popular troubador, who once played a dummy saxophone in a leading dance orchestra, sings praises of Regent's King Size. "It means a smoke that's over 20% longer," he points out.

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better tasting. Multiple Blending does it! This process, *exclusive with Regent*, makes Regents *really* mild, ever so gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. *They cost no more than other leading brands.*

Quality tobaccos... Multiple Blended make REGENT

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

aspects, when he was startled by the sound of light footsteps running across the turf. He turned sharply—and faced Audrey.

She brought up short at the sight of him. Her hand went to her throat. She said, "Oh!"

He noticed that, in spite of her having been running, her face was very white. In its pallor, her eyes seemed enormous. Her dismay at the sight of him was so disproportionate that he unconsciously sought for an explanation. In the swift glance she cast from him to the edge of the cliff and back again, he got his explanation—an explanation so monstrous that he could hardly believe it.

"Why did you come up here, Audrey?" he said sharply.

She shook her head without speaking, staring at him dumbly.

He went up to her and took her hands. He realized then what was the matter with her.

"What is it?" he asked. "You're frightened."

She nodded. She was shivering all over. It was fear that had hold of her, that was making her dumb, that had driven her hurrying, flying feet.

He said sternly, "You were thinking of *throwing yourself over that cliff?*"

Again she made a little piteous affirmative gesture of the head.

"But why, my dear, why?"

He felt her hands struggling in his. She was like a frightened bird. He bent his head to catch her words:

"I'm afraid, Thomas. I'm afraid."

"You're afraid of what?"

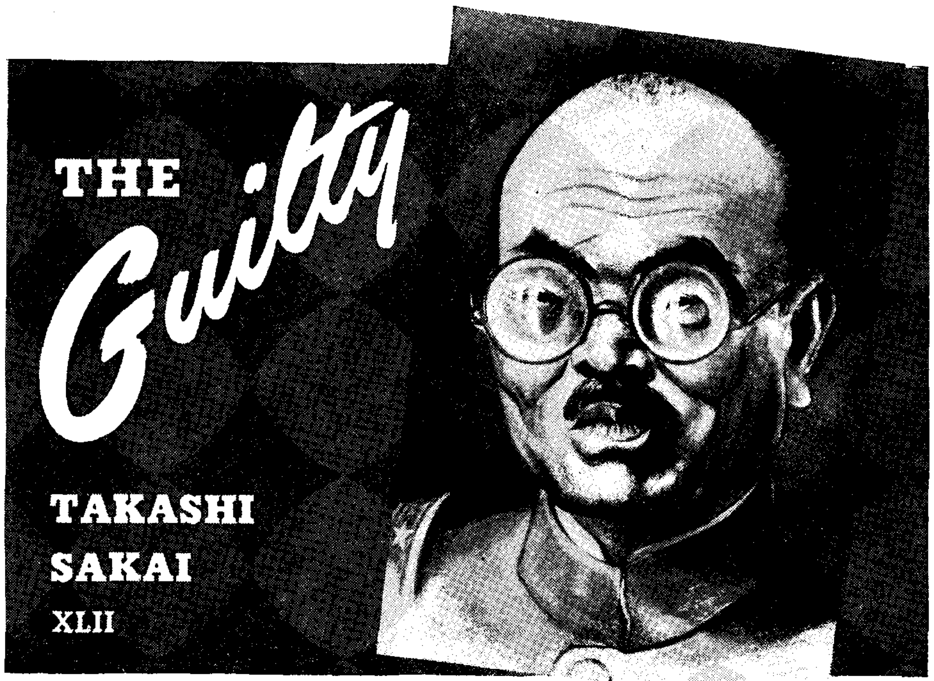
"I'm afraid—*of being hanged* . . ."

It was out. The words floated there in the air between them.

He gave her hands a short, sharp pressure. Then he said in his quiet, matter-of-fact way, "Don't worry, Audrey. It will be all right. I'll see that you are not hanged."

Thomas Royde had made up his mind. . . .

It was just after lunch on the following day when the blow fell. There was something scared in Hurstall's voice as he announced that Superintendent Battle and



THE *Guilty*

TAKASHI SAKAI

XLII

NO LONGER does infamous Hideki Tojo stand alone. At last his sadistic field commanders are being identified and their inhumanities set down in detail. Just as the Chinese recently indicted General Iwane Matsui for the horrors of Nanking, so now are they naming Lieutenant General Takashi Sakai as the officer *entirely responsible for the barbarities that followed* the capture of Hong Kong. Many eyewitnesses, either escaped or exchanged, have told their stories, and Anthony Eden has shocked the House of Commons by his disclosure of specific bestialities, but the Chinese report is the first official account of what happened when Japanese troops poured into the doomed city on December 27, 1941.

No rule of civilized warfare but met with brutal disregard. Due to government assurances that the danger was not immediate, the residential areas of Hong Kong were taken by surprise. Hundreds were butchered in their homes, for, despite the utter lack of resistance, Sakai gave the order to kill and ravish. Heads of families were shot or bayoneted as they sat at dinner; soldiers sloshed through blood to rape the wives and daughters.

The surrender of the garrison worked no change in Sakai's fury. Fifty officers were bound hand and foot and then bayoneted into fragments, and the defenders left alive were herded into ruined buildings and denied food, water and medical attendance. They died like flies, of course, and in many cases the dead were left to rot. General Maltby, the British commander, begged repeatedly for an interview with Sakai, but received answer that no change would be made in Bushido, the Warrior's Way.

Four hundred volunteers, cut off on Stanley Peninsula, continued to fight, for word of the surrender could not be got through to them. When only 140 were left, a gallant, broken band, the survivors flew a flag of truce, and were told that they would be treated as prisoners of war if they laid down their arms.

Never was any pledge more shamefully dishonored. After brutal treatment in cells, they were dragged out into the full light of day and, with the whole Japanese army looking on, were made to run around inside a ring of steel formed by fixed bayonets. Pierced, hacked and slashed until they dripped blood, many impaled themselves to escape further mutilation and torture. Priests of the Maryknoll Mission, compelled to watch the horrible performance, were then roped together, *thrown into loathsome shelters and left to* lie in their filth without food or water.

Hospitals, doctors and nurses were not spared. Professor Wenzell Brown and Miss Gwen Dew are on record with sworn statements as to what they saw. Killing the helpless patients of Tweed Bay Hospital was not enough, for, before giving the final thrust, the devils ripped off bandages and tore open wounds. For days on end, the nurses were gang-raped. All of this was known to General Sakai and yet no effort was ever made to check the orgy of murder and violation.

At the time of the surrender, the city was heavily stocked with every kind of food supplies in preparation for a siege. In some commodities, the colony had enough to last for two or three years. Without delay, General Sakai proceeded to confiscate on a scale that stripped Hong Kong bare, leaving the population balanced precariously on the edge of starvation. Rationing was far below subsistence level, and even interned Europeans were given "only a little rice and water and occasionally other scraps of food." Dysentery broke out, but *neither drugs nor medical* facilities were supplied and no effort made to provide sanitation.

The report does not hazard so much as a guess at the number of Chinese killed. In the first days of occupation, the Japanese shot or bayoneted the natives in homes and streets and then turned them into labor slaves, working them until they dropped from weakness or disease. One entire Chinese district was declared a brothel, regardless of the status of the inhabitants. Schools and libraries were burned and temples turned into latrines.

None of this, the report makes clear, was accidental or unorganized, but all a part of the Japanese war plan, ordered by Lieutenant General Takashi Sakai himself. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

STOP GOO

NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD

IT'S CUSHION SEALED

$1

HANDKERCHIEF TEST

PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—*no matter how often you smoke it!*

WDC

HESSON GUARD MILANO

YOUR MAINE VACATION CAN START BY RETURN MAIL

Send at once for this handsome book with illustrations of glorious spots in Maine where you can have the time of your life. From the minute you get your copy you'll thrill through hours of pleasant planning.

Your vacation in Maine, where you can do about anything you want, will more than fulfill the promise.

And when you return, with exciting memories that will live with you for life, you'll say, "Maine is *my* vacationland—from now on."

So clip the coupon right away—and take your first step to the "Land of Remembered Vacations."

MAIL THE COUPON FOR FREE BOOK →

MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Travel Service
61 St. John Street, Portland, Maine

Please send me the 36-page illustrated Maine Vacation Guide for 1944.

Name________________
Street________________
City________State________

Makes the BEST RUM COLLINS* you ever tasted!

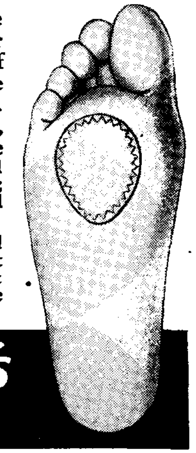
MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

Planters' Punch Brand—97 Proof

*Easy to make: Fill tall glass with Ice. Add juice of Lemon—teaspoon Sugar—jigger of Myers's Jamaica Rum. Fill with carbonated Water. Decorate with Maraschino Cherry and thin slice of Lemon. Serve with straws. Remember, for the most delicious flavour,

The Rum Must be MYERS'S

*For free illustrated recipe book write:
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc. Sole Dist. in U. S. A.
57 Laight Street, Dept. CL-5, New York 13, N. Y.



Callouses

RELIEVED—REMOVED—PREVENTED

You forget you have callouses, burning or tenderness on bottom of your feet, when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These soft, soothing, cushioning, protective pads instantly relieve painful pressure on the sensitive spot; help prevent callouses if used at first sign of soreness. Separate *Medications* included for removing callouses. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. Store or Toilet Goods Counter.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FOR DRY SCALP AND DULL HAIR USE JERIS HAIR OIL

MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Inspector Leach were in the drawing room.

Superintendent Battle's face was quite genial as he greeted them.

"Hope I haven't disturbed you all," he said apologetically. "But there are one or two things I'd like to know about. This glove, for instance, whom does it belong to?" He held it out, a small yellow chamois leather glove. "Is it yours, Mrs. Strange?" he said to Audrey.

She shook her head. "No—no, it isn't mine."

"Miss Aldin?"

"I don't think so. I have none of that color."

"May I see?" Kay held out her hand. "No."

"Perhaps you'd just slip it on."

Kay tried, but the glove was too small.

"Miss Aldin?"

Mary tried in her turn.

"It's too small for you also," said Battle. He turned back to Audrey. "I think you'll find it fits you all right. Your hand is smaller than either of the other ladies."

Audrey took it from him and slipped it on over her right hand.

Nevile Strange said sharply, "She's already told you, Battle, that it isn't her glove."

"Ah, well," said Battle, "perhaps she made a mistake—or forgot."

Audrey said, "It may be mine. Gloves are so alike, aren't they?"

Battle said, "At any rate, it was found outside your window, Mrs. Strange, pushed down into the ivy—*with its fellow*."

There was a pause. Audrey opened her mouth to speak, then closed it up again. Her eyes fell before the superintendent's steady gaze.

Nevile sprang forward. "Look here, Superintendent—"

"Perhaps we might have a word with you, Mr. Strange, privately?" Battle said gravely.

"Certainly, Superintendent. Come into the library."

He led the way, and the two police officers followed him.

As soon as the door had closed, Nevile said sharply, "What's this ridiculous story about gloves outside my wife's window?"

Battle said quietly, "Mr. Strange, we've found some very curious things in this house."

Nevile frowned. "Curious? What do you mean by curious?"

"I'll show you."

IN OBEDIENCE to a nod, Leach left the room and came back holding a very strange implement.

Battle said, "This consists, as you see, sir, of a steel ball taken from a Victorian fender —a heavy steel ball. Then the head has been sawed off a tennis racket and the ball has been screwed into the handle of the racket." He paused. "I think there can be no doubt that this is what was used to kill Lady Tressilian."

"Horrible!" said Nevile with a shudder. "But where did you find this—this nightmare?"

"The ball had been cleaned and put back on the fender. The murderer had, however, neglected to clean the screw. We found a trace of blood on that. In the same way the handle and the head of the racket were joined together again by means of adhesive surgical plaster. It was then thrown carelessly back into the cupboard under the stairs where it would probably have remained quite unnoticed amongst so many others if we hadn't happened to be looking for something of that kind."

"Smart of you, Superintendent."

"Just a matter of routine."

"No fingerprints, I suppose?"

"That racket, which belongs by its weight, I should say, to Mrs. Kay Strange, has been handled by her and also by you, and both your prints are on it. *But it also shows unmistakable signs that someone wearing gloves handled it after you two did.* There was just one other fingerprint—left this time in inadvertence, I think. That was on the surgical strapping that had been applied to bind the racket together again. I'm not going, for the moment, to say whose print that was. I've got some other points to mention first."

Battle paused, then he went on: "I want you to prepare yourself for a shock, Mr. Strange. And first, I want to ask you something. Are you quite sure that it was your own idea to have this meeting here and that it was not actually suggested to you by Mrs. Audrey Strange?"

"Audrey did nothing of the sort. Audrey—"

The door opened and Thomas Royde came in. "Sorry to butt in," he said, "but I thought I'd like to be in on this."

Nevile turned a harassed face toward him. "Do you mind, old fellow? This is all rather private."

"I'm afraid I don't care about that. You see, I heard a name outside." He paused. "Audrey's name."

"And what the hell has Audrey's name got to do with you?" demanded Nevile, his temper rising.

"Well, what has it to do with you, if it comes to that? I haven't said anything definite to Audrey, but I came here meaning to ask her to marry me, and I think she knows it. What's more, I mean to marry her."

SUPERINTENDENT BATTLE coughed. Nevile turned to him with a start. "Sorry, Superintendent. This interruption—"

Battle said, "It doesn't matter to me, Mr. Strange. I've got one more question to ask you: That dark blue coat you wore at dinner the night of the murder—it's got fair hairs inside the collar and on the shoulders. Do you know how they got there?"

"I suppose they're my hairs."

"Oh, no, they're not yours, sir. They're a lady's hairs, and there's a red hair on the sleeve."

"I suppose that's my wife's—Kay's. The others, you are suggesting, are Audrey's? Very likely they are. I caught my cuff button in her hair one night outside on the terrace, I remember."

"In that case," murmured Inspector Leach, "the fair hair would be on the cuff."

"What are you suggesting?" cried Nevile.

"There's a trace of powder, too, inside the coat collar," said Battle. "Primavera Naturelle No. 1—a very pleasant-scented powder and expensive—but it's no good telling me that you use it, Mr. Strange, because I shan't believe you. And Mrs. Kay Strange uses Orchid Sun Kiss. Mrs. Audrey Strange does use Primavera Naturelle No. 1."

"What are you suggesting?" repeated Nevile.

Battle leaned forward.

"I'm suggesting that—on some occasion—*Mrs. Audrey Strange wore that coat.* It's the only reasonable way the hair and the powder could get where they did. Then you've seen that glove I produced just now. It's her glove all right. That was the right hand. *Here's the left—*" He drew it out of his pocket and put it down on the table. It was crumpled and stained with rusty brown patches.

Nevile said with a note of fear in his voice, "What's that on it?"

"Blood, Mr. Strange," said Battle firmly. "And you'll note this: It's the *left* hand. Now Mrs. Audrey Strange is left-handed. I noted that first thing when I saw her sitting with her coffee cup in her right hand and her cigarette in her left at the breakfast table. And the pen tray on her writing table had been shifted to the left-hand side. It all fits in. The knob from her grate, the gloves outside her window, the hair and powder on the coat. Lady Tressilian was struck on the right temple, but the position of the bed made it impossible for anyone to have stood on the other side of it. It follows that to strike Lady Tressilian a blow with the right hand would be a very awkward thing to do, but it's the natural way to strike for a left-handed person."

Nevile laughed scornfully.

"Are you suggesting that Audrey—*Audrey* would make all these elaborate preparations and strike down an old lady whom she had known for years in order to get her hands on that old lady's money?"

Battle shook his head. "I'm suggesting nothing of the sort. I'm sorry, Mr. Strange, you've got to understand just how things are. This crime, first, last and all the time, was directed against *you*. Ever since you left her, Audrey Strange has been brooding over the possibilities of revenge. In the end she has become mentally unbalanced. Perhaps she was never mentally very strong. She thought, perhaps, of killing you, but that wasn't enough. She thought at last of getting you hanged for murder.

"She chose an evening when she knew you had quarrelled with Lady Tressilian. She took the coat from your bedroom and wore it when she struck the old lady down, so that it should be bloodstained. She put your niblick on the floor, knowing we would find your fingerprints on it, and smeared blood and hair on the head of the club. It was she who instilled into your mind the idea of coming here when she

With a SHALER "HOT PATCH"

SHALER HOT PATCH TUBE REPAIRS VULCANIZED

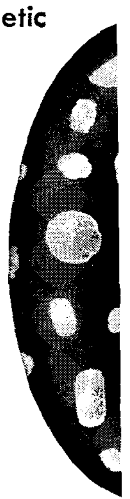
Look for the Shaler Authorized Dealer sign and "Let A Man Who Knows How" repair your tubes. 168,000 Dealers from Coast to Coast equipped to serve you.

★ ★ ★ **STOP IMMEDIATELY when you have a puncture! Prevent destruction of both tire and tube!**

Our bestial enemies still have control of most of the World's supply of natural crude rubber, and production of synthetic stocks is not wholly satisfactory or adequate to supply present needs. New tires and tubes will not be freely available as in pre-war days for many many months and every possible mile of transportation must be procured from existing supplies.

Every tube, regardless of the number of punctures, can be kept in service and insured against unnecessary failure when repaired by World-Famous SHALER "HOT PATCHES."

SHALER "HOT PATCHES" are vulcanized—welded into the tube permanently. In heat or cold, they stretch or flex with the tire and tube—the safest repairs known!



Military needs must be given preference but ample supplies are still available at authorized dealers for civilian use.

"LET A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW" REPAIR IT!

Made by the makers of RISLONE and KARBOUT—The "Tune-Up" chemicals which free engines of sticky valves, restore lost compression and power and make all engines run quieter and smoother. THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wis., and Toronto, Canada.

SHALER "HOT PATCHES"
The Safest Tube Repairs Known

PLENTY Smooth!

"Smooth" is the word for this nationally famous Serta Innerspring Mattress. So *smooth—so soft—so deep...so irresistible for sleep.* Available again immediately after Victory.

WIN WITH WAR BONDS

PERFECT SLEEPER
Tuftless
MATTRESS

Available now—Serta 4A Mattress, $39.50; West Coast and Canada, $42.50. Matching Box Springs.

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
30 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada

was here. And the thing that saved you was the one thing she couldn't count on: the fact that Lady Tressilian rang her bell for Barrett, and that Barrett saw you leave the house."

Nevile had buried his face in his hands. He said now, "It's not true. It's not true! Audrey's never borne a grudge against me. You've got the whole thing wrong. She's the straightest, truest creature—without one thought of evil in her heart."

Battle sighed. "It's not my business to argue with you, Mr. Strange. I only wanted to prepare you. I shall caution Mrs. Strange and ask her to accompany me. I've got the warrant. You'd better see about getting a solicitor for her."

"It's preposterous—absolutely preposterous!"

"Love turns to hate more easily than you think, Mr. Strange."

"I tell you it's all wrong—preposterous," Nevile said.

THOMAS ROYDE broke in. His voice was quiet and pleasant. "Do stop repeating that it's preposterous, Nevile. Pull yourself together. Don't you see that the only thing that can help Audrey now is for you to give up all your ideas of chivalry and come out with the truth?"

"The truth? You mean—"

"I mean the truth about Audrey and Adrian." Royde turned to the police officers. "You see, Superintendent, you've got the facts wrong. Nevile didn't leave Audrey. She left him. She ran away with my brother Adrian. Then Adrian was killed in a car accident. Nevile behaved with the utmost chivalry to Audrey. He arranged that she should divorce him and that he would take the blame."

"Didn't want her name dragged through the mud," muttered Nevile sulkily. "Didn't know anyone knew."

"Adrian wrote out to me, just before," Thomas explained. "Don't you see, Superintendent, that knocks your motive out? Audrey has no cause to hate Nevile. On the contrary, she has every reason to be grateful to him. He's tried to get her to accept an allowance—which she wouldn't do. Naturally when he wanted her to come and meet Kay, she didn't feel she could refuse."

"You see," Nevile put in eagerly. "That cuts out her motive. Thomas is right."

Battle's wooden face was immovable. "Motive's only one thing," he said. "I may have been wrong about that. But facts are another. All the facts show that she's guilty."

Nevile said meaningly, "All the facts showed that *I* was guilty two days ago!"

Battle seemed a little taken aback. "That's true enough. But look here, Mr. Strange, at what you're asking me to believe: You're asking me to believe that there's someone who hates *both* of you—someone who, if the plot against you failed, had laid a second trail to lead to Audrey Strange. Now can you think of anyone, Mr. Strange, who hates both you *and* your former wife?"

Nevile's head had dropped into his hands again. "When you say it like that, you make it all sound fantastic!"

"Because it *is* fantastic. I've got to go by the facts. If Mrs. Strange has any explanation to offer—"

"Did I have any explanation?" asked Nevile.

"It's no good, Mr. Strange. I've got to do my duty."

Battle got up abruptly. He and Leach left the room first. Nevile and Royde came close behind them. They went on across the hall into the drawing room. There they stopped.

Audrey Strange got up. She walked forward to meet them. She looked straight at Battle, her lips parted in what was very nearly a smile.

She said very softly, "You want me, don't you?"

Battle became very official.

"Mrs. Strange, I have a warrant here for your arrest on the charge of murdering Camilla Tressilian on Monday last, September 12th. I must caution you that anything you say will be written down and may be used in evidence at your trial."

Audrey gave a sigh. Her small, clear-cut face was peaceful and pure as a cameo. "It's almost a relief. I'm glad it's over!"

Nevile sprang forward. "Audrey, don't say anything! Don't speak at all!"

She smiled at him. "But why not, Nevile? It's all true—and I'm so tired."

Leach drew a deep breath. Well, that was that. Mad as a hatter, of course, but it would save a lot of worry! He wondered what had happened to his uncle. The old boy was looking as though he had seen a ghost—staring at the poor demented creature as though he couldn't believe his eyes. Oh, well, it had been an interesting case, Leach thought comfortably.

But Thomas Royde was speaking in his quiet, slow voice: "Could I have a word with you in private, Superintendent, before you carry on?"

Battle looked at him in a fatherly fashion. "It's no manner of good, Mr. Royde. I'll tell you that."

In his pleasant voice, Thomas said, "But you don't know yet what I am going to say."

Battle looked as though he thought he had a pretty good idea. However, he turned to Leach. "Will you stay here with Mrs. Strange?"

Leach said officially, "Yes, sir."

The two men left the room together.

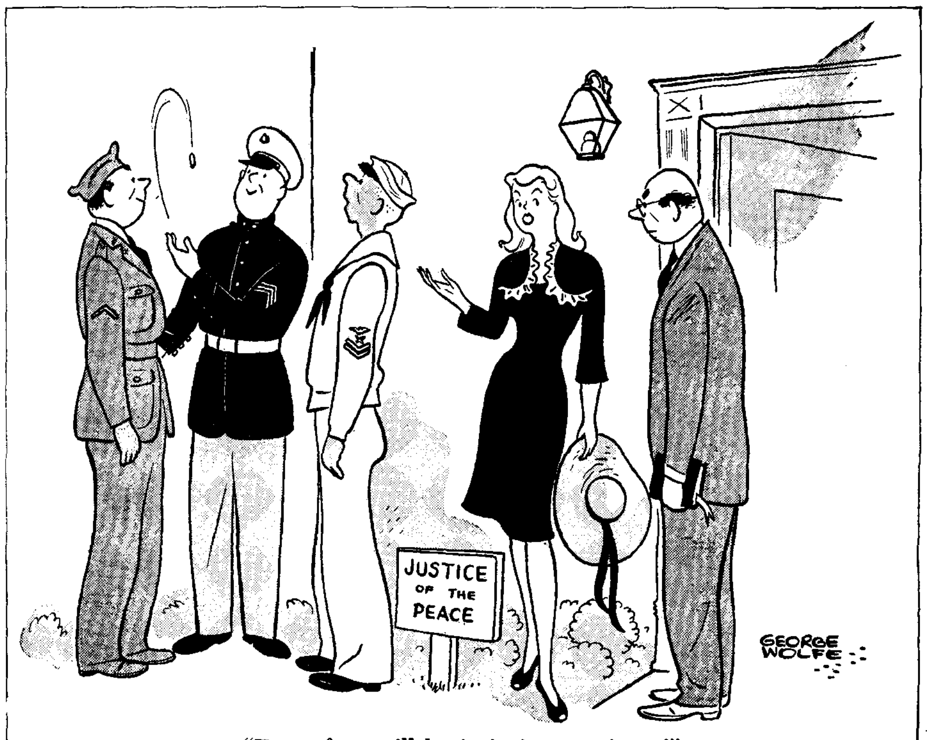
IT WAS really only about five minutes before Battle returned to the drawing room, but to those there it seemed much longer.

Kay had suddenly lost control of herself. She had cried out to Audrey, "I knew it was you. I always knew it was you. I knew you were up to something—"

Mary Aldin said, "Please, Kay."

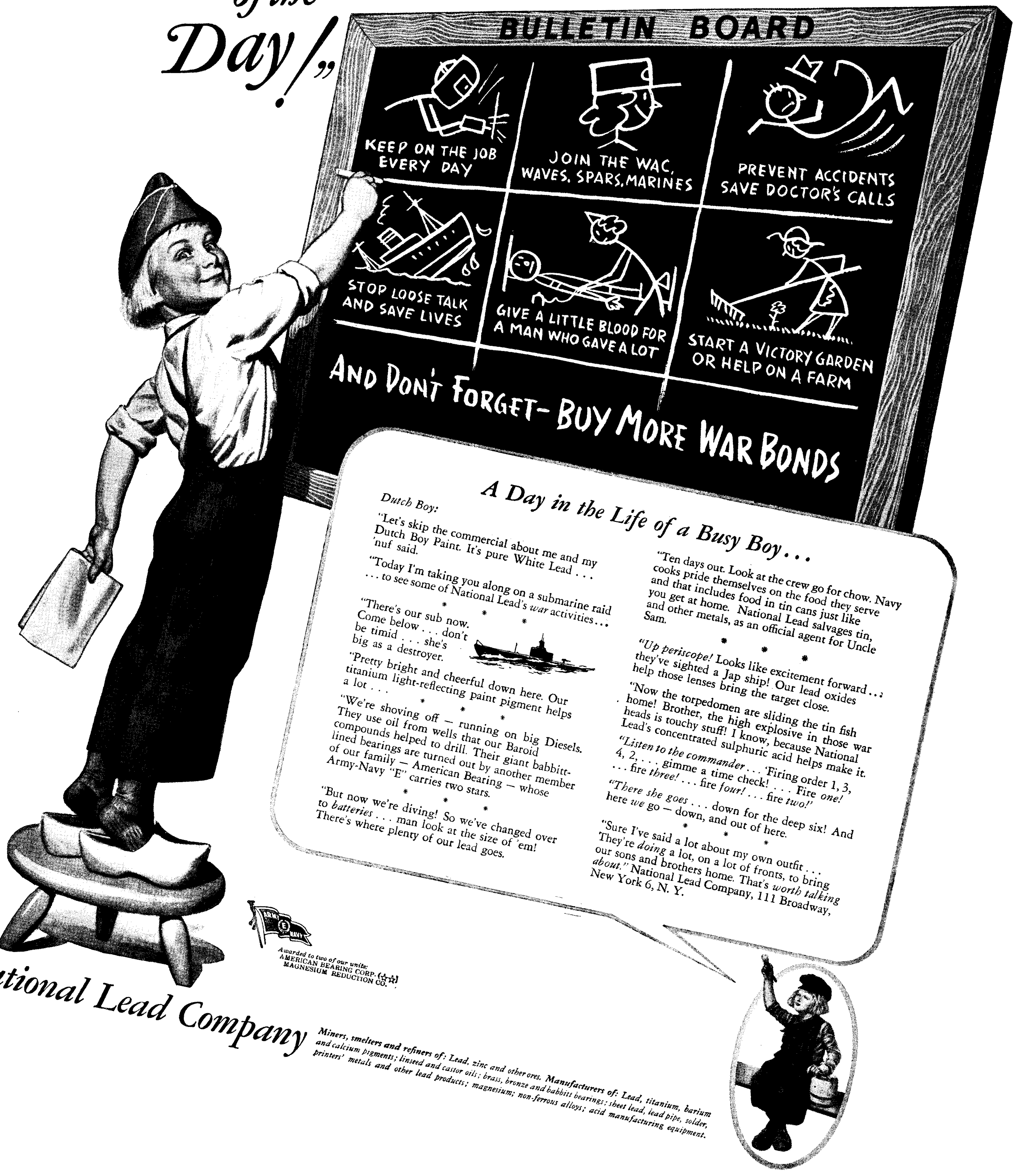
Nevile said sharply, "Shut up, Kay, for heaven's sake!"

Ted Latimer came over to Kay who had begun to cry. "Get a grip on yourself," he said kindly. He turned to Nevile. "You don't



COLLIER'S "Two of us will be in in just a minute!" GEORGE WOLFE

"Orders of the Day!"


BULLETIN BOARD
KEEP ON THE JOB EVERY DAY
JOIN THE WAC, WAVES, SPARS, MARINES
PREVENT ACCIDENTS SAVE DOCTOR'S CALLS
STOP LOOSE TALK AND SAVE LIVES
GIVE A LITTLE BLOOD FOR A MAN WHO GAVE A LOT
START A VICTORY GARDEN OR HELP ON A FARM
AND DON'T FORGET - BUY MORE WAR BONDS

A Day in the Life of a Busy Boy . . .

Dutch Boy:

"Let's skip the commercial about me and my Dutch Boy Paint. It's pure White Lead . . . 'nuf said.

"Today I'm taking you along on a submarine raid . . . to see some of National Lead's *war* activities . . .

* * *

"There's our sub now. Come below . . . don't be timid . . . she's big as a destroyer.

"Pretty bright and cheerful down here. Our titanium light-reflecting paint pigment helps a lot . . .

* * *

"We're shoving off – running on big Diesels. They use oil from wells that our Baroid compounds helped to drill. Their giant babbitt-lined bearings are turned out by another member of our family – American Bearing – whose Army-Navy "E" carries two stars.

* * *

"But now we're diving! So we've changed over to *batteries* . . . man look at the size of 'em! There's where plenty of our lead goes.

"Ten days out. Look at the crew go for chow. Navy cooks pride themselves on the food they serve and that includes food in tin cans just like you get at home. National Lead salvages tin, and other metals, as an official agent for Uncle Sam.

* * *

"Up periscope! Looks like excitement forward . . . they've sighted a Jap ship! Our lead oxides help those lenses bring the target close.

"Now the torpedomen are sliding the tin fish home! Brother, the high explosive in those war heads is touchy stuff! I know, because National Lead's concentrated sulphuric acid helps make it.

"Listen to the commander . . . 'Firing order 1, 3, 4, 2, . . . gimme a time check! . . . Fire *one!* . . . fire *three!* . . . fire *four!* . . . fire *two!*'

"There she goes . . . down for the deep six! And here *we* go – down, and out of here.

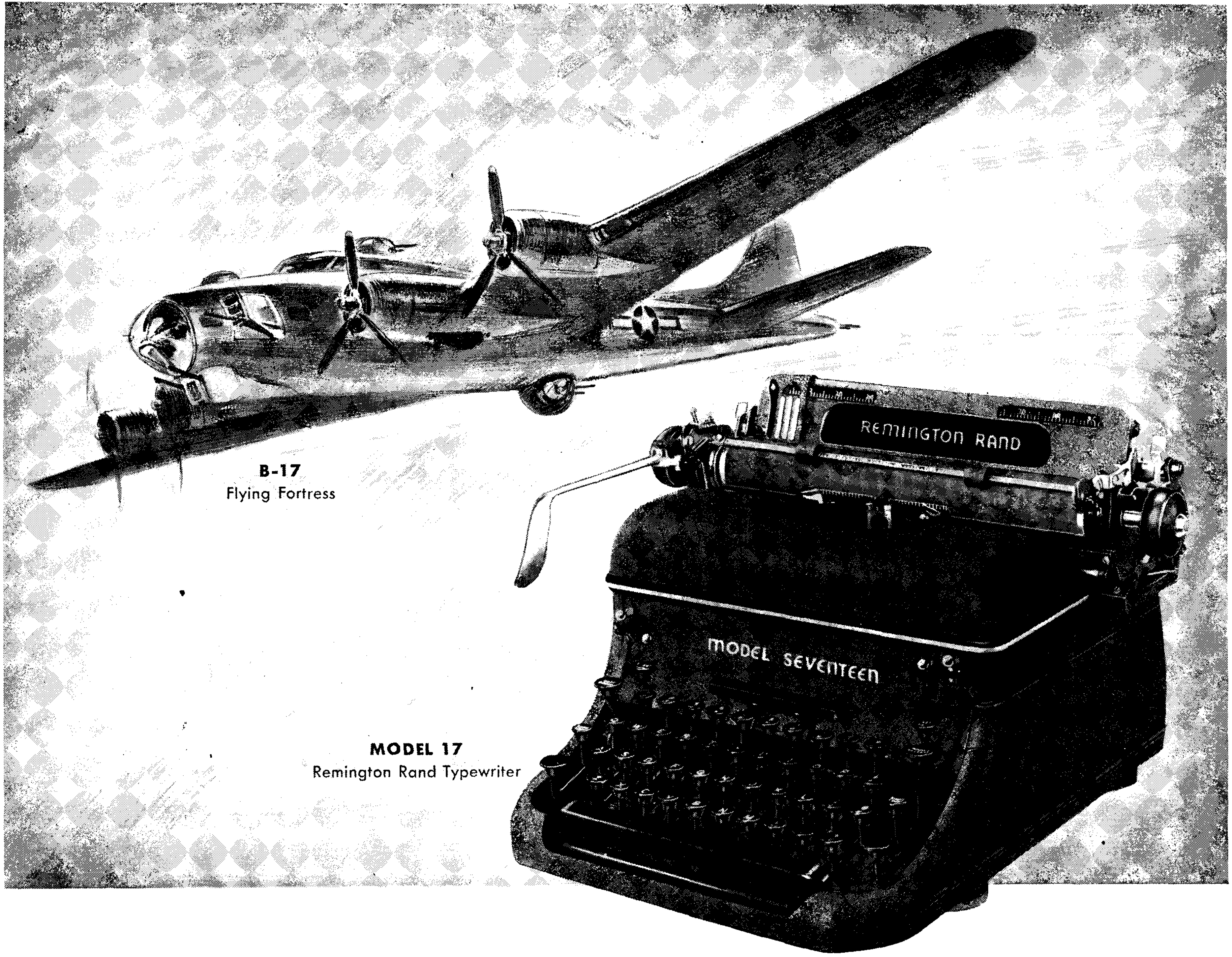
* * *

"Sure I've said a lot about my own outfit . . . They're *doing* a lot, on a lot of fronts, to bring our sons and brothers home. That's *worth talking about.*" National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

Awarded to two of our units:
AMERICAN BEARING CORP. (☆☆)
MAGNESIUM REDUCTION CO.

National Lead Company

Miners, smelters and refiners of: *Lead, zinc and other ores.* ***Manufacturers of:*** *Lead, titanium, barium and calcium pigments; linseed and castor oils; brass, bronze and babbitt bearings; sheet lead, lead pipe, solder, printers' metals and other lead products; magnesium; non-ferrous alloys; acid manufacturing equipment.*



B-17
Flying Fortress

MODEL 17
Remington Rand Typewriter

Two famous 17s . . . both rugged, both leaders

YES, the famous Flying Fortress (B-17) and America's most popular typewriter, the famous Remington Rand (Model 17) are in there pitching in combat zones around the globe. Both have proved that they can take it, and both have seen plenty of action in this war.

For the B-17 we are producing Hamilton Standard Propellers by the thousands, and our deliveries to the Army Air Forces have for many months met all the rigid requirements of quality and quantity. Indeed, on every one of our dozens of war production contracts, deliveries are up to and beyond schedule, and costs to the armed services are uniformly low.

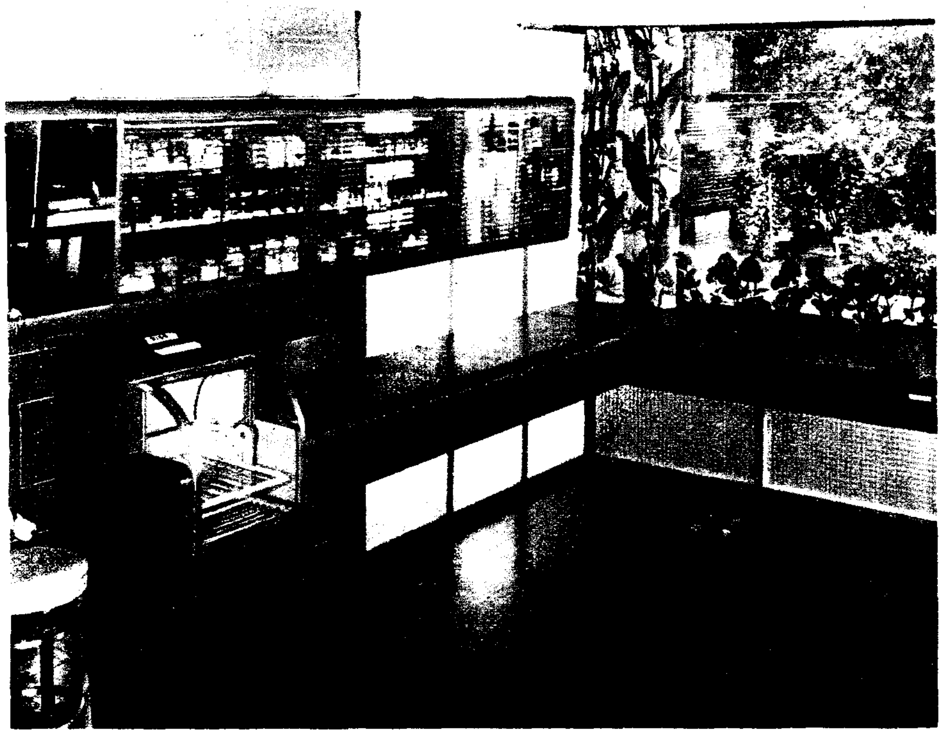
With our war front production thus rolling along full blast, what more natural than that the War Production Board should ask us to turn our attention to a critical need on the Business front?

That's why Remington Rand (Model 17) Typewriters are today being produced in limited quantities to meet only the acute requirements of war and the most essential civilian needs. But the supply is extremely limited—far short of the demand . . .

. . . so if you are the lucky owner or operator of a Remington Rand Typewriter, give it the care this indispensable office "machine-tool" really deserves.

Remington Rand

Hamilton Standard Propellers ★ Adding, Calculating and Bookkeeping Machines ★ Colt Automatic Pistols ★ Punched-Card Accounting and Tabulating Machines ★ Projectiles ★ Kardex Visible Control Systems ★ Shell Fuzes and Primers ★ Filing Cabinets, Methods and Supplies ★ Aircraft Rudders and Stabilizers ★ Safe-Cabinets and Safe-Files ★ Ammunition Loading ★ Loose Leaf Systems ★ Machine Gun Parts ★ Photo-Copy and Micro-Film Equipment ★ Torpedo Parts ★ Library Furniture ★ Standard and Noiseless Typewriters ★ Electric Shavers ★ Radio Special Equipment ★ Business Machine Supplies and Nation-wide Maintenance Service ★ Secret Electronic Weapons Developed in the Company's Laboratories.



YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

That Future Kitchen

Reams have been *written* about the kitchen of tomorrow. But now at last a life-size model has actually been built so that the housewife may visualize her future workroom and plan ahead for it. Complete in every detail, this kitchen-to-end-all-kitchens will soon go on tour to many parts of the country.

The room and its contents are mostly of glass, separated from the dining room only by a working surface and transparent dish cabinet. Most unorthodox feature is the all-glass refrigerator and deep-freeze unit, under this surface, so arranged with sliding double-glass panels that it can be entered from either room.

Next in importance is the high-level glass oven with an electrically rotated spit on which roasts can be impaled and watched continually.

A glass electric stove next to it is fitted with wells into which rectangular saucepans (of glass, too) fit snugly for controlled heating. A waffle iron of the same material is built in on top.

The working surface runs around the room in an unbroken line; under it, sink, garbage-disposal unit and storage spaces are tucked away but accessible. The end section is on wheels—a serving wagon complete with heated compartments for the saucepan-serving dishes, china, silver and linen. When not in use the wagon acts as a sideboard, merging with the lines of the room.

Glass cabinets with sliding doors and glass shelves alternate along the wall with windows and glass-brick sections to bring in maximum sunlight. Shaded fluorescent lamps just above the working surfaces light every inch of space without shadows. An important innovation is that the whole room is adjustable to the most convenient height for the owner's use. Another ingenious wrinkle is the towel drier, that works on the heat expelled from the refrigerator.

This glass kitchen of tomorrow is frankly a "mock-up" to show what can be done to eliminate useless steps and wearisome bending over. The designers expect that it will not only give housewives inspiration but will bring forth many still newer ideas from the makers of kitchen appliances.

One effect of women in war industry has been the development of special hand and face creams to protect delicate skins from grease and chemicals. These "invisible work gloves" will find many a use in postwar homes. Samples: Creams to shed dish and laundry water; creams to protect against the dust of housecleaning, the dirt of gardening, the stains of home canning, the odors of vegetable peeling.

Once rubbed in, the creams are neither greasy nor sticky. They do their work hidden within the pores.

Electronics on the Farm

The harvesting of fruit entirely without workers is a promise recently offered by a famous scientist. A combination of electric eyes and television principles, he says, should make possible a machine that will "look at" the green tree, locate the red or orange fruit and direct electrically operated mechanical arms to remove it gently from the branches. The device would also sort the fruit according to size and quality and deliver it by weight or number to the shipping containers.

This extraordinary machine would be mounted on wheels and simply towed by a tractor from tree to tree. It would pick many times faster than the most expert human being, would damage the fruit less and cost less than the gang of men and women pickers of today. Scarcity of labor during the harvesting season would never again result in the loss or damage to vast crops, as it often does now.

Electronics will do many other favors for the farmer as well, and there is no technical reason why manual farm labor of most kinds cannot be taken over by machines. The miserable job of pulling weeds, for instance, can be done by robots instead of by the hired man. So long as the weeds differ in color or size from the plants of the crop, the machine will be able to ferret them out and root them up. A weeding machine might be about the size of a hand cultivator. The hired hand would simply wheel it along between the rows of vegetables and chew a straw while it does the work.

Welding for Glass, Too

The last serious obstacles in the use of glass piping in factories and in the home has been overcome by a method of making joints that can never break down. In the future, the lengths of pipe will be hooked together by electric welding to make a single continuous piece. The present method of holding them together with metal couplings and rubber washers will soon be obsolete.

Electric welding of glass is one of the latest tricks of high-frequency heating. Alternating currents, vibrating as rapidly as radio waves, are forced through the parts to be joined, heating them so violently that they melt and fuse together in a few seconds. Glass being a nonconductor of electricity, it is necessary to provide means of carrying the current to its work. This is done by two special oxyhydrogen flames, directed upon opposite sides of the joint. The metal nozzles producing the flames are connected to the generator of high-frequency current and serve to concentrate the power exactly where it is needed.

Glass-welding outfits of the future will be portable. Someday your plumber will bring one with him to connect up the glass water pipes in your postwar house. Once the job is done, you will never have leaks, never again be troubled with pipes that plug up with rust or rot through and burst. ★★★

---

the door to and locked it, removing the key.

"We'll keep it safe," he said. "Now we know it's there."

Kay said, staring, "I don't understand. Is it important?"

"Well," said Battle, "it's a good piece of rope. Strong. Strong enough to bear a man's weight." He added softly, "And I should say it may be strong enough to hang a man!" . . .

It was chilly on the water and Kay hugged the little fur jacket she was wearing closer round her. She had already expressed to Mary Aldin her conviction that Superintendent Battle was going mad. Why, otherwise, suddenly demand that everyone should accompany him on a trip in a motor launch, a police launch which was waiting down at the jetty, for the purpose of "conducting an experiment."

They had come obediently, and at once the launch had started briskly down the river, hugging the shore below Gull's Point and then suddenly swinging around into the narrow waters of the bay that separated Gull's Point from the frowning mass of Stark Head.

Only Battle seemed to be enjoying himself. Presently he made a sign with his hand, and the motor was throttled down. They were nearly under the shadow of Stark Head and Battle began to speak:

"This has been a very odd case—one of the oddest I've ever known, and I'd like to say something on the subject of murder generally. What I'm going to say is not original. Actually I overheard young Mr. Daniels, the K.C., say something of the kind, and I wouldn't be surprised if he'd got it from someone else. He has a trick of doing that!

"It's this! When you read the account of a murder or, say, a fiction story based on murder, you usually begin with the murder itself. That's all wrong. The murder begins a *long time beforehand*. A murder is the culmination of a lot of different circumstances, all converging at a given moment at a given point. People are brought into it from different parts of the globe and for unforeseen reasons. The murder itself is the *end* of the story. It's Zero Hour."

He paused.

"It's Zero Hour now."

Five puzzled faces were turned to him.

Mary Aldin said, "You mean that Lady Tressilian's death was the culmination of a long train of circumstances?"

"No, Miss Aldin, not Lady Tressilian's death. Lady Tressilian's death was only incidental to the main object of the murderer. The murder I am talking of *is the murder of Audrey Strange!*"

He listened to the sharp indrawing of breath. He wondered if, suddenly, someone was afraid. He went on, "This crime was planned—probably as early as last winter. It was planned down to the smallest detail. It had one object only: that Audrey Strange should be hanged by the neck till she was dead.

"It was cunningly planned by someone who was very clever. Murderers are usually vain. There was, first, the superficial, unsatisfactory evidence against Nevile Strange, which we were meant to see through. But having been presented with one lot of faked evidence, it was not considered likely that we should consider *a second edition of the same thing*. And yet, if you come to look at it, all the evidence against Audrey Strange *could* be faked. The weapon taken from her fireplace, her gloves—the left-hand glove dipped in blood—hidden in the ivy outside her window. The powder she uses dusted on the inside of a coat collar, and a few hairs placed there, too. Her own fingerprint, occurring quite naturally on a roll of adhesive plaster taken from her room. Even the left-handed nature of the blow.

"And there was the final damning evidence of Mrs. Strange herself. I don't believe there's one of you (except the one who

COAL SAVER
for Industry

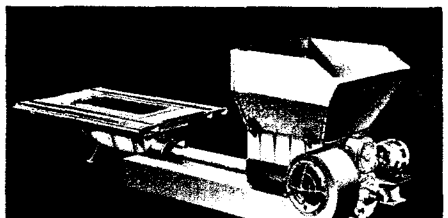
Commercial Model Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stokers are saving coal, labor and money in thousands of industrial plants, institutions and commercial establishments.

Adaptable to practically any boiler or furnace—Combustioneer is a complete system of automatically feeding and burning coal by the famed forced-draft underfeed method of firing. The result is the *greatest possible amount* of heat, hot-water, steam or power *per pound of lower priced coal burned.*

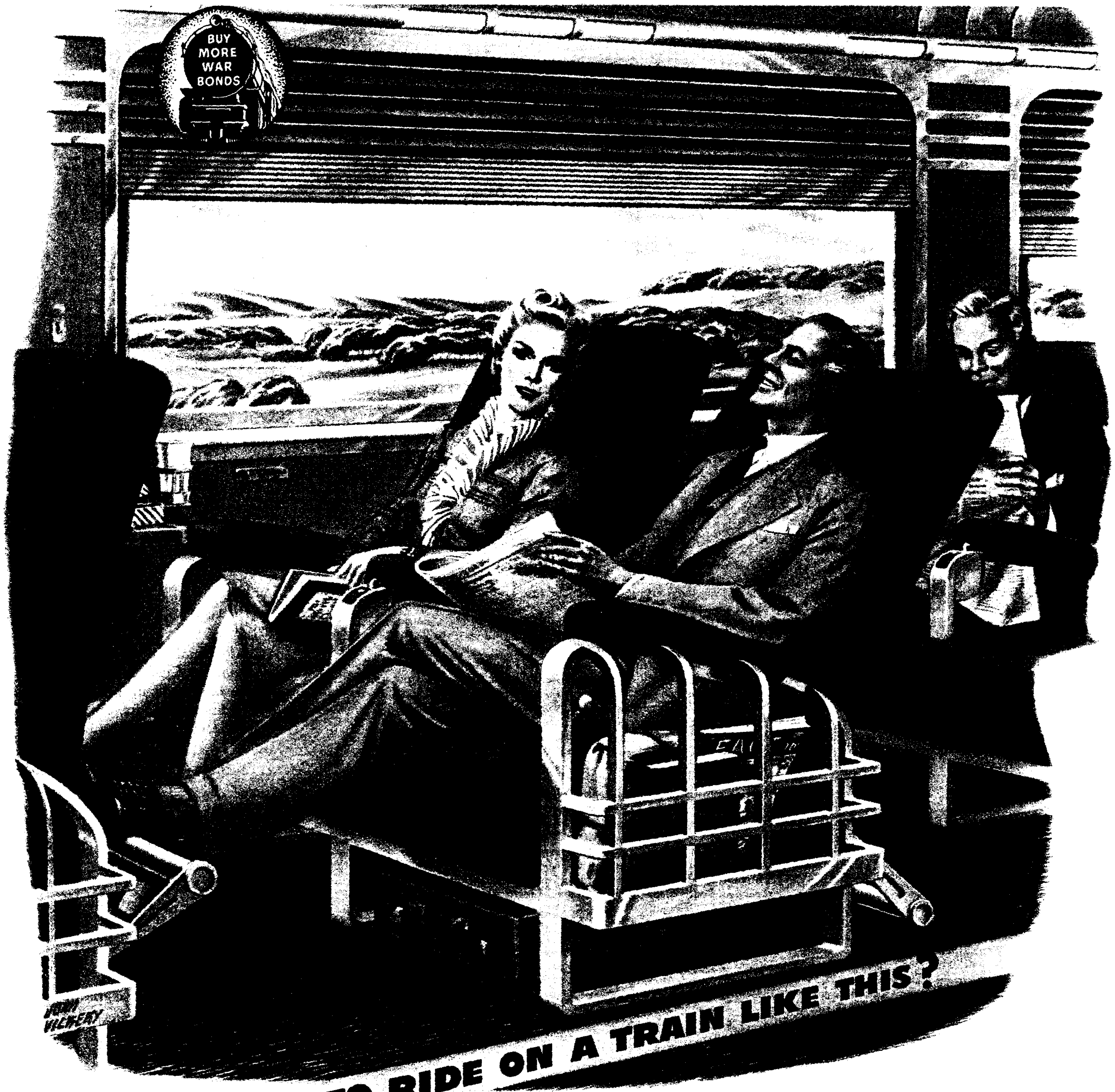
Combustioneer drastically *reduces fuel consumption* by converting *all* combustibles into energy. In addition, Combustioneer radically *reduces fuel cost* by burning smaller sizes of lower-cost, locally available fuels.

For details, write for our new catalog-booklet, "Energy for Industry Costs Less with Combustioneer."

* When Domestic Model Combustioneers are again available, you will be able to enjoy—in your home—the luxury of uniform, economical, automatic coal heat—the carefree Combustioneer Way!



Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES
A PRODUCT OF
THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



LIKE TO RIDE ON A TRAIN LIKE THIS?

IT'S a day coach. Looks pretty nice, doesn't it? And it is nice! Light, bright, roomy and comfortably air-conditioned. Smooth riding at high speeds with pillow-soft seats that fairly invite you to sink down and relax — wide windows that provide a sweeping view of the scenic landscape — and dozens of important little travel conveniences. • Where will you find such coaches as this? Many of them were built before the war began and are now in use. Hundreds more had been planned but never built — you know the reason why. • We haven't been able to use scarce materials and man power to build trains as we'd like to have them. There's a war to win and we're doing our level best to meet the nation's wartime transportation needs. • But we offer this little glimpse of the future because we want you to know, when you ride on our trains today, that railroads are looking ahead, planning for better trains for tomorrow.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

knows) who can believe in her innocence after the way she behaved when we took her into custody. Practically admitted her guilt, didn't she?

"I'd got to do my duty. I knew that. We police officers have to act on evidence—not on what we feel and think. But I can tell you that, at that minute, I prayed for a miracle because I didn't see that anything short of a miracle was going to help that poor lady.

"Well, I got my miracle—got it right away!

"Mr. Royde came and told me something—a rambling story about a suit of clothes. Never mind how they got into his hands. The point is that there was a stain on those clothes—a stain made by putrescent decaying fish—and Mr. Royde happened to know just where that unsavory remains of a fish happened to be.

"It must have been thrown up on the flood tide two days ago and it had lodged in a recess in the rocks on the Easterhead Bay side. Now the odd thing is that that stain was on the shoulder of the coat, and Mr. Royde asked himself, and he asked me, how a man could have got a stain in that particular place. Under what possible circumstances could a man put his *shoulder* into a recess? The answer is he couldn't. There's only one way that stain could have got there. By a man taking *off* his coat, folding it and laying it there. All right, say he's bathing. But in daylight, he'd see and smell that fish, so it must have been done at night. A man stripped, thrust his clothes into a niche in the rocks, and did what? Went bathing? Perhaps swam across to this side."

KAY said impatiently, "Well, even if anyone did, what of it? They couldn't get into Gull's Point, if that's what you mean. The rocks come sheer down."

"Oh, quite—quite," said Superintendent Battle. "There would have to be a rope—a rope hanging down ready from one of those windows this side—a window that overhangs the sea."

Kay said sharply, "Do you mean *my* window? Nonsense!"

"It was just an idea," said Superintendent Battle. "I needed, of course, to get confirmation of it. It just struck me that supposing—only supposing—anybody had been walking out on Stark Head that night and had been looking over in this direction, that person might have actually seen something very important."

"Such as?" asked Latimer.

Superintendent Battle said, *"Such as a man climbing up a rope out of the sea."*

Mary Aldin cried out: "Then it *was* an outsider, after all! It was nothing to do with any of us. It was an ordinary burglar. Oh, thank God!"

"Not quite so fast," said Battle. "It wasn't an ordinary burglar. It was someone who came from the other side of the river, yes, since he had to swim across. But someone in the house had to let down that rope ready for him. And someone in the house coiled that rope up afterward and put it away in the attic where I found it."

He darted a sudden quick glance round at them all.

"Well," he said, "where does that take us? Someone who was on the other side of the river earlier that evening, someone who wasn't seen by anyone between ten-thirty and a quarter past eleven because he was swimming over and back to Gull's Point during that time. We might even suppose that that someone had a useful lady friend this side of the river." He added sharply: "Eh, Mr. Latimer?"

Ted took a step backward. He cried out shrilly:

"But I can't swim. Everybody knows I can't swim."

"Of course, Ted can't swim!" Kay cried.

"Is that so?" asked Superintendent Battle pleasantly.

He moved along the boat as Ted moved in the other direction. There was some clumsy movement and a splash.

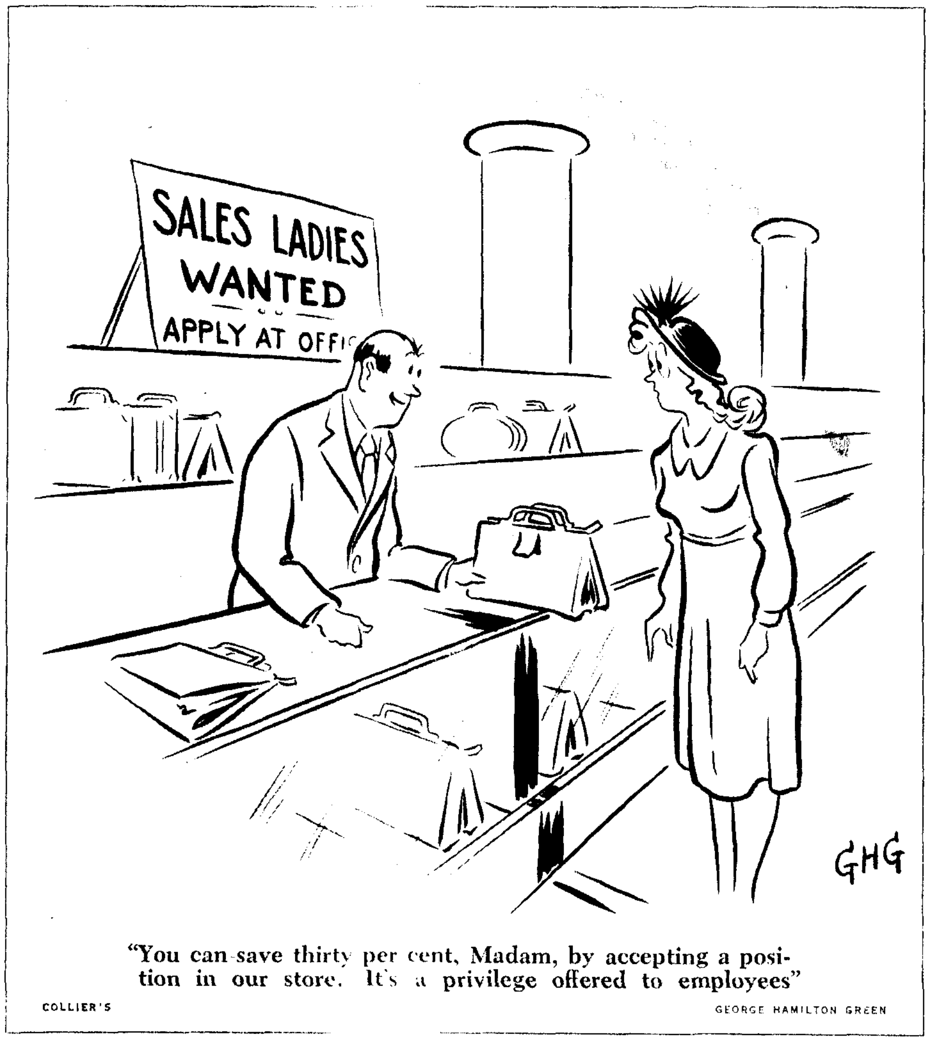
"Dear me!" said Superintendent Battle in deep concern. "Mr. Latimer's gone overboard."

His hand closed like a vise on Nevile's arm as the latter was preparing to jump in after him.

"No, no, Mr. Strange. No need for you to get yourself wet. There are two of my men handy, fishing in the dinghy there." He peered over the side of the boat. "It's quite true," he said with interest. "He can't swim. It's all right. They've got him. I'll apologize presently, but really there's only one way to make quite sure a person can't swim and that's to throw them in and watch. You see, Mr. Strange, I like to be thorough. I had to eliminate Mr. Latimer first. Mr. Royde, here, has a groggy arm, he couldn't do any rope-climbing."

Battle's voice took on a purring quality.

"So that brings us to *you*, doesn't it, Mr. Strange? A good athlete, a mountain climber, a swimmer and all that. You went over on the ten-thirty ferry all right but no one can swear to seeing you at the Easterhead Hotel until a quarter past eleven, in spite of your



"You can save thirty per cent, Madam, by accepting a position in our store. It's a privilege offered to employees"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

How YOU can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

BOBBY acting up again, teacher? Maybe he—and others, too—shy off at your . . . Denture Breath. Avoid offending in this way. Don't trust brushing and scrubbing with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. For such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT

Do This Every Day!

Play safe! . . . Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer...rinse...and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

No brushing

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure.

Later—Teacher doesn't worry about Denture Breath now . . . she's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate—costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters, 30¢ and 60¢.

FOOD Fights for FREEDOM produce and conserve—share and play square!

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

"That's it, Sonny... the most popular bacon of all!"
THE BRAND WITH THE SWEET SMOKE TASTE
Voted America's favorite
Swift's Premium BACON
MEAT is materiel of War!
Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS!

story of having been looking for Mr. Latimer then."

Nevile jerked his arm away. He threw back his head and laughed.

"You suggest that *I* swam across the river and climbed up a rope—"

"Which you had left ready, hanging from your window," said Battle.

"Killed Lady Tressilian and swam back again? Why should I do such a fantastic thing? And who laid all those clues against me? I suppose *I* laid them against myself!"

"Exactly," said Battle. "And not half a bad idea either."

"And why should I want to kill Camilla Tressilian?"

"You didn't," said Battle. "But you did want to hang the woman who left you for another man. You're a bit unhinged mentally, you know; have been ever since you were a child. I've looked up that old bow-and-arrow case, by the way. Anyone who does you *an* injury has to be punished, and death doesn't seem to you an excessive penalty for them to pay. Death by itself wasn't enough for Audrey—*your* Audrey, whom you loved—oh, yes, you loved her all right before your love turned to hate. You had to think of some special kind of death, some long-drawn-out, specialized death. And when you'd thought of it, the fact that it entailed the killing of a woman who had been something like a mother to you didn't worry you in the least."

Nevile said, and his voice was quite gentle, "All lies! All lies! And I'm not mad. I'm *not* mad."

BATTLE said contemptuously, "Flicked you on the raw, didn't she, when she went off and left you for another man? Hurt your vanity! To think *she* would walk out on *you*. You salved your pride by pretending to the world at large that *you'd* left *her* and you married another girl who was in love with you, just to bolster up that belief. But, underneath, you planned what you'd do to Audrey. You couldn't think of anything worse than this—to get her hanged. A fine idea! Pity you hadn't the brains to carry it out better!"

Nevile's tweed-coated shoulders moved, a queer, wriggling movement.

Battle went on: "Childish—all that niblick stuff! Those crude trails pointing to you! Audrey must have known what you were after. She must have laughed up her sleeve—thinking *I* didn't suspect you. You murderers are funny little fellows. So puffed up. Always thinking you've been clever and resourceful and really being quite pitifully childish."

A strange, queer scream came from Nevile. "It *was* a clever idea—it *was!* You'd never have guessed. Never! Not if it hadn't been for this interfering jackanapes, this pompous Empire-building fool. I'd thought out every detail—every *detail!* *I* can't help what went wrong. How was I to know Royde knew the truth about Audrey and Adrian? Audrey and Adrian. . . . Damn Audrey! She *shall* hang! You've *got* to hang her! I want her to die afraid—to die—to die. I hate her. I tell you I want her to die. . . ."

The high, whinnying voice died away. Nevile slumped down and began to cry quietly.

"Oh, dear God!" said Mary Aldin. She was white to the lips.

Battle said gently, in a low voice, "I'm sorry, but I had to push him over the edge. There was precious little evidence, you know."

Nevile was still whimpering. His voice was like a child's. *"I want her to be hanged. I do want her to be hanged. . . ."*

"I was always frightened," said Audrey. They were sitting on the terrace. Audrey sat close to Superintendent Battle. Battle had resumed his holiday and was at Gull's Point as a friend.

"Always frightened—all the time," said Audrey.

Battle said, nodding his head, "I knew you were dead scared, first moment I saw you. And you'd got that colorless, reserved way people have, who are holding some very strong emotion in check. It might have been love or hate, but actually it was fear, wasn't it?"

She nodded. "I began to be afraid of Nevile soon after we were married. But the awful thing is, you see, that I didn't know why. I began to think that *I* was mad."

"It wasn't you," said Battle.

"Nevile seemed to me when I married him so particularly sane and normal—always delightfully good-tempered and pleasant."

"Interesting," said Battle. "He played the part of the good sportsman, you know. That's why he could keep his temper so well at tennis. His role as a good sportsman was more important to him than winning matches. But it put a strain upon him, of course. Playing a part always does. He got worse underneath."

"Underneath," whispered Audrey with a shudder. "Always underneath. Nothing you could get hold of. Just sometimes a word or a look, and then I'd fancy I'd imagined it. . . . Something queer. And then, as I say, I thought *I* must be queer. And I went on getting more and more afraid—the kind of unreasoning fear that makes you sick!

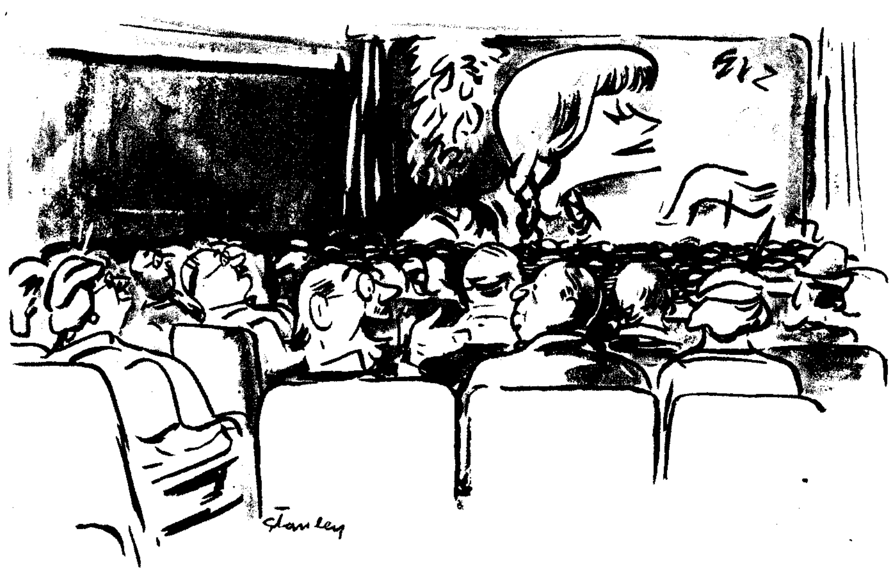
"I told myself I was going mad, but I couldn't help it. I felt I'd do anything in the world to get away! And then Adrian came and told me he loved me, and I thought it would be wonderful to go away with him and be safe. . . ." She stopped. "You know what happened? I went off to meet Adrian. He never came . . . He was killed. I felt as though Nevile had managed it somehow."

"Perhaps he did," said Battle.

Audrey turned a startled face to him. "Oh, do you think so?"

"We'll never know now. Motor accidents can be arranged. Don't brood on it, though, Mrs. Strange. As likely as not, it just happened."

"I—I was all broken up. I went back to the Rectory—Adrian's home. We had been going to write to his mother, but, as she didn't know about us, I thought I wouldn't tell her and give her pain. And Nevile came almost at once. He was very nice—and kind—and all the time I talked to him, I was quite sick with fear! He said no one need know about Adrian, that I could divorce him on evidence he would send me and that he was going to remarry afterward. I felt so thankful. I knew he had thought Kay attractive and I hoped that everything would turn out right, and that



"—and to think that I kissed her 20 years ago, when I ran for the Senate"

COLLIER'S GENE STANLEY

A partial list of leading stores in cities over 50,000 that share with you the benefits of The Sparton Way

Akron, Ohio, The C. H. Yeager Company
Albany, New York, Albany Garage
Allentown, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Altoona, Pa., William F. Gable Company
Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hemple
Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Company
Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Company
Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Birmingham, Alabama, Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
Boston, Mass., R. H. White Company
Bridgeport, Conn., General Distributors
Brockton, Mass., Central Radio Stores
Buffalo, New York, Les Wheeler, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass., R. H. White Company
Camden, N. J., Whitehill's, Inc.
Canton, Ohio, Dine-De Wees Company
Chattanooga, Tenn., Lookout Furniture Co.
Chicago, Ill., Wieboldts
Cicero, Ill., Sekera Furniture Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Company
Covington, Kentucky, A. J. Ostrow, Inc.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Company
Dearborn, Mich., Dearborn Engineering Co.
Decatur, Ill., Gas Refrigerator Sales
Denver, Colorado, LeMoine Music Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Company
Duluth, Minn., Sher Plumbing Company
Durham, N. Carolina, R. E. Quinn Company
Elizabeth, N. J., Kresge Department Store
El Paso, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Erie, Pa., Reliable Home Furnishing Co.
Fall River, Mass., Ideal Radio & Furniture Co.
Flint, Mich., Palmer Radio & Appliance Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Schlatter Hardware Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, Leonard Brothers Co.
Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
Gary, Indiana, Cosmopolitan Radio Co.
Glendale, Calif., Glendale Music Company
Hamilton, Ohio, Radio Service Company
Hammond, Indiana, J. W. Millikan
Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's, Inc.
Hartford, Connecticut, Tuckel's
Hoboken, New Jersey, Paramount Radio
Holyoke, Mass., Sharpe Appliance Co.
Houston, Texas, Bayne Radio and Refrigeration Company
Indiana Harbor, Indiana, Amick Furniture & Radio Sales
Indianapolis, Indiana, Wm. Block Co.
Irvington, N. J., Rothauser Radio Company
Jackson, Michigan, Wilks
Jackson, Miss., Rice Furniture Company
Jacksonville, Fla., Glover Weiss Company
Jersey City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Johnstown, Pa., Swank Hardware Co.
Kalamazoo, Michigan, Triestram's
Kansas City, Kansas, Mace-Jones Co.
Kansas City, Missouri, Jones Store
Knoxville, Tenn., S. H. George & Sons
Lawrence, Mass., Master Tire & Radio
Little Rock, Ark., I. K. Electric Company
Long Beach, Calif., Eastern-Columbia, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif., Eastern-Columbia, Inc
Louisville, Kentucky, J. Bacon & Sons
Lowell, Massachusetts, Gaumont Bros.
Lynn, Massachusetts. P. B. Magrane Store
Macon, Ga., Peeler Hardware Company
Madison, Wisconsin, Hills Dry Goods Co.
Memphis, Tennessee, Lowenstein's
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dayton Company
Mobile, Alabama, Gulf Furniture Company
Montgomery, Ala., Montgomery Fair Store
Muncie, Indiana, H. J. Schrader Company
Nashville, Tennessee, Castner-Knott Dry Goods Co.
Newark, N. J., Kresge Department Store
New Britain, Conn., New Britain Furniture Company
New Haven, Conn., Shartenberg's, Inc.
New Jersey, at all Vim Stores
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche Co., Ltd
New York City, N. Y., at all Vim Stores
Niagara Falls, New York, Levy Brothers Furniture Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia, Price's, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla., J. A. Brown Co.
Passaic, N. J., Arrow Electric Company
Paterson, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Pawtucket, R. I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Philadelphia, Pa., Stern and Company
Phoenix, Ariz., Barrow's Furniture Company
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Kaufman's
Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Wood Brothers
Pontiac, Mich., Stewart-Glenn Company
Portland, Maine, Federal Furniture Co.
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank Co., Inc.
Providence, R.I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Quincy, Massachusetts, Carey's
Racine, Wis., White Brothers Appliances
Reading, Pa., Goldman & Adams
Rochester, New York, Weis & Fischer
Rockford, Illinois, Chas. V. Weise Co.
Sacramento, Calif., Eastern Outfitting Co.
Saginaw, Mich., Chapman's Appliance Co.
Saint Paul, Minn., Golden Rule Incorporated
San Antonio, Texas, Joske Brothers Co.
San Diego, Calif., Grand Rapids Home Furniture
San Jose, Calif., Union Furniture Company
Santa Monica, California, Frank Furniture Company
Schenectady, N. Y., Breslaw Furniture Co.
Seattle, Washington, MacDougal's
Shreveport, La., New York Furniture Co.
South Bend, Indiana, Indiana and Michigan Supply Company
Spokane, Washington, The Crescent
Springfield, Mass., Carlisle Hardware Co.
Springfield, Ohio, Good Housekeeping Shop
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Washington, The People's Store
Tampa, Florida, Tampa Radio Sales
Terre Haute, Indiana, Root Store Company
Toledo, Ohio, Lion Store
Trenton, New Jersey, Whitehill's Inc.
Troy, New York, Breslaw Furniture Co.
Union City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Utica, New York, Kempf Brothers
Waco, Texas, Clifton-Simpson Hardware Co.
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Company
Waterbury, Conn., Hampson, Mintie and Abbat, Inc.
Wheeling, W. Va., Reichart Furniture Co.
Wichita, Kansas, Crook Furniture Company
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Lazarus Store
Wilmington, Delaware, Stern & Company
Worcester, Mass., C. T. Sherer Co.
Yonkers, N. Y., Steadman Music House, Inc.
Youngstown, Ohio, The Strouss-Hirshberg Company

"...what he wants, mom, is news from home!"

Let's send them news—lots of it—and send it the fast way, by V-Mail!

Not letters about *our* troubles, *our* sacrifices—how hard the going is for *us*.

No, they want news of little, homey happenings.

Jane's new baby. Bill's new job. People and places they know and long to see again.

They also want to believe we are working to make and keep America the kind of country to which they will like to return.

A land of humming factories, with jobs and opportunities for all.

Sparton promises to do its part—with new products for workers to build, for stores to sell, for people to use and enjoy.

Sparton's wartime experience in electronics will bring you continually finer, richer-voiced Sparton radios.

There will be Sparton refrigerators and washing machines of startling new design.

These and other new Sparton products will have behind them more than 40 years of advanced engineering and high precision experience.

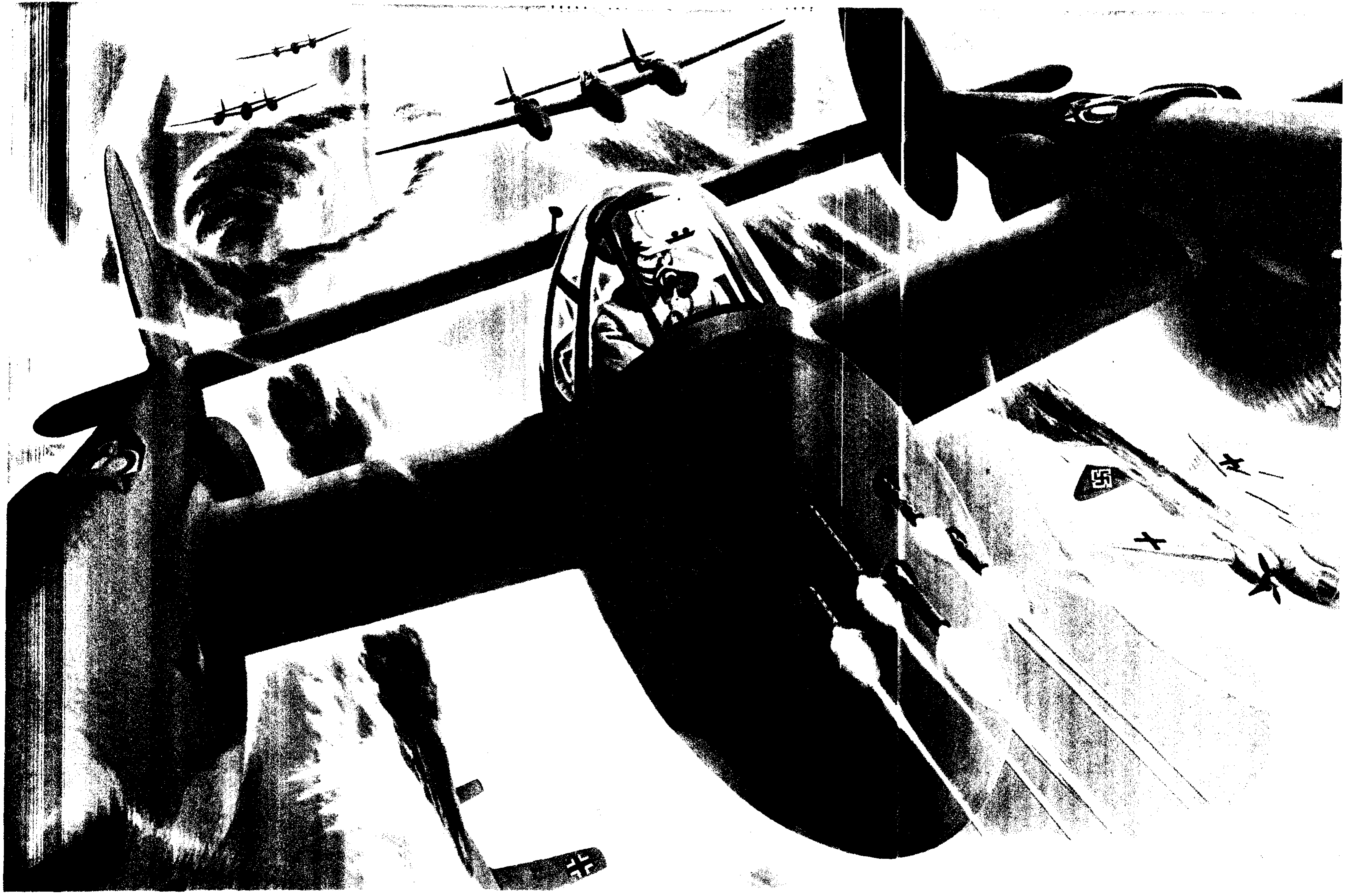
They will be sold The Sparton Way—by *one* exclusive dealer in each community—your assurance of the *best* at the *lowest possible prices.**

SPARTON

Radio's richest voice since 1926

***The Sparton Way** — Sparton Radios and other precision-built home equipment will be sold The Sparton Way—a simplified method of bringing to your home better products at lower prices through *one exclusive dealer* in each community.

The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan, Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario. Precision Builders Since 1900—Radios and Other Electrical Home Products—Automobile Horns, Sirens, Warning Signals.



"LET'S GO!"

Says Major Carl W. Payne, of Columbus, Ohio—A.A.F. fighter pilot

"When I was home on leave recently, I met a lot of young fellows who had their hearts set on wearing A.A.F. wings. Naturally, they fired a barrage of questions my way. And one of the questions I heard most often was:

"*What is the best position on the Army Air Forces team . . . pilot, navigator, bombardier or gunner?*

"That's a tough one to answer.

"I was classified as a fighter pilot, myself. And it's a great job! But on this fighting team of ours . . . as on a football team . . . *every* job is equally important.

"It works about like this:

"The single-seater pilot runs interference.

"The bomber pilot takes his crew over to make the touchdown.

"The navigator quarterbacks a bomber team. He plots the course from home base to the target—usually over hundreds of miles of enemy territory—and hits the objective squarely on the nose, with split-second timing.

"Then the bombardier takes charge. He draws a bead on a Nazi war plant or a Jap defense line—and sends from one to six tons of destruction screaming down to wipe it off the map.

"The gunners are the wing-men of the team. And they're the boys who are seeing some of the rip-roaring-est, two-fisted-est action of this man's war. Their job is to fight off enemy intercepters . . . and these "Deadeye Dicks" of the air have run up some amazing scores. I guess it's natural for an American to love guns. And maybe that's why A.A.F. aerial gunners are the world's best!

"So you see—I don't know what A.A.F. job you'll like best. *It depends on what you find yourself best fitted for*. But I do know this:

"If it's action you want . . . if it's red-blooded adventure and a chance to fight where you'll do the most good . . .

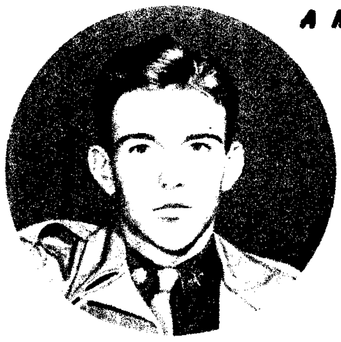
"If you want the finest training any flying man ever had . . . if you're looking ahead to a career in the air after we've won this war . . .

"Then I say—find out today if you can qualify to join the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve . . . with an opportunity to win your wings as navigator, bombardier, pilot or gunner in the A.A.F.—the greatest team in the world!

"So—if you're seventeen . . . let's go!"

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

A MAJOR AT 22...



CARL PAYNE has flown 227 missions, from the African invasion to the blitz on Berlin. He has been decorated 30 times . . . wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster and the Air Medal with 27 Oak Leaf Clusters. Major PAYNE'S score against the Luftwaffe is five and one-half enemy planes destroyed, one probably destroyed and seven damaged. Yet neither he nor his plane has ever been scratched!

GET FIT AND STAY FIT!

The future of America depends upon the fitness of the youth of the nation. The AAF urges every man approaching military age to prepare himself physically and mentally for his possible contribution to the defeat of our enemies, and his responsibilities in the postwar world.

Every young man who wants to fly can today find exceptional opportunities for improving himself. Those in high school or preparatory school can take the recommended *courses of the High School Victory* Corps, which includes physical training, mathematics, physics, and *pre-aeronautics. All young men who* can qualify may become CAP cadets in the nation-wide organization of the Civil Air Patrol, an auxiliary of the Army Air Forces. CAP cadets work with *civilian aviation leaders* and enthusiasts who give the cadets practical knowledge of planes and their construction, and valuable pre-aviation training in such subjects as navigation, meteorology, aerial photography, radio communications and physical fitness.

Don't neglect any opportunity to prepare yourself in mind and body for better service to your nation, your community and yourself.

KEEP 'EM FLYING!

For information on Naval Aviation Cadet Training, apply at nearest Office of Naval Officer Procurement. This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

FLY AND FIGHT WITH THE

AAF

ARMY AIR FORCES

GREATEST TEAM IN THE WORLD

I should get over this queer obsession of mine. I still thought it must be *me*.

"But I couldn't get rid of it—quite. I never felt I'd really escaped. And then I met Nevile in the park one day, and he explained that he did so want me and Kay to be friends and suggested that we should all come here in September. I couldn't refuse. How could I, after all the kind things he'd done?"

"'Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly,'" remarked Battle.

Audrey shivered. "Yes, just that . . ."

"Very clever he was about that," said Battle. "Protested so loudly to everyone that it was *his* idea, that everyone at once got the impression that it wasn't."

Audrey said, "And then I got here, and it was like a kind of nightmare. I *knew* something awful was going to happen. I *knew* Nevile meant it to happen—and that it was to happen to *me*. *But I didn't know what it was.* I think, you know, that I nearly *did* go off my head! I was just paralyzed with fright—the way you are in a dream when something's going to happen and you can't move."

"I've always thought," said Superintendent Battle, "that I'd like to have seen a snake fascinate a bird so that it couldn't fly away, but now I'm not so sure."

AUDREY went on, "Even when Lady Tressilian was killed, I didn't realize what it meant. I was puzzled. I didn't even suspect Nevile. I knew he didn't care about money. It was absurd to think he'd kill her in order to inherit fifty thousand pounds.

"I thought over and over again about Mr. Treves and the story he had told that evening. Even then, I didn't connect it with Nevile. Mr. Treves had mentioned some physical peculiarity by which he could recognize the child of long ago. I've got a scar on my ear, but I don't think anyone else has any sign that you'd notice."

Battle said, "Miss Aldin has a lock of white hair. Thomas Royde has a stiff right arm which might not have been only the result of an earthquake. Ted Latimer has rather an odd-shaped skull. And Nevile Strange—" He paused.

"Surely there is no physical peculiarity about Nevile!" Audrey exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, there is. His left-hand little finger is shorter than his right. That's very unusual, Mrs. Strange, very unusual indeed."

"So *that* was it?"

"That was it."

"And Nevile hung that 'Out of Order' sign on the lift?"

"Yes. Nipped down there and back while Royde and Latimer were giving the old boy drinks. Clever and simple. Doubt if we could ever prove *that* was murder."

Audrey shivered again.

"Now, now," said Battle. "It's all over now, my dear. Go on talking."

"You're very clever. I haven't talked so much for years!"

"No, that's what's been wrong. When did it first dawn on you what Master Nevile's game was?"

"I don't know exactly. It came to me all at once. He himself had been cleared and that left all of *us*. And then, suddenly, I saw him looking at me—a sort of gloating look. And I *knew!* That was when—" She stopped abruptly.

"That was when what—"

Audrey said slowly, "When I thought a quick way out would be—best."

Superintendent Battle shook his head. "Never give in. That's my motto."

"Oh, you're quite right. But you don't know what it does to you, being so afraid for so long. It paralyzes you. You can't think. You can't plan. You just wait for something awful to happen. And then, when it does happen"— She gave a sudden quick smile—"you'd be surprised at the relief. No more waiting and fearing. It's *come*. You'll think I'm quite demented, I suppose, if I tell you that when you came to arrest me for murder, I didn't mind at all. Nevile had done his worst, and it was over. I felt so safe going off with Inspector Leach."

"That's partly why we did it," said Battle. "I wanted you out of that madman's reach. And, besides, if I wanted to break him down, I wanted to be able to count on the shock of the reaction. He'd seen his plan come off, as he thought. So the jolt would be all the greater."

Audrey said, "If he hadn't broken down, would there have been any evidence?"

"Not too much. There was Royde's theory of a man swimming across the river and climbing up a rope. And there was the rope itself, confirming his story, coiled up in the attic and still faintly damp. It was raining that night, you know." He paused and stared hard at Audrey, as though he were expecting her to say something.

As she merely looked interested, he went on, "And there was the pin-stripe suit. Mr. Nevile Strange's suit. He stripped, of course, in the dark on that rocky point on the Easterhead Bay side, and thrust his suit into a niche in the rock. As it happened, he put it down on a decayed bit of fish washed up by the flood tide two days ago. It made a stained patch on the shoulder—and it smelled. There was some talk, I found out, about the drains being wrong in the hotel. Nevile himself put that story about. He'd got his raincoat on over his suit, but the smell was a pervasive one. Then he got the wind-up about that suit afterward, and at the first opportunity he took it off to the cleaners, and, like a fool, didn't give his own name. Took the name of Boyd at random. That's how your friend Mr. Royde got hold of it and, having a good head on him, he linked the whole thing up. You *step* on decayed fish, but you don't put your *shoulder* down on it *unless you have taken your clothes off to bathe at night,* and no one would bathe for pleasure on a wet night in September. He fitted the whole thing together. Very patient and ingenious man, Mr. Royde."

Audrey said, "I owe a lot to him—and to you."

"Don't owe very much to me," said Superintendent Battle. "If I hadn't been a fool, I'd have seen the point of that bell."

"Bell? What bell?"

"The bell in Lady Tressilian's room. Always did feel there was something wrong about that bell. I nearly got it when I came down the stairs from the top floor and saw one of those poles you open windows with."

Audrey still looked bewildered.

"That was the whole point of the bell, see—to give Nevile Strange an alibi. Lady T. didn't remember what she had rung for. Of course, she didn't, because *she hadn't rung at all!* Nevile rang that bell from outside in the passage with that long pole; the wires ran along the ceiling. So down comes Barrett and sees Mr. Nevile Strange go downstairs and out, and she finds Lady Tressilian alive and well. The whole business of the maid was fishy. What's the good of doping her for a murder *that's going to be committed before midnight?* Ten to one she won't have gone off properly by then. But it fixes the murder as an inside job, and it allows a little time for Nevile to play his role of first suspect. Then Barrett speaks, and Nevile is so triumphantly cleared that no one is going to inquire very closely as to exactly what time he got to the hotel.

"We know he didn't cross back by ferry, and no boats had been taken. There remained the possibility of swimming. He was a powerful swimmer, but, even then, the time must have been short. Up the rope he's left hanging, into his bedroom, and a good deal of water on the floor, as we noticed—but without seeing the point, I'm sorry to say. Then into his blue coat and trousers, along to Lady Tressilian's room—we won't go into that—wouldn't have taken more than a couple of minutes; he'd fixed up that steel ball beforehand. Then back, out of his clothes, down the rope and back to Easterhead."

"SUPPOSE Kay had come in?" Audrey asked.

"She'd been mildly doped, I'll bet. She was yawning from dinner on, so they tell me. Besides he'd taken care to have a quarrel with her so that she'd lock her door and keep out of his way."

"I'm trying to think if I noticed the ball was gone from the fender. I don't think I did. When did he put it back?"

"Next morning, when all the hullabaloo arose. Once he got back in Ted Latimer's car, he had all night to clear up his traces and fix things, mend the tennis racket, et cetera. By the way, he hit the old lady *backhanded,* you know. That's why the crime appeared to be left-handed. Strange's backhand was always his strong point, remember!"

"Don't—*don't!*" Audrey put up her hands. "I can't bear any more."

He smiled at her. "All the same, it's done you good to talk it all out. Mrs. Strange, may I be impertinent and give you some advice?"

"Yes, please."

"You lived for eight years with a criminal lunatic. That's enough to sap any woman's

RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOF
UNIT CELL
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOF
UNIT CELL

Actual photo of LEAKPROOF BATTERIES picked at random from 1939 manufacture.

THESE FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD AND

STILL FRESH

Remember when you picked up a flashlight, long unused, and found the batteries dead? The fact is, most flashlight batteries die just lying around . . . but not Ray-O-Vac LEAKPROOF Batteries. LEAKPROOF'S patented sealed-in-steel construction seals the power in . . . it's there when it's needed!

RAY-O-VAC LEAKPROOF BATTERIES ARE NOW GOING 100% TO OUR ARMED FORCES

RAY-O-VAC

FLASHLIGHTS · BATTERIES

BUY WAR BONDS ARMY E NAVY BUY WAR STAMPS

RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON 4, WISCONSIN
OTHER FACTORIES AT CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS · LANCASTER, OHIO · SIOUX CITY, IOWA

"I haven't any kick coming about food!"

"GOODNESS, the few things we do without don't amount to a hill of beans! We still get plenty to eat — probably *still* eat more than's good for us!

"And it does my heart good, I tell you, to think that even when our boy is half way across the world, good American food follows him, come hail or high water. Chocolate that won't melt at 140 degrees, won't freeze at forty below. Every vitamin in the book packed into his meals, too. And all as pure and balanced and wholesome as even his mother could wish."

One-eighth of our food goes to our fighters

Had you realized that a 9 month's supply of food must be set aside for every fighter overseas? And a 3 month's supply for those in this country? Even so, we civilians are still getting three-quarters of all our food. Our territories and allies get one-eighth.

No other one thing is so vital to quick victory as the right amount of food in the right place at the right time. But that means the all-out cooperation of every last one of us, *all* the time.

Our Government has given each of us two powerful weapons for making sure our food supply goes around, and for keeping the price of food within the reach of our soldiers' families and those 32 million other Americans who live on low, *fixed* incomes. Here they are:

1. Your ration book. 2. Top legal prices.

And here's the Home Front Pledge that puts those weapons to work where they hurt our enemies worst!

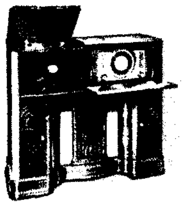
I WILL PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES.
I WILL PAY MY POINTS IN FULL.

How about pasting this pledge up on your kitchen cupboard just as a constant reminder?

There's a new day coming

The conservation of food happens to be our business, here at Crosley. Since we first presented the patented SHELVADOR in Crosley Refrigerators, American women have enjoyed the added, exclusive convenience of having extra food shelves built right into the refrigerator door.

Today, naturally, Crosley ingenuity is devoted completely to war production. But the day will come when Crosley will again be serving your convenience and pleasure, not only with Crosley refrigerators and other fine household appliances, but also with Crosley Radios and Radio-Phonographs.



CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION • CINCINNATI, OHIO AND RICHMOND, IND.
Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators, Household Appliances, and the Crosley Car
HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

TWICE AS MUCH
FOOD TO THE
FRONT
...within easy reach

nerves. But you've got to snap out of it now, Mrs. Strange. You don't need to be afraid any more. You've got to make yourself realize that."

Audrey smiled at him. The frozen look had gone from her face; it was a sweet, rather timid, but confiding face, with the wide-apart eyes full of gratitude. "What's the best way to set about that, I wonder?"

Superintendent Battle considered. "Just leave it to nature, Mrs. Strange. I think you'll find it all works out all right."

Audrey said gently, "What a comfortable sort of person you are, Superintendent!"

Battle reddened slightly. "That's a very nice thing to say, Mrs. Strange."

Audrey murmured, "You said it needed a miracle to save me, and it has been like a miracle—the accident of the suit getting into Thomas' hands, the accident of there having been a man on Stark Head just at that moment—"

Battle cleared his throat. "That was just a figure of speech, as you might say, Mrs. Strange. There wasn't actually any man on Stark Head."

"But you said—"

"No, no, you weren't listening carefully. I never actually *said* there was any such thing."

"You made us all think so."

"Ah!" said Superintendent Battle. "But that's quite a different thing. It was necessary, mind you."

"You're rather a frightening person, Superintendent. You seem so blunt and straightforward, and really I believe you've the guile of a serpent."

"No, no, Mrs. Strange. Just a stratagem."

"There's one other thing, Superintendent Battle. You said you had known someone once—someone like me, who admitted to being guilty when she was innocent."

BATTLE looked very straight ahead of him. His voice when he spoke was gruff: "My own daughter. She was fifteen. Thefts in the school she was at. They took it into their heads that *she* was responsible—and so played on her feelings that she caved in and admitted what wasn't so at all."

"So you understood?"

"I didn't understand, because I'm not made that way myself. I'm a fighter. You couldn't get me to admit something I hadn't done. But it taught me to recognize that there are certain unusual types in the world."

Audrey laid a hand on his arm. She said softly, "I'm glad you have a daughter. It's lucky—for me."

Battle patted her hand. "Your luck's turned, my dear," he said. "You'll be all right now." He got up and left her, with what seemed to her unusual abruptness.

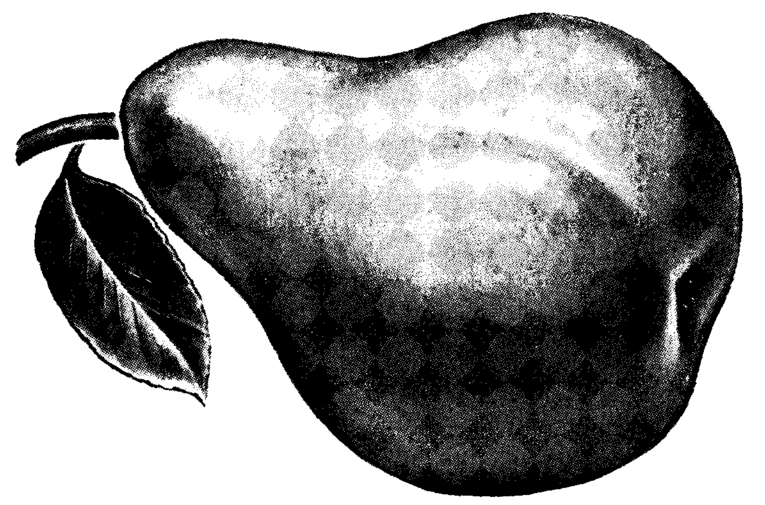
Then she saw Thomas Royde coming along the path toward her. She said to herself, with a sudden uplift of heart, "Yes, I shall be all right now. . . ."

THE END

ANSWERS FOR THE PRONUNCIATION TEST ON PAGE 53

Words	*Pronunciation*	*Caution*	*Sounds like or Rhymes with*
1. DOCILE	*doss* ill	Both syllables short, accent the first	FOSSIL
CLEANLY	*clen* ly	Adj. Say klen, not clean	HENLEY
RECLUSE	ree *cloos*	Accent last syllable, s sound	reek-LOOSE
CLEANLY	*kleen* ly	Adv. Say clean, not klen	QUEENLY
2. NASAL	*na* z'l	Sound the s like z, clip the last a, first a long	HAZEL
AVIATOR	*avey* a ter	Accent the first syllable with long a	DAVY-ate-her
DIAPHRAGMATIC	die ah frag *mat* ik	Say frag, not fram, accent the mat	my-a-rag-ATTIC
HANGAR	*hang* er	Now anglicized, accent the hang	HANG-'er
3. COUPON	coo pon	Not cue, but koo	COOP-on
PRIMARILY	*pry* mer i ly	Accent first syllable, a is short e	CRY-merrily
REFUND	ree *fund*	Accent the fund, noun and verb	the-FUND
DEFECT	dee *fekt*	Accent last syllable	re-FLECT
4. ARABIC	*ar* ah bick	Accent first syllable with short a	CLARA-pick
COURIER	*koor* y'er	Ou like u in put, tie i and er together	JURY-er
COUP	koo	The p is silent	COO
COUPÉ	koo *pay*	Two syllables, accent the last	you-PAY
5. RETICENCE	*ret* y sens	Accent ret, short i, sens, not cents	PETTY-sense
LOATH	lowth	Th is breathy	BOTH
LOATHED	lowth'd	Th is vocalized	CLOTHED
IMPLACABLE	im *play* kah b'l	Accent the pla with long a	limb-BREAKABLE
6. CHARON	*kay* ron	Say kay, not shay	PAY-Ron
LUGUBRIOUS	lew *gew* bry us	First two u's long, don't say loo goo	Lew-DUBIOUS
RAUCOUS	*rawk* us	Say cuss, not shush	CAUCUS, RAWcus
SEPULCHRAL	see *pul* kral	Accent pul, short u, don't say pull	the-BULK-ral
7. ACCLIMATED	a *clime* it ed	Accent second syllable, a is short	Jack-CLIMB-it-Ed
EQUATOR	ee *quay* ter	Accent second syllable	the-WAITER
ALLERGIC	a *ler* jick	Accent second syllable	Al-URGE-Ick
RASPBERRY	*raz* berry	The p is silent, sound s like z	RAZZ-Jerry
POLLEN	*poll* en	The o is short	FALLEN
8. PRONUNCIATION	pro nun sy *a* shun	Say nun, not nown	oh-duncy-NATION
LYSISTRATA	ly *sis* trah tah	Accent sis	the-KISS-ta-ta
THEATER	*thee* ah ter	Accent first syllable	BEE-at-her
STUDENT	stew d'nt	Don't say stoo, but stew, clip the e	FEW-dent
9. CARAMEL	*ka* rah mel	Three syllables. Don't say karmul	CLARA-Belle
CUPBOARD	*cub* erd	Omit the p, board is bird	BLUBBERED
LETHAL	*lee* th'l	Long e	TEETH-Al
CANARD	kah *nahrd*	Accent the nard, both a's broad	ah-BARD
10. ORCHESTRAL	or *kes* tr'l	Accent second syllable, ch is k	or-BESTIAL (chul)
FILM	film	Don't say fillum	WILL'm
APPRECIATED	a *preesh* e ate ed	Preesh, not preece	a-LEASH-he-hated
SAVANTS	sa *vonz*	Accent van, ts is z, broad a	have-VONS

Slow sun-ripening makes a
PERFECT PEAR



and slow flavor-aging makes
mellow Clicquot Club (and you)
A PERFECT PAIR!

Extra Dry Ginger
Clicquot Club
Clicquot Club
Full Quart
Ginger PALE DRY
N.W. AYER & SON

When you pick a pear too soon, it's hard — on your taste, teeth and temper. But let it ripen s-l-o-w-l-y until it's warm, tender and golden, bursting with juice . . . Ah-h-h!

When you pick a ginger ale, look for the same seasoned goodness in *flavor-aged* Clicquot Club. It's the ginger ale in which the finest Jamaica ginger and other ingredients are matched and blended expertly, then mellowed for *months.* Full quart size is handiest — other sizes available too.

Clicquot Club
GINGER ALE
OVER FIFTY YEARS A FAVORITE

There's a long lease on life with Clicquot Club Sparkling Water that makes it always the mixer for the super-drink . . . and the reason is—Bonded Carbonation!

Dream Coming True

You've dreamed of playing music like this . . . but the Solovox is no dream. A big hit before the war—many thousands are in use now. The Solovox attaches to your own piano, without affecting its ordinary use or tone. You play the Solovox keyboard with your right hand—producing effects of violin, organ, trumpet and many more—to your own piano accompaniment. When our war job is done, the Solovox will be back! Write for free folder S-4: Hammond Instrument Co., 2971 North Western Avenue, Chicago 18.

HAMMOND Solovox

BY THE MAKERS OF THE HAMMOND ORGAN

Plants 1 and 4

WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
Finest Quality
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM

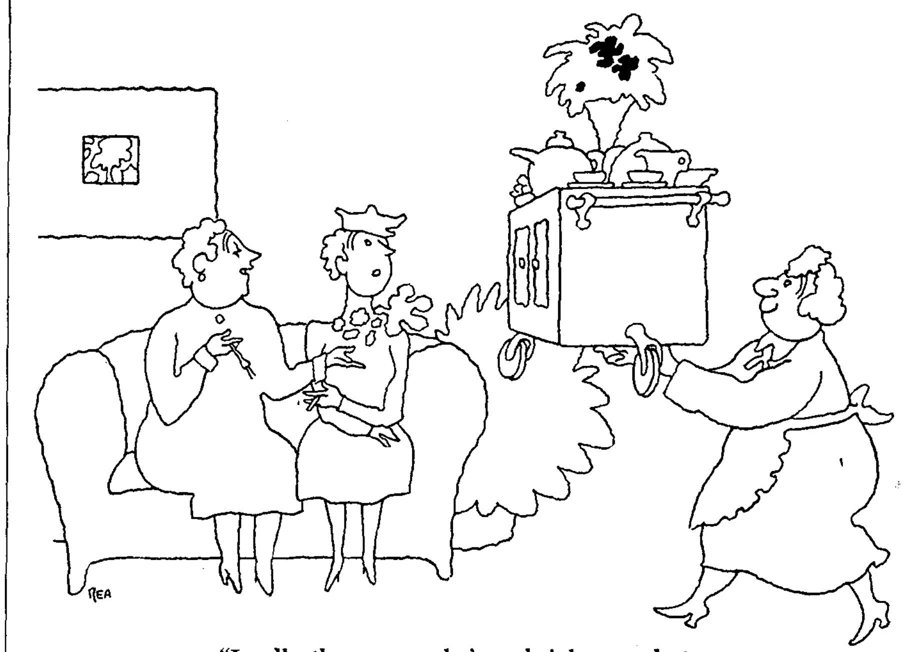
For the Connoisseur

RONRICO*

Best **RUM** *bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks



COLLIER'S

"In all other ways, she's as bright as a button. As bright as a Willkie button, anyway"

GARDNER REA

It's in the Cards

Continued from page 18

other Census departments and combine their findings regarding ages, sex ratios, future growth, distribution and make-up of the population, we'll see even more far-reaching developments ahead. Consider the facts:

Our population has been growing steadily older (our average age, which was 26½ ten years ago, now approaching thirty). Discounting the passing birth boom, we'll be having fewer young people, and with life expectancy upped, proportionately more oldsters. In fifteen years, more than one in every four persons will be over 50, one in ten over 65.

Women already outnumber men and will continue to do so even more markedly for decades to come. Widows will total at least six million (one in every seven adult women) within ten years. The growing ranks of unmarried and divorcees will further raise the population of women on their own.

The immigrant stream is almost entirely ended, and the foreign-born population is rapidly disappearing.

Here's what these facts mean to you in practical terms:

If you're a businessman, you'll find that typical "women's" markets will gain steadily, the "men's" markets will be relatively less active for years to come. In women's apparel, there may be a temporary falling off for a short time after the war as women's purchasing power drops, whereas in men's apparel there will be a temporary boom, with returning servicemen stocking up again on civilian clothes.

But thereafter, in anything that caters to personal needs—garments, shoes, hats, accessories, toilet articles—there will be more women customers than men; and in innumerable other lines, such as automobiles, increasing attention will have to be paid to women's likes and dislikes. (That goes for politics, too!)

More oldsters will mean proportionately more call for conservative apparel and for such articles as eyeglasses, reading glasses, hearing devices, invalid aids, etc.

Catering to the Oldsters

As Oracle Hauser puts it, "We'll have more demand for wheel chairs and canes, and less for baby carriages and baseball bats." (Or, as another expert adds, "less milk, more whisky.") Publishers and editors may prepare for more demand for reflective and "looking-backward" books, biographies and travel literature, while the entertainment field also might give a thought to the changing ages of the public.

Household furnishings obviously will have a thriving sale when the war ends, as families make a rush for civilian wares previously curtailed. While a drop may come as marriages ease off and families grow smaller, improved living conditions for larger masses will provide new markets. In any case, sale of household appliances and electrical mechanical equipment will be given tremendous impetus by this fact: The "domestic" problem is here to stay. If you're a housewife, stop counting on any return to cheap and plentiful domestic help, for all its three main sources—Negro, immigrant and farm women and girls—will be radically curtailed.

Upgrading in economic and social levels among Negroes will withdraw increasingly more of their own women from domestic service; immigrant help can be almost written off; and there'll be fewer girls coming from farms. You can look for domestics becoming more specialized and higher-paid workers, and for "servants," in name and concept, disappearing.

A Building Boom Ahead

In real estate and housing, the combined factors noted—reduction in family sizes, growing numbers of old people and unattached women and shortage of domestic help—will mean a greater demand for small-sized apartments and dwellings. Residential hotels will be steadily more popular, especially in Florida and California, to which old people will migrate. Suburban sections around the big cities will see renewed building and development for a time, as population is drawn back or augmented by the return of automobiles and improvements in highways.

If you're a farmer, you'll find population changes affecting your future markets. Fewer young men and fewer doing heavy work, with more women and more old people, will mean that the nation will consume smaller quantities of food and less of the heavy foods, but proportionately more vegetables and fresh fruits. Fewer children will mean fewer consumers of milk and cereals, and fewer foreigners will cause a drop in demand for many special types of food products.

Manufacturers, in addition to changes in markets, might give attention to the complexion of the future labor force. Even when the war emergency is over, we'll be retaining much larger numbers of women workers than anticipated, not only because many of them will have to go on working or will want to utilize their newly acquired skills, but because employers have found them surprisingly well qualified for innumerable jobs, and will not find enough men for the jobs anyway.

Further, the supply of unskilled manual help will drop lower and lower and, willy-nilly, employers will have to resort to more mechanization to replace hand labor.

Every profession will in some way be deeply affected by the coming changes. Lawyers specializing in corporate and business practice may see a decline in postwar income because of tightening up in the investment fields and fewer new enterprises, but the specialties of probate law, estate administra-

A·1

SAUCE

a delightful change from ketchup

You need only a dash—not a deluge. That's A·1 *economy!*

Write for free recipes, "Cooking for a Man." G.F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

Wedgewood
Wedgewood

WEDGEWOOD

5c STILL BUYS A GOOD CIGAR

Civilian supplies are necessarily restricted. But if your dealer happens to have them, you may find the answer to your smoking problem... WEDGEWOOD PANETELAS

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA. 34, PA.

WEDGEWOOD

HOLLYWOOD
SHOE POLISH

Hollywood
Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH

KEEPS 'EM SHINING

For longer shoe life and wear, use Hollywood Stain shoe polish. At chain, independent dealers.
Hollywood Polish Co., Richmond Hill, N.Y.

KILLS INSECTS IN VICTORY GARDENS

RED ARROW GARDEN SPRAY

Use Red Arrow Garden Spray—"the Victory Garden Insecticide." Quick, easy, inexpensive. 35c bottle makes several gallons. Safe to humans, birds and pets when sprayed. Buy Red Arrow Spray where you buy Garden supplies.

FREE For illustrated chart, "How to Identify and Control Victory Garden Insects," send post card to: McCormick & Co., Inc., Dept. 1D5, Baltimore-2, Md.

Dr. Edwards' Great Formula For CONSTIPATION

Benefits Nation of Sufferers!

Ever Feel Like This?
HEADACHE—NO PEP
MENTALLY DULL
UPSET STOMACH

If liver bile doesn't flow *every day* into intestines—constipation often results.

So take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets *tonight* to pep up bile flow and insure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements. Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable* are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for relieving patients with constipation and sluggish bile flow. Test Olive Tablets *tonight!* Follow label directions.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS

tion and investment counseling will be in demand with the increase in older persons and widows.

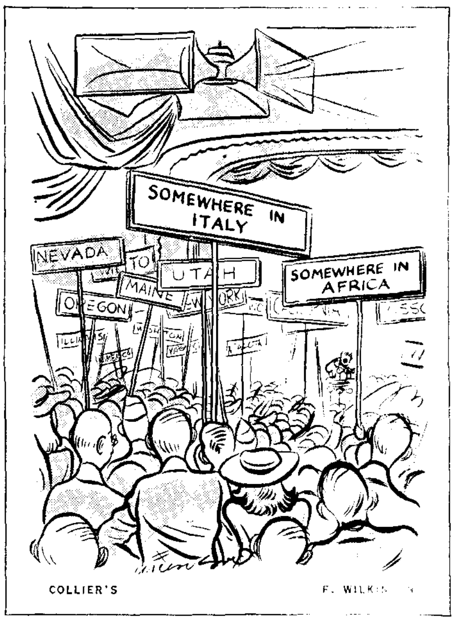
Divorce and crime lawyers, as we'll learn presently, will have a flurry of cases soon.

Among doctors, there will be a growing call for those specializing in diseases of old age, heart, cancer and gland ailments and in eye troubles, while dentists will also have more work. Pediatricians will continue busy, for despite a future decrease in births, children's health will be more carefully watched by parents. An expected increase in numbers of neurotics and psychotics following the war will fill offices of psychoanalysts and psychiatrists.

Social workers, policemen, judges and city officials might also steel themselves for an upsurge of cases arising from readjustment strains within the next few years, particularly in deflated war-boom districts. All the signs point to a heavy increase, at least for a time, in family problems, desertions, broken homes and dependencies. A big jump in divorces will result in part from previous hasty marriages, but due to a larger extent because of the accumulation of potential divorces held up by the war.

Also ahead of us, as an inevitable aftermath of any prolonged and exhausting war is a marked increase in crime, sex cases and personality disorders, already foreshadowed by the waves of juvenile delinquency. (The severity or length of the period of disorder will depend in large measure on the steps taken in advance to check it.)

As a more permanent source of social difficulty, the growing proportion of old people will decrease the ratio of those in the productive age groups, placing on the younger adults a continually heavier burden of supporting the rest. Where there are old parents to look after, many young women and men may find their marriages delayed, and among married couples there will be more "in-law" troubles connected with housing or supporting aged relatives.



Clergymen can well give thought to impending religious developments. Prospects aren't bright for future membership and attendance in most of the established churches. All the chief religious strongholds—the foreign centers of the big cities, the rural regions of the South and the New England states—are threatened with losses. Shifts from farms into towns and cities usually result in less churchgoing, and dwindling of the foreign-born and assimilation of foreign stock portend a falling off from the orthodox and conservative faiths, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, and a trend toward the reform branches, or no churchgoing at all.

Further, we can expect some strange new cults and sects to pop up, these always finding fertile soil among many old people, widows, spinsters and the maladjusted.

In broader perspective, and from the long-range standpoint, the most significant results will follow the slow-down in our growth rate and changes in population distribution. Of first importance, we've ended the phenomenal growth such as multiplied our numbers by 133 since the Revolution. Immigration having virtually ceased, any population increase hereafter can come only through excess of births over deaths, which will be little and of short duration. In twenty or thirty years, we'll reach our maximum at about 150 million. Henceforth, one city or part of the country can grow markedly only at the expense of other localities.

If you want to know the prospects for your own town, city, state or section, the Census experts can offer mighty close predictions. They know the population movements in the past; every shift since then is revealed through applications for ration books, sample censuses, etc.; and by analyzing industrial trends, employment prospects, birth and death rates and other factors, the experts can be pretty clear as to the outlook for almost any locality.

Generally speaking, the bigger cities will be the first to stop growing. Of the nation's 200 cities of over 50,000 population, by 1940 almost half already were static or declining, and nearly a third had lost population. However, in many instances the losses had gone to the surrounding suburbs, and in the postwar period this trend may continue.

But watch the South—it's going places! Whatever population fat we still have to put on will be mostly in the Southern states, with some in the West. Increased industrialization and rises in work levels, wages and living conditions will cause Southerners to stay put. Improvements in the mechanical cotton-picker may cause as big an upheaval as did the reaper and harvester in the Middle West. The big cotton plantations, which had been employing close to six million workers, will require fewer hands, and there'll be large-scale shifts to the towns and cities where better jobs will be waiting.

As the Old South fades out, you'll see the passing of most of the poverty areas—the Tobacco Roads, the po' whites and the hillbillies. The birth rate will drop, but not so much as in other parts of the country, and there'll still be enough population increase to give the South more Congressional representation.

New Era for the South

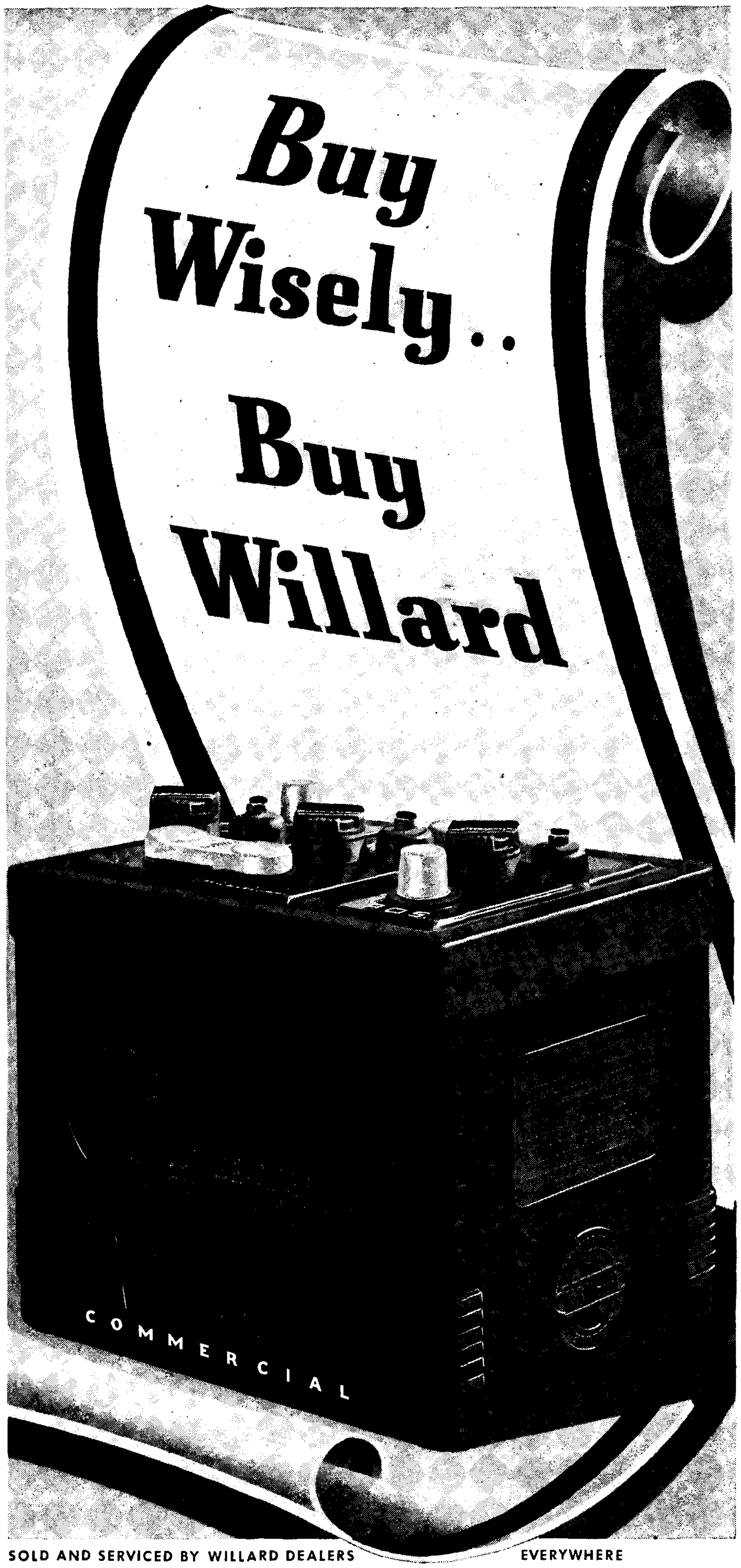
At the same time, look for a breakup of the "Solid" South, the passing of the old-line Southern politician, the ending of the poll-tax system, changes in political alignment and a closer approachment to the North. (The Civil War's really going to end this time!) The border states, such as Kentucky and Maryland, will be harbingers of election trends: Instead of watching Maine, you'll soon hear, "As Kentucky and Maryland go, so goes the nation."

Specifically, the biggest Southern booms can be looked for in the basic industrial centers, such as Dallas, Atlanta, Charleston and Mobile, and in some of the Gulf cities, such as Corpus Christi, Texas, which will enjoy increased shipping trade. Florida (and California, too) will see large influxes of oldsters looking for warm spots, and Jacksonville and Tampa will benefit also by increased industrialization.

In the rest of the country, some of the far Western states will continue to grow a bit, with the Los Angeles area strengthening. The West Coast shipbuilding cities may begin seeing a falling off in activity before the end of this year, but there'll be no large-scale exodus, for overflow shipyards workers will find permanent jobs in the steel fabricating and other industries built up on the Coast (which will hereafter make the West more industrially independent of the East).

But there are less bright prospects for the cities of the North, the East and the Middle Atlantic. The North may hold its industrial levels and labor force, but won't expand much, and may have a declining birth rate. The New England states are threatened with an actual loss in population, this already being apparent in Vermont. (Other states which have lost numbers and aren't likely to regain them are the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma.) Except for Detroit, and possibly the Chicago metropolitan area, the big Northern and Eastern cities will be lucky if they retain their present sizes. Visions of a future New York with twenty-five million people, or a Chicago with ten million, are pipe dreams.

What we are likely to forget is that the phenomenal growth of our big cities came to a great extent through immigration (almost two thirds of New York City being of foreign stock). In the first fifteen years of this century alone, almost 13 million persons poured in from abroad, and in the next fifteen years, an additional four million came in. But since 1930, the dribble of immigrants ar-



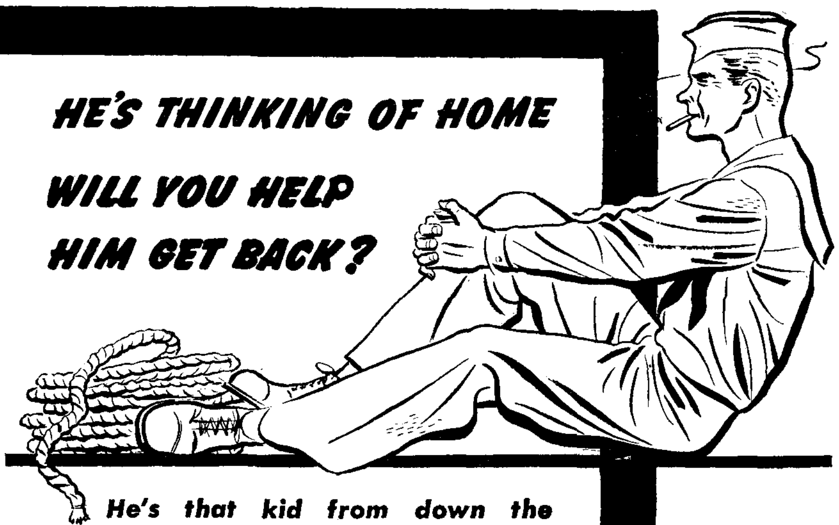
SOLD AND SERVICED BY WILLARD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Willard "SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES

—for Tanks • Combat Cars • Jeeps • Walkie-Talkies • Ships • for Cars, Trucks, Tractors and Buses at home

-have the power to carry on!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. • CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • TORONTO



HE'S THINKING OF HOME WILL YOU HELP HIM GET BACK?

He's that kid from down the street. Hasn't been home in a year and a half. In his letter last week he asked about "mom" and "sis" and that little black terrier. Won't you help speed his safe return? Go out today and buy another War Bond. It's the least you can do to hasten the day of victory for America.

Style 6127, One of Fortune's "Coolators" — ventilated for cool walking on Summer's hottest days.

TRADE YOUR RATION COUPON FOR A Fortune AND A WEALTH OF WALKING PLEASURE

In these days of extra walking and higher living costs and increased taxes, it's a pleasure to know you can turn in your valuable little ration stamp and step into a Fortune. Snug-fitting comfort and long mileage are built into Fortunes, at a sensible price you can easily afford. Make that next pair Fortunes—for a wealth of satisfaction.

FORTUNE Shoes for Men

$5 to $5.50 SOME STYLES HIGHER

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY • A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORP. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

riving (less than three quarters of a million) has been almost offset by the aliens who departed. From now on, our immigration will not exceed 50,000 annually, and this will very likely be overshadowed by Americans remaining abroad in the occupation forces and by some aliens returning to their homelands. Whatever our own immigration policy may be, you can bank on it that the depopulated European countries won't be letting any of their able-bodied men and women get away.

So, looking at our existing population, we can prepare to say, "That's all there is. There isn't any more." This fact, and other facts mentioned, will greatly alter our whole economic picture and our national psychology. With an end to the era of limitless expansion and development, we'll have to stop thinking in terms of making money fast and easy. Dollars won't grow by leaps and bounds any more merely by planting them in a lucky plot of ground or in a fortunate enterprise and leaving the rest to population growth and booming business.

Thus, one of your big future problems may be that of what to do with your surplus cash. There'll be fewer investment opportunities, lower interest rates and smaller returns. But there'll also be less risk.

As Oracle Hauser says, "The slogan of 'bigger and better' must be changed to 'sounder and better,' with more careful planning of production and sales to keep up with consumer demand." Yet if all this seems disquieting, he points out that capital will have a sound outlet in new inventions and technological changes. Although our numbers will stop growing, the standard of living of Americans as a whole will continue to advance, numbers of skilled workers will increase and individual purchasing power and per capita production will go up.

Bright prospects are many. As a people, we'll be healthier, better housed, better educated, better fed, clothed and equipped, individually more secure. Whatever we have will be spread out more evenly, with no such great gaps between our social and economic extremes as have existed. At the one end, the squalid slums and rural festering spots with their depths of destitution will be eliminated; but at the other end, you'll also see the melting away under heavy taxation of the great financial dynasties, the ultrarich colonies, the mammoth mansions and the remaining lordly summer estates of the "400." Our present middle class will broaden, drawing heavily from both extremes, and class bars will be increasingly let down. Education, also, will be more evenly distributed among all groups and all sections. Where today almost 4 per cent of our adults are illiterate, a generation hence, illiteracy will be nonexistent, and there'll be no young adults without at least a partial high-school education.

The drying up of the immigrant stream will produce other dramatic changes in our national picture. Most of our foreign-born (totaling now about 9 million) are sixty or over, and they're dying off rapidly. In ten or fifteen years, the "furriners" will have ceased to be important in our national life. What we're seeing is the final stages of the "melting pot" process.

From now on, the United States is going to be distinctively and peculiarly more American in appearance, language, business, eating habits, policies and politics. You'll see fewer foreign signs and papers around, hear fewer foreign accents, and in a few decades American kids won't know the meaning of wop, mick, hunk, mockie, heinie, or think of Hanson, Schultz, Kowalsky, Goldberg or DiMaggio as any less American names than Cabot and Lodge.

No More Racial Categories

Likewise, there'll be less identification of specific traits, jobs or enterprises with particular foreign elements. The Greek shoeshine parlors and candy kitchens, the Italian fruit stands and *pizzerias,* the German *rathskellers* and *bierstubes,* the little Jewish pants-pressing shops, the Chinese laundries—yes, and the all-Irish police forces—they'll be rarities when our present war babies grow up.

Our culture, altogether, will be more clearly integrated and defined. We'll be more mellowed, more mature, more conservative, in our thinking and less boisterous in our behavior (the oldsters contributing to that). Yet we'll be more sure of ourselves and no longer awed by the label, "imported." Future American artists, musicians, writers won't think it imperative to go abroad for training. More and more, our ideas, like our wares, will be stamped, "Made in U. S. A."

We'll undoubtedly be a greater, stronger, more dynamic and united nation; but we'll have to work harder, think faster, plan better. And you, as an individual, will have to be more up on your toes than ever before if you want to hold your place in the world to come.

There's no guess about this. It's all right there in the Census cards.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

small openings. The plane has the look of tin everywhere. The skin is very thin. If a screwdriver slips, it will sometimes go through this skin. This seems very fragile until you remember that the first planes had skins of silk.

As you go through the plane, you must step around the support of the ball turret and many other things. When you open the door into the bomb bay, you must be careful not to step out into space, for the pilot opens and closes the bomb doors in flight to test them. If they are open, you must go along the catwalk, about eight inches wide, with nothing else under you.

To pass the upper turret you must crawl through it. If someone is in the turret, you crawl between his legs. At high altitudes, soldiers do this with a small, portable, oxygen bottle in one hand. The turret is made of good steel, and it has a way of barking your shins.

The cockpit is the most fascinating place, although visibility is not greatest there. The instruments, dozens of them, are telling what each part of the plane is doing.

You must crawl from the cockpit down into the nose to test the radio compass for the navigator, who will be there at a table some day not too far away. And when your work is done, you can sit there in the plastic glass nose of the plane. You have glass under your feet. It is like a glass-bottomed boat, flying style, and you hang there in the sky and watch the scenery and the clouds roll by in that serenity found only in flight.

Perhaps the most severe strain comes when you land. You must make the first test of the huge landing gear which is designed to support this monster of many tons. The wheels are almost chin-high. You hear a grinding noise as they go down into position. Indicators show that they are properly lowered, but it is a first test for those indicators in the air and they could be wrong.

If the radio refuses to work when you wish to come in for a landing, you fly low over the field, a universal emergency signal. Then the man in the control tower makes other planes stand by while you circle and land. The crash whistle blows twice, and out come the fire wagon and the ambulance, called "the meat wagon," and it is all very embarrassing.

When you are finally cleared to land, you start your glide several miles from the field. The ground comes up at you very fast in the last mile. You hop over a roadway, over a telephone line and onto the scarred runway.

Suddenly those tremendous tires screech like a blowout on a fast curve. Two clouds of smoke flash past as precious rubber burns from the treads, and there you are rolling to a stop, and in a bored voice the man in the control tower gives you clearance to taxi to the hangar. You sign off your routine test flight in a large book and one more Flying Fortress is born.

The pilots love these big things. When Pilot MacSweeney finished our flight and stepped into the sidecar of a scooter to go back to the pilot's loft, he passed under the high nose of the great ship, and as he passed he looked up at a memorial wreath painted there. Inside the wreath was the name of a former factory worker who had gone into the Air Corps and had died with his ship.

Silently, Mac took off his hat. I guess it takes a MacSweeney to sum up and express what the rest of us think. Our hats are off, too. . . .

PAUL McGINNIS

NORGE DEALERS
are working
for today

All over the country Norge dealers are working for today by helping their customers through this difficult period when the purchase of new household appliances is restricted. They are preaching the doctrine of conservation—of better care, less repair; suggesting ways and means of prolonging the life of valued equipment; and if repairs should be needed they are striving, under difficult conditions, to give the same high type of service that has always characterized the Norge dealer.

NORGE DEALERS
are planning for
tomorrow

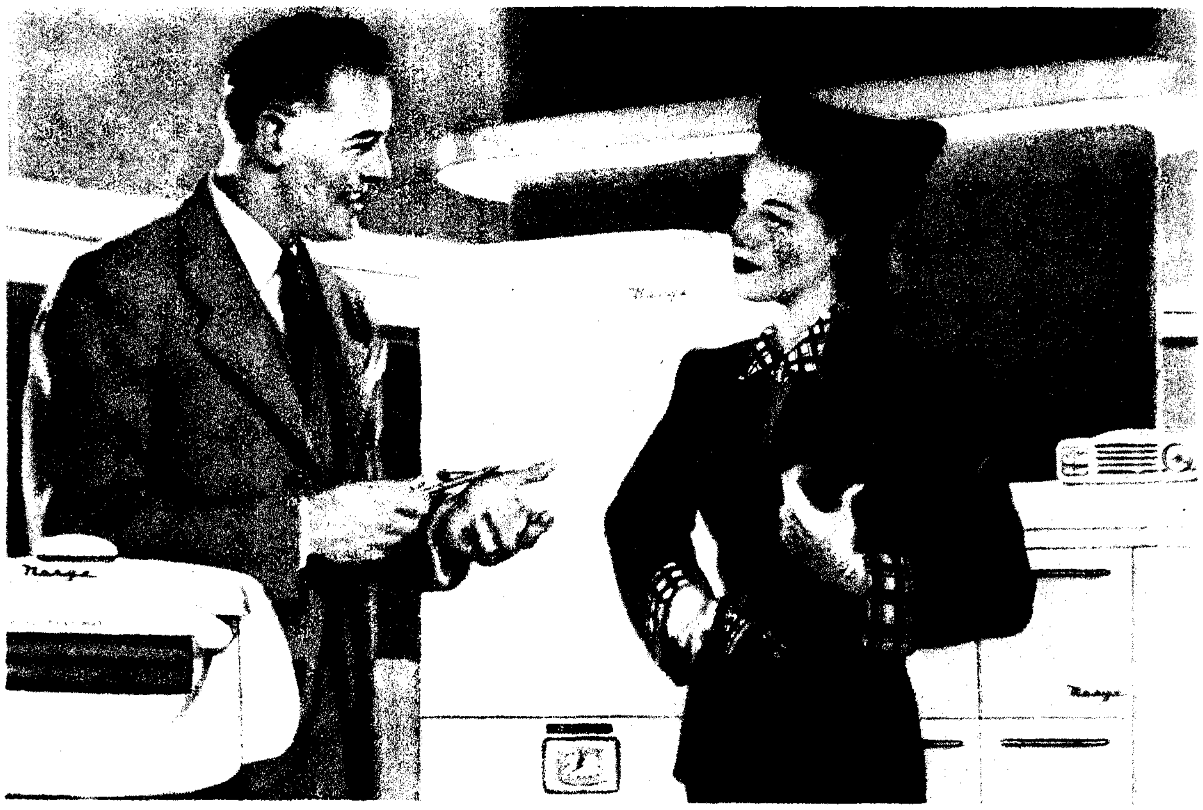
Norge dealers of all types—department stores, furniture stores, hardware stores and home appliance shops—are planning for that great day when their showrooms will again be filled with new Norge washers, electric ranges, home heaters, gas ranges and Rollator refrigerators. These dealers are confident that when that time comes their many customers, mindful of the satisfactory service they have always received from product and dealer alike, will want to visit their stores to view the newest Norge *products of experience*. Old customers as well as new ones will find that their Norge dealer has something for them that was well worth waiting for—a line of products which, because of Norge's wartime production experience, is even better designed, better engineered and better built.

NORGE, A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada—Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

SERVICE DEPARTMENT
"BETTER CARE LESS REPAIR"

NORGE
HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

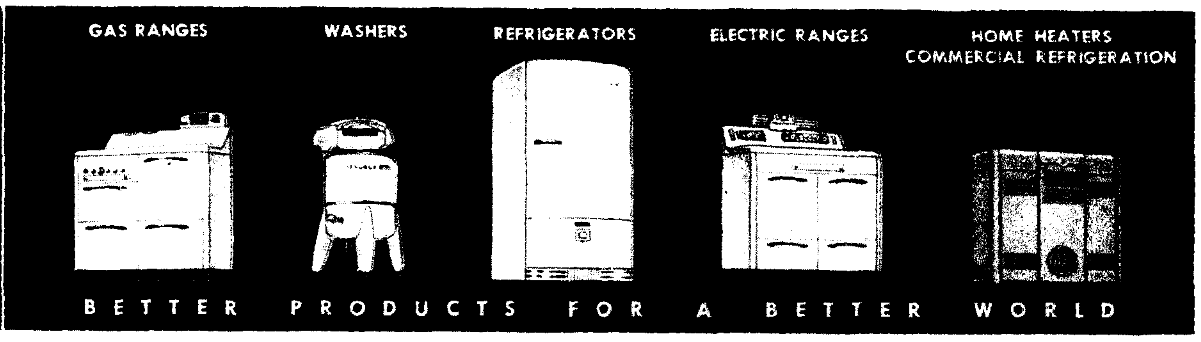


"... for outstanding production of war material."

When it's over — see Norge before you buy... meanwhile BUY MORE WAR BONDS

NATIONAL APPLIANCE CONSERVATION PROGRAM

"BETTER CARE—LESS REPAIR"

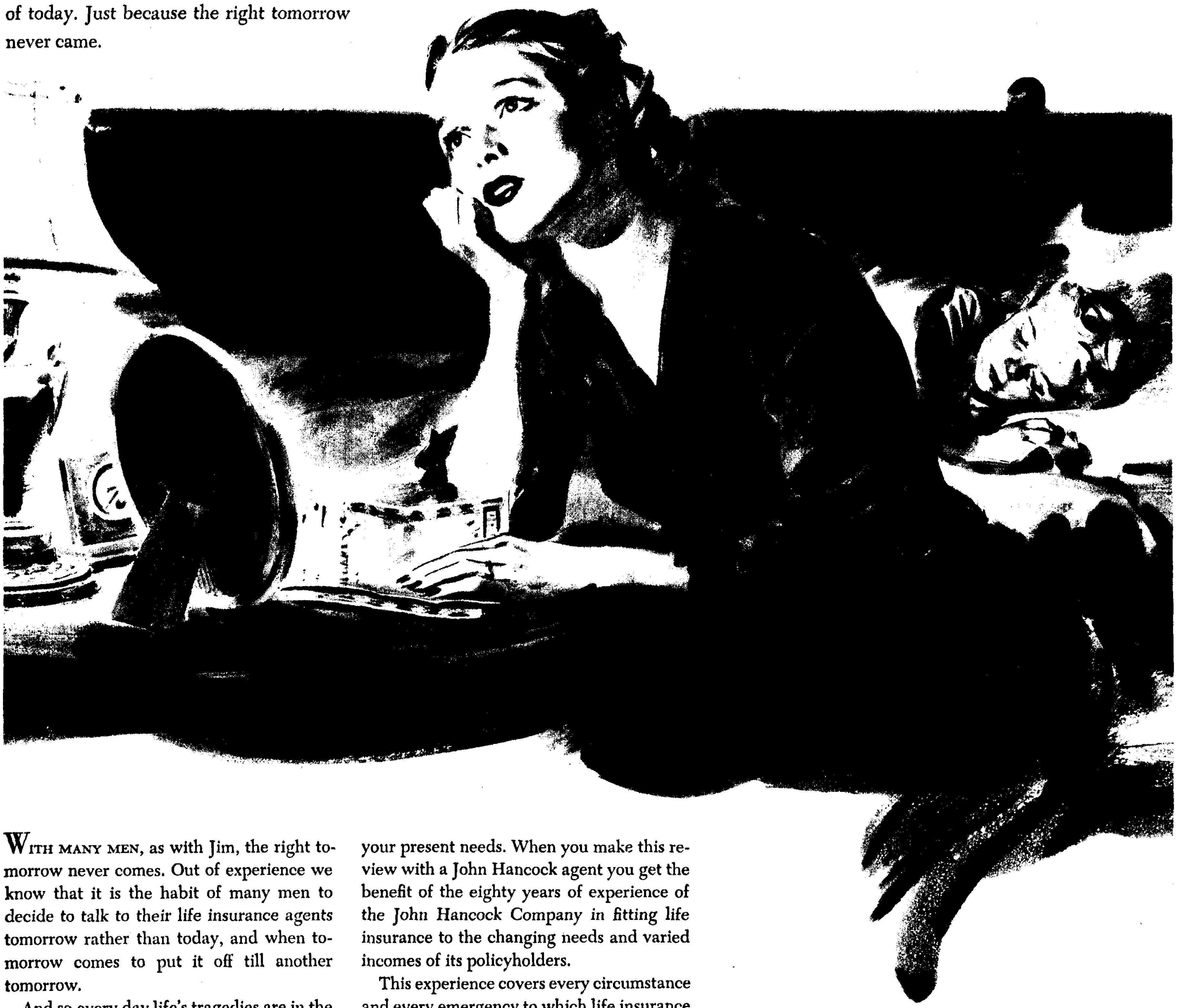


BETTER PRODUCTS FOR A BETTER WORLD

"Jim didn't expect me to cash them so soon"

JIM WASN'T OLD—except in the eyes of the armed services. He bought war bonds for the same reasons all Americans buy them. He wanted to do his part to help bring the war to a speedier end. He was looking forward, too—looking forward to the day when with the return of peace and security he could apply those bonds to some of the things we all want—to the purchase of a home, to the education of his children, or just to keep against those days when his driving energy would decline.

When Jim's wife says: *"Jim didn't expect me to cash them so soon,"* she is not blaming Jim; she is just discarding her dreams of the future for the hard facts of today. Just because the right tomorrow never came.



WITH MANY MEN, as with Jim, the right tomorrow never comes. Out of experience we know that it is the habit of many men to decide to talk to their life insurance agents tomorrow rather than today, and when tomorrow comes to put it off till another tomorrow.

And so every day life's tragedies are in the making. Responsibilities grow greater; life insurance remains static. Suddenly the life insurance which was sufficient to take care of the responsibilities of earlier days is called upon to meet the greater needs of the present.

Today is the right day to talk to your life insurance agent; to review your life insurance; to make sure that it measures up to your present needs. When you make this review with a John Hancock agent you get the benefit of the eighty years of experience of the John Hancock Company in fitting life insurance to the changing needs and varied incomes of its policyholders.

This experience covers every circumstance and every emergency to which life insurance can reasonably be applied; the protection of the family; the protection of war bonds and other investments against sudden demands; the education of children; provision for old age; and the settlement of small or large estates.

Your John Hancock agent has been trained to apply this experience to your specific needs and income.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

Casey Jones Goes to War

Continued from page 14

debris, but just five days after Transportation Corps troops landed, they had a railroad in operation. They cleared mines and booby traps themselves. Then from the bombed yards they salvaged old-time steam engines which hadn't been used for years on Italy's electrified roads, and soon had them chugging along, hauling debris away from the port

The first train to run was the General Mark Clark Special, with a 1908 underslung Italian engine. While they kept up the temporary steam service, M.R.S. troops labored mightily to rebuild bridges and tracks and to repair electric wiring. Less than three months after the initial landing at Salerno, they had electric locomotives operating out of Salerno and Benevento.

Tactical commanders were astounded at the speed with which rail troops followed both the American Fifth on the west and the British Eighth Army on the east coast, moving supplies to the front and hospital trains to the rear.

An incidental task for the M.R.S. in Italy was the construction of four hospital trains, plus some mail and refrigerator cars, all from old equipment found in Italy's yards.

Major Franklin M. Kreml, of Evanston, Illinois, who was Chief of Transportation for the Fifth Army, tells how M.R.S. ingenuity solved one little problem:

"Windowpanes were smashed in most of the cars we worked on. We didn't have any regular glass cutters to size up new panes, so our men went around to Naples jewelry stores and borrowed diamonds to cut the glass with."

The Italian owner of a car shop near Naples cordially co-operated with the M.R.S. But one day a strange Italian showed up at a conference on a rebuilding job. Colonel Clarence L. Burpee (now brigadier general), formerly of the Atlantic Coast Line, asked the newcomer how he fitted into the deal, and the man explained, "I represent the Fascist Party. I am here to see that the Party gets its usual cut."

Breaking the News

"Haven't you heard?" said Colonel Burpee. "There isn't any Fascist Party around here any more."

The man shrugged. "I do not care what name you call the Party. I am here for the usual cut."

"Oh, no you don't," said the colonel "You get no cut." And that was that

In the early days, before signal systems were repaired, a sergeant charged breathlessly into the M.R.S. colonel's tent. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but we're going to have a collision, sir, in fifteen minutes."

Two trains were heading toward each other on a single track, and there was no way to stop them. The colonel ordered out doctors and ambulances, and hurried to the spot where the trains should meet. They did meet—but both were traveling so slowly that the collision was only a bump. Nobody was hurt.

The Trans-Iranian railroad gave America's soldier railroaders one of the hottest, coldest, toughest jobs they ever had to do In the critical days of late 1942, Russia called for more supplies. Nazi submarines were crippling the Murmansk convoy route. The Mediterranean was closed to Allied shipping and although generous supplies were being brought around the tip of Africa and landed at Persian Gulf ports, only a feeble trickle got through to Russia. The inadequately powered Trans-Iranian Railway from the Persian Gulf to Teheran was the bottleneck.

This 650-mile road bisects a 150-mile stretch of desert before it struggles to heights of more than 7,000 feet in the Elburz Mountains. Temperatures range from 170 degrees Fahrenheit on the desert to 40 below in the mountains. A man can hardly breathe on a steam engine at 170 degrees, and at 40 below, water freezes in the boiler. Heading north through the mountains, the line thrashes about convulsively. There are 225 tunnels, thousands of bridges, plenty of 25-degree curves and an average grade of 1.5. The single track clings to the sides of the cliffs runs precipitously down into river gorges goes into agonizing twists and pretzel turns

British steam locomotives and even America's 2-8-0's were not powerful enough to negotiate this tortuous road and haul much freight. It took most of their power to carry the coal and water on which they ran. Something had to be done.

At this point Perry Egbert of the American Locomotive Company was called to Washington to participate in a bottleneck-breaking conference with State Department and Army men. Could Egbert, Washington wanted to know, get some Diesel electrics over to Iran quick? And could he, by the way, convert the Diesel axle arrangement somehow so the Iran road could bear their 120-ton weight.

He could do both. And in the first week of December, twenty-nine Diesels with six axles instead of the standard four were delivered at the Persian Gulf—along with a newly recruited American Locomotive shop battalion, eight hundred strong, to play nursemaid to the thousand-horsepower giants. The M.R.S. took over operation of the road, and shipments increased until in May, 1943, Russian requirements in munitions and supplies were exceeded by 18 per cent. This in spite of the loss of six trains, due to faulty hand couplings on the European boxcars. These cars have no brakes, so that when couplings come undone on a steep grade, there's nothing to keep them from hurtling backward over a cliff.

Now a great fleet of Diesels and a grand division of M.R.S. troops have the Iran situation well in hand. When Stalin toasted the "genius of American production" at the Teheran Conference, he was including in his tribute these troops who deliver a great part of the tanks and guns and food which the Red army uses.

Unlike most branches of the service, the M.R.S. maintains its back-home identity. Usually you don't speak of battalion number so-and-so in the M.R.S.; it's the Santa Fe battalion, or the Southern Pacific, the Pennsylvania, the Southern, the New York Central, the Missouri Pacific, the B & O, or the Great Northern.

That's because of the way the M.R.S. was organized. In 1939, the Army asked major railroads for help in setting up units to operate foreign railroads in the event of war. The roads responded so nobly that the M.R.S. is often held up as a shining example of co-operation between government and private industry. Some roads sponsored entire battalions, some several battalions, recruited volunteers from among their own personnel, and set up their own training units. All this was well under way on a reserve basis prior to Pearl Harbor. Now the roads, jointly with the Army, continue to train draftees assigned to the M.R.S. and are intensifying their courses as the supply of experienced railroaders grows thin.

Although set up along the usual military lines, the M.R.S. is patterned upon orthodox railroad organizations. The basic unit is the Railway Operating Battalion. It is made up of four companies. The Headquarters Company has charge of dispatching and supplies. "A" Company takes care of track, signal maintenance and maintenance of way. "B" Company operates the roundhouse and keeps equipment in working order. "C" Company is the actual operating unit, with fifty train crews under the direction of a trainmaster. Each battalion operates a division of about one hundred miles.

Three or four Railway Operating Battalions, together with a Shop Battalion, a Base Depot Company, and a Mobile Railway Workshop make up a typical Grand Division, which corresponds to a general superintendent's office on an American railroad.

The Transportation Corps has its share of heroes—like the officer and two men who were decorated for the way they handled a fire in a boxcar loaded with ammunition. Lieutenant Roy W. Hartzel, of Wynne, Arkansas, climbed into the blazing car and played a hose on the fire, while the two men, Sergeant Philip M. Buckingham, of Ft. Madison, Iowa, and Technical Sergeant Homer A. Jenkins, of Three Forks, Montana, removed the ammunition boxes.

Quick Action Under Fire

Three soldier railroaders were off-duty passengers on a train in Algeria when several cars of ammunition exploded. There was a good chance that the rest of the train would burn, and a better chance that trains on near-by tracks, loaded with gasoline and ammunition, would explode. But in the midst of burning gas and bursting shells, these three—Pvt. John J. Quinland, of South Amboy, N. J.; Pfc. Forrest Edwards, of Elsmere, Delaware; and Pfc. Theodore Terpin, of Buffalo, N. Y.—uncoupled the undamaged part of the train and, with a borrowed French engine, pulled it out of the danger zone. All were awarded Soldier's Medals for heroism.

But the favorite hero story of the M.R.S. is the stunt that Lieutenant Colonel Fred W. Okie pulled during the height of the Tunisian campaign. Advancing Germans had forced the Americans to abandon equipment on the railway into Gafsa. Colonel Okie couldn't bear it. He and a few volunteers slipped back into enemy territory, and, working under direct tank fire, kidnaped thirteen American locomotives, hid an ammunition train in a tunnel and escaped by truck into the desert before the Germans knew what they were up to.

In the middle of the fracas, one of the volunteers approached Colonel Okie. "But, sir," he said, "I don't know how to drive an engine."

"Here," said Okie, "see this lever? You pull it. See this gadget? You push it. That's all you need to know. Now get going."

The soldier did.

THE END

I saw our flag come down

by Royal Arch Gunnison

IT WAS dusk. Manila was burning. The smoke rose fat and black in the fading light. The people were quiet, and pompous little bandy-legged Japs patrolled the streets. We were under house arrest in the hotel. My wife and I stood at the window and looked across the green to the U. S. High Commissioner's building. Before it, on top of the high flagpole, the American flag hung listlessly.

We couldn't believe it. The Japs had taken Manila yesterday. They had entered from various sides of the city, ragged little bands of infantry marching quickly to prearranged centers. Why hadn't they taken down the American flag? It didn't make sense. From the window, we could see them leaving and entering the High Commissioner's building, and none seemed to notice that "our flag was still there. . . ."

It flew for twenty-four hours after the fall of Manila.

There was still some daylight when the conquering general came in. He led a procession of six black shiny limousines through the streets. He had subordinate officers and frock-coated diplomats with him. There were no cheers. No eager faces sought his eyes. No surf roar from throats. No sound, except the flat whine of the tire treads. The cars rolled up Dewey Boulevard and through the high iron gates around the High Commissioner's grounds, and up the curving gravel driveway past the American flag to the front door.

This was the conqueror's headquarters. He arose and stepped out. He faced the flagpole and glanced briefly at the banner he hated. His staff lined up behind him. Now we understood. Old Glory had been permitted to fly until the conqueror was ready to take Manila "officially."

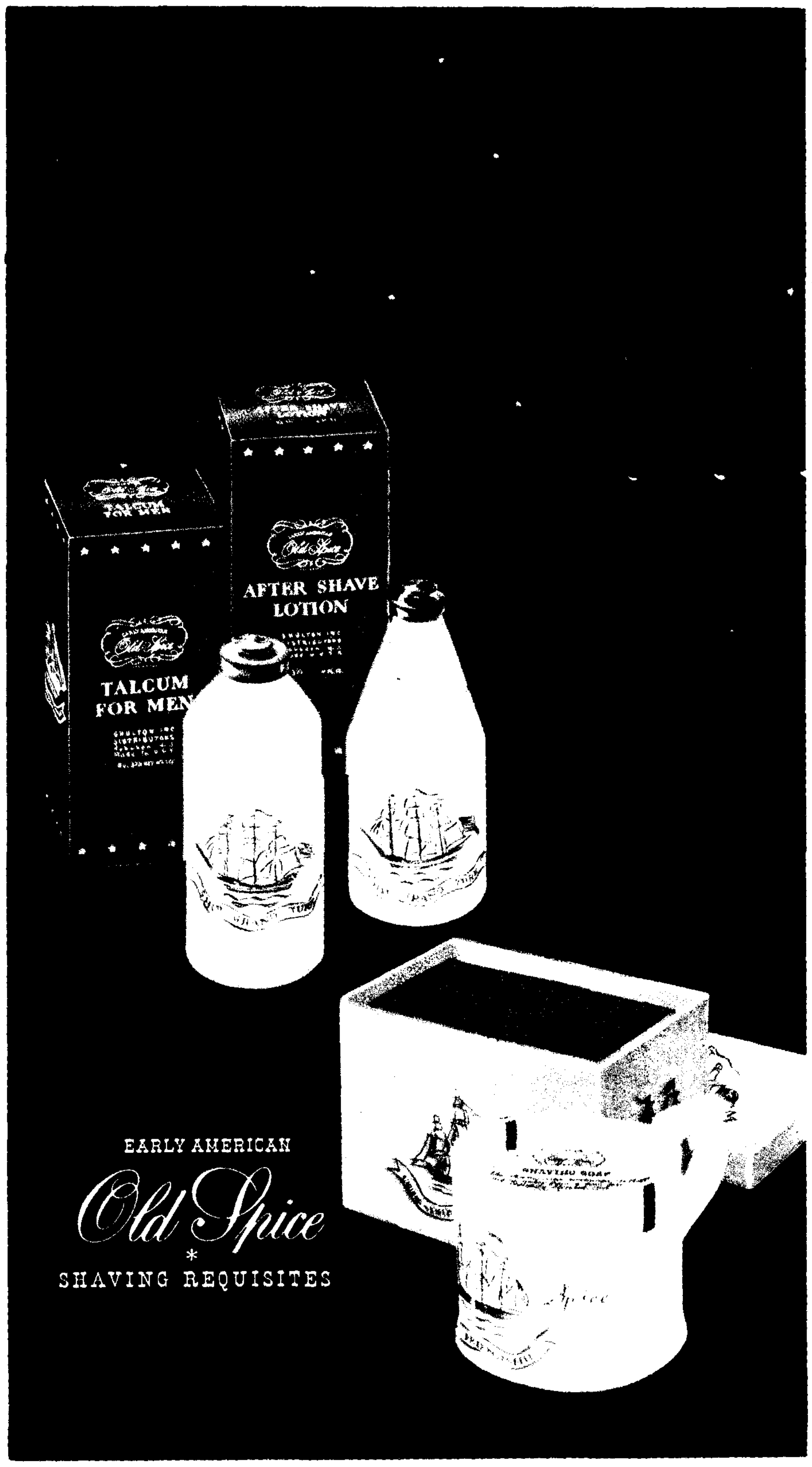
A slovenly marine walked up to the flagpole. A military band blew brassily, and the discordant notes of the Japanese national anthem split the soft air. Somewhere, a drum rolled to slow crescendo, the way the drummer in the pit used to do when the Jap jugglers were about to execute their best trick.

The marine untied the halyard. Old Glory lifted slightly in the descent and snapped her forty-eight white stars and her candy stripes to Manila for the final time. She fell in a heap, a crumpled rag in the dust. The marine unhooked it and he tenderly attached a big clean Japanese flag. There was much shouting among the Japanese soldiers. He raised the banner slowly, reverently. The band blew their anthem again. Somewhere, small guns spat ruddy flame into the evening sky.

The Japanese flag hung as listlessly at the top of the pole as ours had. The marine stood with one dirty foot on Old Glory as he secured the halyard for his own flag. The diplomats bowed, the generals bowed, rifles crackled and everyone made deep obeisance to "The Presence" in Tokyo.

The general went inside the building. The troops marched off. The front lawn and driveway was empty save for the American flag lying on the earth, far beneath the Japanese flag. Then a Jap soldier came out the front door. He hesitated, as if he had forgotten what he started out to do. Then he straightened and walked toward the flagpole. He stooped and scooped up the American flag and dragged it a hundred feet to the empty garages. He tugged hard at a door. It swung open. He wadded up the flag and threw it on the floor inside. He slammed the door.

Then it got dark. ★★★



Famed for their consistent excellence of quality. Distinguished by their incomparable Old Spice scent. Superlative shaving requisites that insure genuine satisfaction. Old Spice Shaving Soap, in pottery mug, $1.00. After-Shaving Lotion $1.00. Talcum 75¢. *Not illustrated:* Lather or Brushless Shaving Cream 50¢. Bath Soap, 2 cakes, $1.00. Also in sets—$1.00 to $5.00. Each a Shulton Original.

Let's All Back the Attack
• *Buy War Bonds* •

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

Mamma is Not Herself

Continued from page 12

She put on an apron over her uniform, and started to scrape carrots. I sat in a kitchen chair, and watched her. I was dazed. It just didn't seem to be Mamma—standing there, telling me she liked to test generators.

"Mamma," I said very gently, "I admire you for your good intentions. But no one expects a woman your age to take a war job. You may not realize it yourself—but *I* can see this job is a terrible strain on you. You're just not yourself. Now, you're going to give up working, and take a good long rest right here at home. I'll get a job. Do you understand?"

Now you'll agree that that was definite enough for anybody, especially Mamma, who has always respected my every wish. I thought the subject was closed. You can imagine my consternation when I woke next morning and found that Mamma—in spite of all I had said to her—had gone to work. And, what is more, she kept right on going to work. There was just nothing I could say to talk Mamma into giving up that job.

And yet, anyone could *see* it was too much for her. Normally, as I have said, Mamma is the domestic, matured type and a perfect mother, and it did not take me very long to see that something had unbalanced her. It's the honest truth—she borrowed my leg paint. She got herself a feather cut. About forty times she must have promised to do some little thing for me, and then admitted, with a faraway expression on her face, that she'd forgotten all about it. And every time the telephone rang she would drop whatever she was doing and positively *race* to get there ahead of Betty and me.

I suppose I should have realized that some sinister influence was counteracting my influence upon Mamma. But, honestly, I was dazed. I was worried almost sick. And besides, I wouldn't have guessed the truth in a million years. When I saw with my own eyes, it was all I could do to believe it.

MEANWHILE, you can see what all this was doing to my life. There I was—my hands a mess from dishwashing, my clothes going to rack and ruin, my nerves worn to a frazzle from disciplining an eleven-year-old sister. Of course, your being older and a married woman doesn't mean one thing to kids of Betty's generation. I had to drag her to the kitchen sink to wipe dishes; I had to chase her upstairs to bed; and use physical force to keep her from running up our telephone bill on calls to half-grown boys.

And I don't believe Mamma would have known what I was going through if I hadn't come right out and told her. It would have been maddening if it hadn't been pathetic—the bewildered way poor Mamma looked at me when I explained to her that she was neglecting her duty to her home and her children.

"Why, Gladys dear," she said, "you shouldn't mind washing the dishes once a day. And as for Betty, why, I certainly don't want to neglect her. Any time you want to go out to have some fun, I'll be glad to stay in with Betty."

"Mamma," I said, trying not to go to pieces, "you miss the point completely. You should be glad to stay home. What's the matter with you lately? What has changed you so?"

She looked at me as if she didn't even know what I was talking about.

"We're having so many quarrels lately," she said. "I wish we needn't."

Well, I certainly was not low enough to tell Mamma our quarrels were her fault. But I must say I didn't like her methods of avoiding them. I mean slipping out while I wasn't looking, or not telling me things she knew that, for her own good, I would disapprove of.

Like the Greg-Sharp annual banquet and dance, for instance. I didn't know Mamma was going. I didn't know she had an apricot velvet evening gown and silver sandals. In fact, I didn't know what real trouble was—until the night Mamma went to that dance in spite of everything I could say to stop her. Honestly, I nearly collapsed when I saw her, with silver ribbons in her hair and my evening wrap on her shoulders, slipping out the front door.

I said firmly, "You stay away from that dance, Mamma. Why, it's no place for you, at all. There'll be just a young crowd, dancing and necking and everything like that. *You* wouldn't have any fun!"

I was about to take her gently by the arm —when, suddenly, the strangest glitter came into her eyes. She kind of choked—

"I'm sorry, darling." And then, before I could stop her, she'd gone out the door and down the steps. After a minute I heard voices and a car door slam.

Well—I just gagged. I dropped down on the stairs, too discouraged to move. Betty was listening to Gang Busters in the living room. She yelled, "What are *you* crabbing about? If you're jealous of Mamma in an evening gown, wait till you get a load of me!"

I was too completely exhausted to deal with that remark as it deserved. In fact, I put in a terrible evening of anxiety alone.

MAMMA didn't get in early. It's a nice note when a girl has to sit at the window and wonder where her mother is at two and three in the morning. Two in the morning is one thing when you're out in it, having a good time. It's another thing when you're sitting alone in a quiet room, positive that something must have happened to your mother. I nearly went crazy—thinking about that high-strung manner of Mamma's and that strange gleam in her eyes!

Mamma hasn't been around much; she is no judge of people. And, after all, there *are* people who crash dances. There is always some smart aleck going around spiking drinks. Mamma would not know about these things, of course—and she was in no condition to cope with them. But when I telephoned the police, all I got out of them was that I could report Mamma's absence again when she was missing twenty-four hours!

I am glad to say that Mamma was not missing twenty-four hours. But I was a complete wreck by the time she finally came home. It was half past three in the morning! And in her state of mind, I don't suppose she even realized that all the neighbors probably heard her slamming a car door and singing out, "Good night, Pete. I really had a swell time."

Her face was terribly flushed, when she came in. Her eyes had that too-bright look you don't see on middle-aged people unless they have a fever, or something. She was rattling something about having taken some people home and stopped to see a fire on her way back. I tried to quiet her as best I could. Then controlling my own jangled nerves, I said gently: "Never mind the fire, Mamma. You can tell me tomorrow. I want you to have a glass of hot milk and go straight to bed."

"I don't want any hot milk," Mamma said breathlessly, "and I'm too excited to sleep. Stop looking at me like that, and let me tell you what a swell time I had."

"All right, then," I said quietly. "Suppose you tell me who brought you home, and why you made all that noise out front?"

"Noise?" Mamma said, with a far-off look on her face. "That was Pete Larkin, my foreman. You'd like him, Gladys. You really would. I want him to see you and Betty."

WHILE I was very much upset at Mamma's excited condition, naturally I did not attach any particular significance to any one of her high-strung remarks. I said firmly, "That will do, Mamma. I don't care to see this Mr. Larkin, thank you. And it seems to me you've seen enough of him yourself."

I suppose you will say I should have seen at once that this Pete Larkin was not just somebody Mamma had run into at the Greg-Sharpe dance—but the root of all the trouble. Only, Mamma was so squelched by my attitude and behaved so quietly and normally next day, that I was completely misled.

If I had not been so sure Mamma's condition had about run its course, I would certainly never have left her that afternoon and gone shopping and to supper with a girl friend of mine who is also married to a sailor. But, after all, everybody needs some recreation, and it was the first time I had dared to leave Mamma.

Anyway, you can imagine my feelings when I came home about eight o'clock and found this Pete Larkin sitting on our living-room sofa. Betty was with him. She looked up when I came in and said very calmly, "Hello, Gladys. This is Mamma's boy friend. Mamma is upstairs getting ready for a date."

Honestly, I felt sicker than that time I had ptomaine poisoning. I just gagged. You can't see with black spots swimming before your eyes. But I might as well describe how this Pete Larkin looks, and give you some idea of what probably attracted an inexperienced person like Mamma. In fact, I'll admit that I, myself, did not immediately penetrate the ugly, bullying side of Pete Larkin's disposition.

Because, while Pete Larkin certainly isn't handsome, he is—in a big, rawboned, masculine way—what almost any woman would call attractive. Besides which, he has a cleft in his chin and a deceptively friendly manner. Now anybody knows that a man can be brilliant about some things and still be positively helpless about others. So my first thought was not to blame Pete Larkin but to explain the situation to him.

"Good evening, Mr. Larkin," I said, lightly but significantly. "I am Mamma's older daughter. The married one."

NATURALLY, I looked for an expression of consternation on his face. I had not, for one minute, thought Mamma had confessed to him that she was old enough to have a married daughter. But there wasn't the slightest glimmer of surprise in the calm, polite way in which he said that Mamma had told him all about Betty and me.

You can see that such an attitude made it very difficult for me to continue. In fact, it left me no choice but to say bluntly, "If you expect to take Mamma out tonight, Mr. Larkin, I am very sorry. I must ask you not to do so."

"Why?" he said. It was then that I began to feel that I neither liked nor trusted that smile of his.

"I have my own reasons, Mr. Larkin," I said coldly. "You do not know my mother as I do, and, therefore, you would not understand. But Mamma is a woman thirty-seven and a half years old—and has been, up till recently, a perfect mother and housekeeper. I won't go so far as to say you are responsible for the terrible change in her. But I must ask you to go away without upsetting her any further."

He began to laugh. He said, "I'm thirty-six, myself. I, too, have one foot in the grave. So help me, your mother is perfectly safe with me."

At this heavy, sarcastic humor, my sister Betty began to giggle. Maybe it was her giggling, which drives me crazy under any circumstances. Maybe it was the strain and responsibility of the past weeks. Anyway, I couldn't help it—just as Mamma came down the stairs I burst into hysterical sobs.

"Mamma," I cried, "please—please don't go out with that man!"

"Why, Gladys darling," Mamma said, "what on earth is the matter?" I could tell by her voice she was frightened.

By this time, of course, I realized how much I hated Pete Larkin. I was shaking from head to foot. I couldn't even answer Mamma's questions. And when Mamma saw this it was all she needed to bring her to her senses. With her arms around me, she said, "I think you'd better go, Pete. You can see how it is. Darling," she said to me, "listen to Mother. Didn't you hear me? Stop crying. I'm not going out."

And then—don't ask me how it happened. I know only that, all of a sudden, Mamma's arms weren't around me any more. She was standing a yard away from me, looking dazed. Through the tears in my eyes, I saw Pete Larkin's hands on her shoulders. I heard him say:

"What do you mean—you're not going out? Of course, I see how it is. Don't *you* know a tantrum when you see it? I'm a bachelor—but it seems to me I'd know what to do about a nineteen-year-old daughter who went around broadcasting my age and telling people how far off the beam I was. Come on, Edna!"

He grabbed her coat. With Mamma on one arm and her coat on the other, he went out the door. Mamma did not (as, later, I bitterly pointed out to her) protest or struggle. But you will admit that that alone is enough to show you there is something terribly wrong when a dignified, middle-aged woman will tolerate such an attitude in a man.

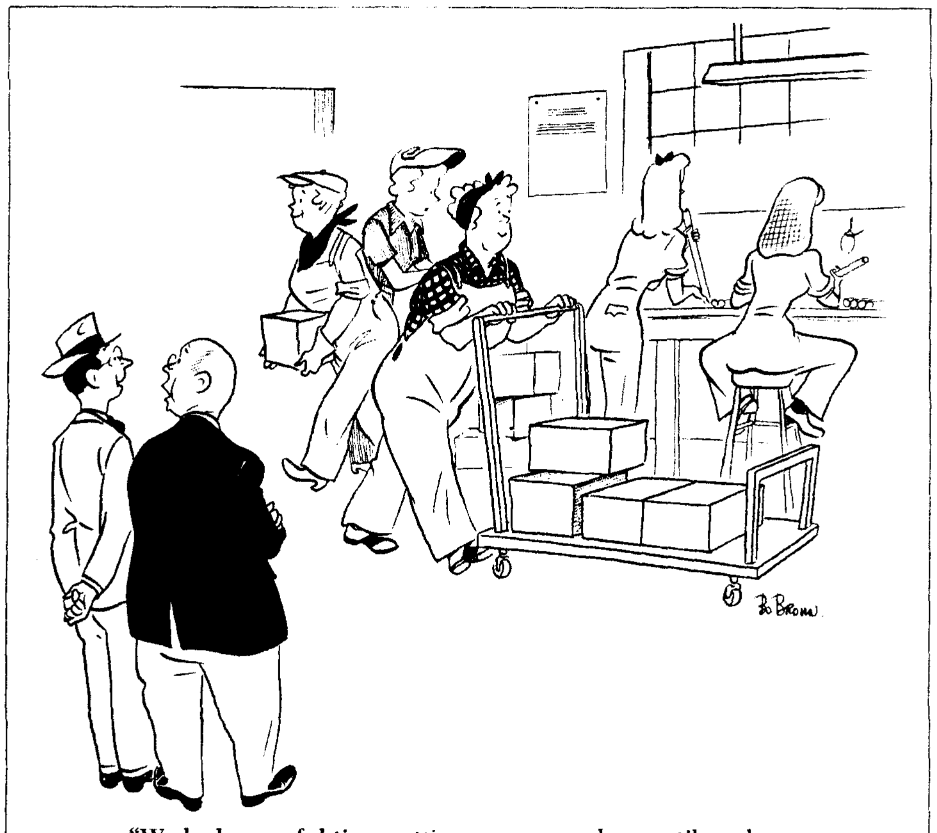
Anyway, it was all I needed to be convinced that it was Pete Larkin who was wrecking our happiness and our home! Personally, the more I thought about him, the worse I felt. And I thought of practically nothing else all evening.

YOU can well imagine the state I was in when Mamma came home, sometime after twelve. I burst into tears right before her face. I couldn't help it. I was shivering and crying at the same time. Mamma was very frightened and worried. She hovered around, trying to make me take a drink of water and telling me how sorry she was, and how she hadn't meant to hurt me.

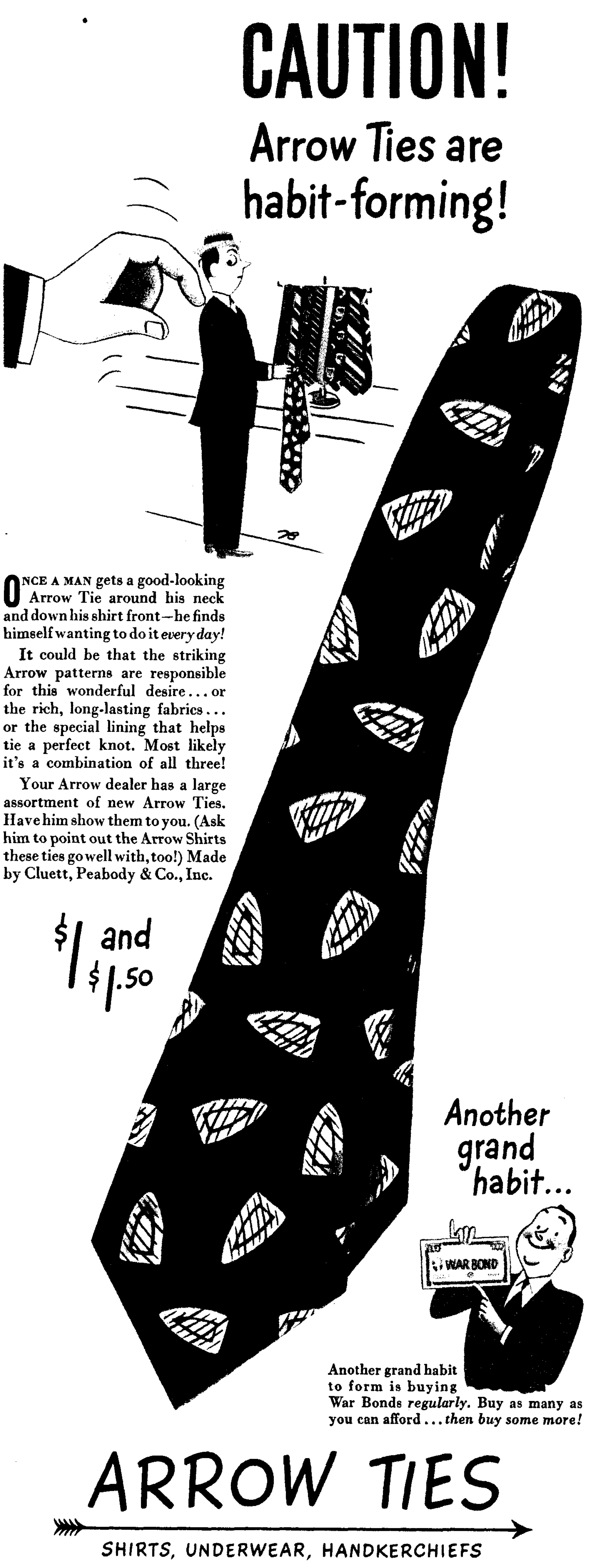
When I still couldn't stop crying, Mamma really came to her senses. She held my hand tight and said:

"Gladys, would it make you feel any better if I were to promise you I won't go out with Pete Larkin again?"

Naturally, I stopped sobbing at once. I told Mamma such a promise would be entirely for her own good, and couldn't she see what Pete Larkin was doing to her and to our home? Mamma didn't answer those questions. She said in a tired, sensible voice, "I won't go out with him any more, then. Now will you be a good girl and go to bed?" So I



COLLIER'S "We had an awful time getting women workers until we lowered the wages from a dollar to ninety-nine cents an hour" BO BROWN



CAUTION!

Arrow Ties are habit-forming!

ONCE A MAN gets a good-looking Arrow Tie around his neck and down his shirt front—he finds himself wanting to do it *every day!*

It could be that the striking Arrow patterns are responsible for this wonderful desire... or the rich, long-lasting fabrics... or the special lining that helps tie a perfect knot. Most likely it's a combination of all three!

Your Arrow dealer has a large assortment of new Arrow Ties. Have him show them to you. (Ask him to point out the Arrow Shirts these ties go well with, too!) Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

$1 and $1.50

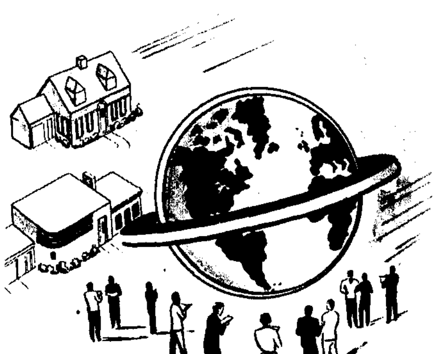
Another grand habit...

Another grand habit to form is buying War Bonds *regularly.* Buy as many as you can afford ... *then buy some more!*

ARROW TIES

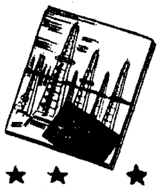
SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

THE *Facts* ABOUT OIL FOR TOMORROW'S *Better Living*



OIL is *the* fighting fuel! On all fronts it powers our machines of war as they move forward . . . on land, in the air, on and under the seas. This intense preoccupation with all-important war needs has made oil the target of innumerable controversial statements, of countless rumors. However, oil burner owners whose tenacious loyalty has survived both rationing and rumor, deserve the facts about this overwhelming favorite among automatic heating fuels. Facts about new sources like the oil shales of Colorado which hold a potential 100-billion barrels of shale oil . . . New strides in producing oil from coal—a source which *alone* will yield sufficient petroleum products for *all* our needs for hundreds of years to come and, at the same time, meet *all* our usual requirements for coal . . . New techniques in re-working old pools (Improved methods are expected to *quadruple* the amount of useful oil now extracted). All of these are over and above the yield of hitherto unworked oil fields—estimated to hold a potential 100-billion barrels—more than *twice* the amount used by the entire world since oil was discovered nearly 100 years ago. You can count on oil for tomorrow . . . you can count on even finer Oil-O-Matic products that will convert this abundant fuel into superlative comfort . . . economically, efficiently, automatically.

Send for your free copy of this booklet "Oil for Tomorrow"—the complete, factual story of the abundant fuel. Includes color map showing present and potential oil sources. Write for your copy today—now.



ARMY E NAVY

THE BONDS YOU BUY TODAY ARE YOUR GUARANTEE OF A Better Tomorrow!

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS & BONDS

WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

went upstairs. And, after a while, Mamma came up, walking very slowly.

But she did remember her promise to me, and you could see she was trying to keep it. I mean she came home from work on time. She finished a rose-colored jersey she'd been making for me. She got around to making a batch of brownies, which no one anywhere makes the way Mamma does.

In fact, everything would have been normal and happy again if it hadn't been for Pete Larkin. Because, as you might know, Pete turned out to be one of those men who will not co-operate with anyone. He was Mamma's boss, after all. Mamma's telling him she would not go out with him again certainly didn't stop his seeing her anywhere and practically any time he liked—at the plant. It was the easiest thing in the world for him to walk right up to where Mamma was working, and persecute her with his attentions, and keep begging her to disregard the wishes of her family.

MAMMA, of course, did not tell me Pete was doing these things. But it became increasingly clear that Mamma was anything but easy in her mind. She was very quiet as she went about her housework. I had practically to force her to come out and enjoy herself with Betty and me. And once, to my great unhappiness, I actually found her crying in her room.

I was very worried. And, as I have said, I suspected from the first that Pete Larkin was at the root of all the trouble. Well—one day, something happened that proved I was right.

I happened to be looking for something in our front-hall closet when Mamma answered the telephone, and you can imagine my feelings at the discovery that Pete Larkin had had the effrontery to phone Mamma at home! Yes—and say something to her that forced Mamma to answer in the following terms:

"Pete, I don't expect you to understand. They're not your children—but they *are* mine. I don't expect their happiness to count with you as it does with me—"

From this, and a few other remarks, I had the distinct impression that Pete Larkin was on the other end of the line, trying to talk Mamma into letting him come over to our house and tell me off! Fortunately, Mamma was quite firm in her refusal to let him do any such thing—because I was certainly too stunned to rush out and deal with the situation.

I mean, at first I was completely and utterly shaken. Then suddenly it struck me what was wrong about the whole business. After all, how could I expect to free Mamma of Pete Larkin's determined influence as long as she worked right where she had to deal with it every day of her life? So I knew Mamma had to leave Greg-Sharpe Electrical—and immediately wouldn't be too soon.

I found Mamma in the kitchen, wiping dishes and putting them away. I went over to her, put my arms around her, and said gently, "Mamma, why don't you give up your job at the Greg-Sharpe Electrical? It isn't doing you one bit of good, and you know it."

She dropped her dish towel and practically whirled on me. For a minute she was almost hysterical.

"Now, Gladys!" she said excitedly, "you can't expect me to give up my job. That's too much."

I saw at once that it was a moment for compromise. So I said soothingly, "No one objects to your working, Mamma. But there are other places where you can work besides the Greg-Sharpe."

"No, there aren't either!" Mamma said impulsively. "Pete—the Greg-Sharpe won't release me to take a similar job at another plant. Really they won't, Gladys."

But I'd heard what she'd started to say in the first place—and I got the idea. I was about to say so, when I had a second thought that kept me quiet. In fact, in a flash, I had thought up a scheme that would work a lot better if Mamma didn't know anything about it.

So the very next day, at a personal risk I didn't fully realize at the time, I went over to the Greg-Sharpe to see Pete Larkin. And, by saying that I wanted to be interviewed for a job testing generators, I managed to get into his department and ask to see him personally. Which I did—after he'd kept me waiting almost three quarters of an hour.

"Why, hello, Gladys," he said. "They tell me you want to work here. I'll see what I can do for you."

"I'll tell you what you can do for me," I said promptly. "You can give Mamma her release, which you know perfectly well she wants. That's what I really came here for."

"Oh," he returned insolently, "that's something else again. I don't see any reason for recommending your mother for a release. And I'm quite sure she doesn't want one."

"Mamma," I retorted, completely outraged, "hasn't known what she has wanted since she's come under your influence, and you perfectly well know it. You're simply taking advantage of her ignorance and inexperience. Well, you won't get away with it. I am thoroughly aware that you cannot make a woman Mamma's age go on working if she isn't able. And I am willing to fight for Mamma. I am willing to use all my influence with Mamma to fight for the happy home you are trying to break up, Mr. Larkin."

He sat at his desk, all littered up with charts and stuff. He turned a pipe around and around in his hands, but he did not light it. He listened, without saying anything, all the time I talked. When I got through, he said very quietly, "Look here, Gladys, do you really believe all that—that you've just said?"

Honestly, I gagged. My mouth already dry from having told him so many of the things on my mind, I began, "If you think I came here today to play a practical joke—"

"All right," he interrupted me, "you do believe them. You've sold yourself the idea that you're acting for your mother's good. But you know better, Gladys—as sure as you're sitting here you know better. It's about time you faced a few facts. More than time you get straight about this taking the ax to your mother's job and her friendship with me. You haven't really been fighting for Mamma, you know, Gladys. You just can't bear to see her have something you want and can't have until Bill comes home. And you're keeping a jealous eye on your own comfort and convenience too. You want a grown-up woman's life for yourself exclusively, and all the privileges of crying babyhood, as well."

HE CAME across the room and looked at me—deliberately, as if I'd been a machine out of order, or something. Mamma never looked at me like that. Or Bill, who thinks I am wonderful—

"Look," he said. "Your mother is a young, competent woman—far more attractive, to be slightly irrelevant, than you are. Nobody has to act for her. She can live her own life and make her own decisions. The only thing that's ever stopped her is her natural, if un-

DON'T FORGET GRANDMA ON MOTHER'S DAY

Be nice to Grandma, or she'll skip,
Complete with wardrobe trunk and grip,
And you will have to struggle with
The cooking for your kin and kith.
You'll have to air the baby then,
And do the marketing again.

Though you may think *you* wear the pants,
She, too, can drive an ambulance.
And though your war job *is* essential,
She, too, can fix that differential.
So don't forget, whate'er you do,
That Grandma is a mother, too.

Margaret Fishback

RAIN OR Shine

TruVal
AVI-JACK

This TruVal Jacket is more than just a "fair-weather friend." It is Zelan processed to be wind and rain resistant too! PLAIN MODEL available in Khaki, Putty, Oyster and Bisque . . . REVERSIBLE MODEL in Oyster and Putty.

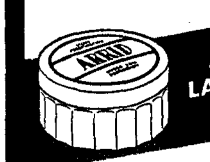
Plain Model $4.95 • Reversible Model $7.95

TRUVAL MFRS. INC., 281 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

New Cream Deodorant
Safely helps
Stop Perspiration

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.



ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID
39¢
(Also 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

fortunate, affection for you. It was a weapon you had no right to use against her."

Honestly I never felt so queer in my life. I was so mixed up I just couldn't speak.

Pete kept on looking at me. He said: "Now, Gladys—I'll tell you where we stand. You will either snap out of it and let your mother live her own life, or—you can fight it out with me. I love your mother. I want to marry her. It'll take a lot to make me stop fighting. In fact, I can almost promise you I'll win. There's one thing I can promise you, anyway. If I do win, so help me, Gladys—the day will come when you'll be glad I did. Are you going to believe me? Are you going to shake hands?"

Shake hands! I couldn't even bear to look at him as I brushed out of the office. There was a sore place in my chest when I got outside—from having my breath taken away so many times in five minutes, probably. No doubt I would have cried if it had not been for the people just leaving the three-o'clock shift. It's a terrible feeling—when you have it brutally flung at you that you have been unfair and unkind to your own mother. It makes it even worse when you have to admit such a thing has been true. Because I am not the type of person who can kid myself indefinitely.

IT WAS dark and rainy, just the way I felt inside, while I waited at the bus stop. I whispered out loud, "Okay, Mr. Pete Larkin, you may be right, and I will let Mamma live her own life. She can work or do anything she wants to. But if you think living her own life means that she will marry you—you'll see!"

I was in a grim, bitter mood when I got home. I was surprised to find Mamma there ahead of me, all excited because I'd just had a long-distance telephone call from Bill, telling me his ship was in port and he would have liberty next day.

Now, that is the kind of news every sailor's wife lives and breathes for, and I am as crazy about my husband as anybody else. For a little while, all that was on my mind was packing my clothes, getting my hair done and thinking about the eleven-o'clock train tomorrow.

But, all at once, it occurred to me that, for a girl who had just had a telephone call from Bill, I still had a heavy, unhappy feeling in my chest—and I remembered Pete Larkin, and what he had said to me that afternoon. What was worse, it dawned on me for the first time that, by going to New York right now, I was playing straight into Pete's hands. After all, there was no kidding myself he would take complete advantage of my absence.

I said to myself, "What if I ever come home, and find Mamma actually married to Pete Larkin!" I sat there, going cold and hot at the thought. I was in a panic. I couldn't very well telegraph Bill I couldn't come down and stay with him. On the other hand, I had the feeling that before I'd let Mamma marry Pete Larkin, I'd die—

I'd probably have had to die—because I certainly didn't have any ideas about stopping Mamma from marrying Pete, until she gave me one herself. I was packing things when she came into my room with an armful of clean blouses for me. She happened to say:

"Will these be enough, dear? I suppose you won't come back one minute before that ship of Bill's leaves port."

I looked at her. It's the honest truth that you can look at one person and see another. Because I really didn't see Mamma. I saw Pete Larkin in his blue coverall with that look in his eyes I hadn't liked. And, all of a sudden, I blurted it out.

"Mamma," I said quietly but fiercely, "I do not want to leave home. I want nothing more than to stay here with you and Betty until the war is over, and Bill and I have a home of our own. I realize I have been very unfair to you. You have a right to work, if you want to. And run around with a gang of your own, too. But, if you won't promise me you'll quit at the Greg-Sharpe Electrical, and never see Pete Larkin again—then this time I won't come home at all. I mean it."

"No, you don't!" she whispered, with a dazed look on her face. "You can't mean a thing like that, Gladys."

"Yes, I do!" I said. I was driven by something inside me. "I mean it. You've got to choose between Pete Larkin and me. If you won't promise me you'll give up that job immediately, then I'll go away tomorrow and never come back."

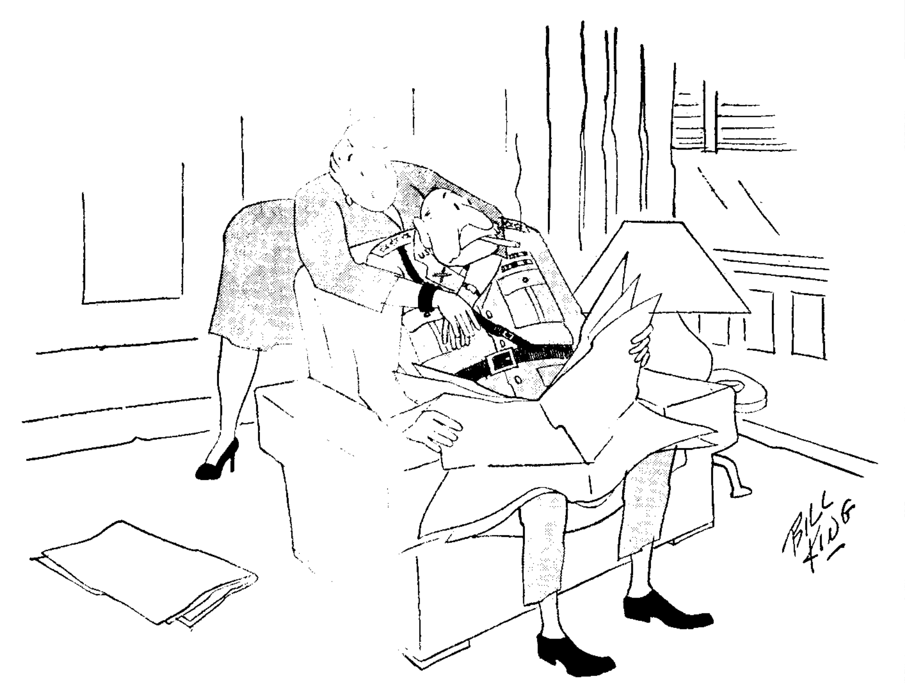
She started to thread a needle, to sew a button on one of my blouses or something. Her hands were shaking, and she didn't look at me. I was scared. I was so tense I could hardly breathe.

After a few minutes, Mamma said, "You're not being fair, Gladys. But you're still my child. I've been a mother long enough to know that if you leave home with the feeling that you've been driven away—and you're unfortunate or unhappy because of it, I'll blame myself as long as I live. So I promise you—I'll give up my job tomorrow. And I won't see Pete Larkin again."

She was very quiet and very definite. And when Mamma makes a promise, she is the type of person to keep it—or die in the attempt. You would expect that I would be, at least, very relieved she had promised not to see Pete Larkin any more. To be frank, I was not relieved. I felt worse than before—worse than I'd ever felt in my life. In fact when I had put out the light and lay there trying to sleep, I found it impossible to think of Pete Larkin and how I had beaten him.

I KEPT thinking of Mamma and how pale and beaten *she* had looked.. It was a terrible feeling—like a steadily growing toothache. I didn't want to go away knowing I had been unfair to Mamma. I wanted her to work where she pleased. If it'd been anybody but Pete Larkin—I'd even have wanted her to marry whom she pleased. But the way I felt about Pete, I *couldn't* give in. I had to go on feeling worse and worse.

Mamma wasn't happy either, although she tried to hide it. She came in, in her overalls, on her way to work in the morning. I almost



"Would you mind very much, dear, if I dated occasionally while you're overseas?"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

HEUBLEIN
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

It's the
cagey thing to do

IF YOU'RE very, *very* particular about what goes into your Dry Martinis...

Take note: These Dry Martinis are made with scarce and precious MILSHIRE GIN and the world's finest *Dry Vermouth.*

Just ask your liquor store for Heublein's Dry Martinis — perfectly mixed, ready to add ice and serve. *It's the cagey thing to do.*

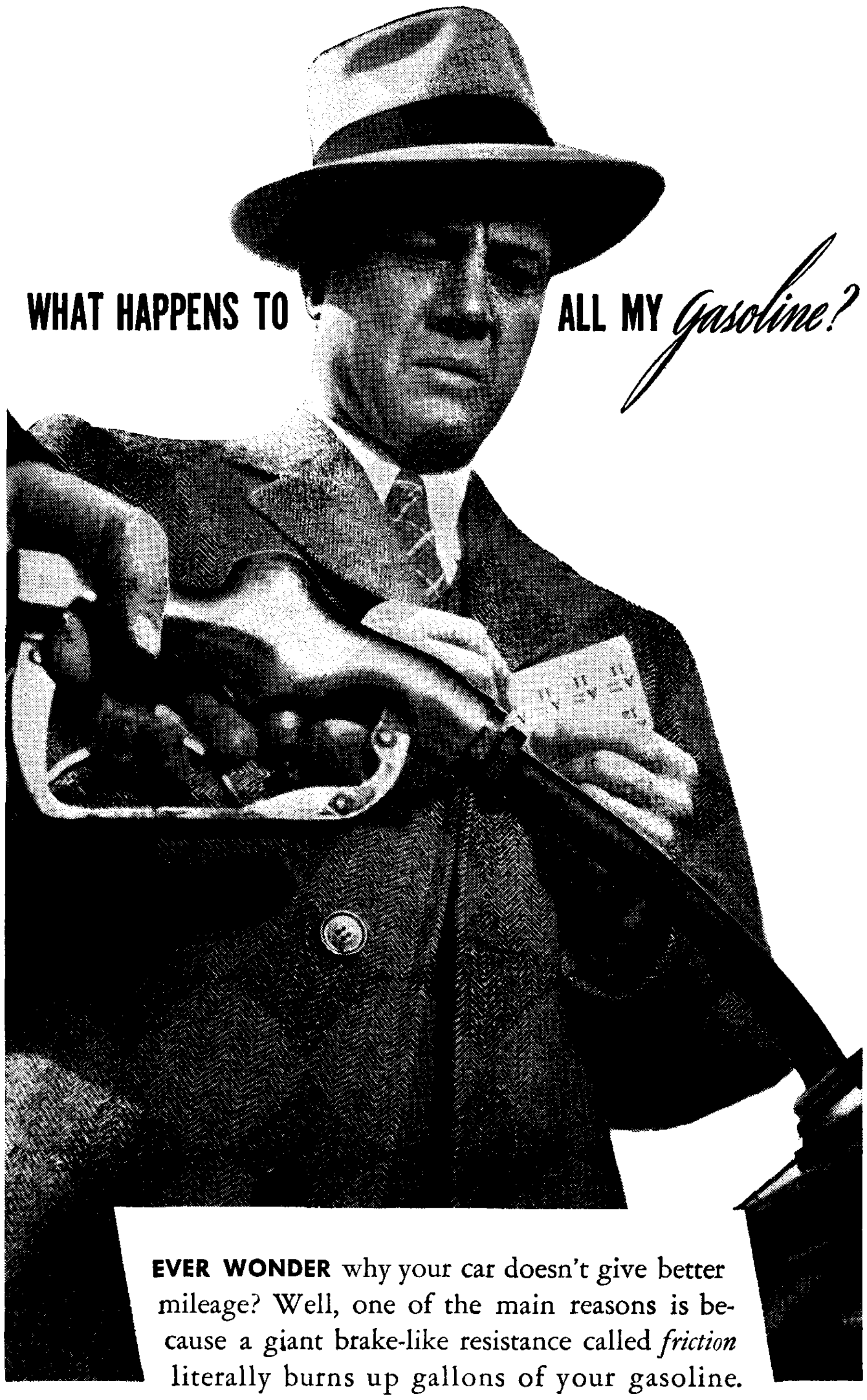
THERE ARE SIX HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:

Manhattan, *65 proof* • Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Martini medium, *60 proof* • Side Car, *60 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof* • Daiquiri, *70 proof*

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

WIN THE WAR IN '44
—BUY WAR BONDS!

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.


WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL MY *Gasoline?*

EVER WONDER why your car doesn't give better mileage? Well, one of the main reasons is because a giant brake-like resistance called *friction* literally burns up gallons of your gasoline. According to authoritative automotive engineers, 50% of the usable horsepower of your motor never reaches the rear wheels of your car but is consumed overcoming this motor friction. Remember that fact every time you purchase motor oil because the principal reason for using oil at all is *to reduce friction.* Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil reduces motor friction, measurably. In 1094 Certified Road Tests with owner-driven cars, the average increase in gasoline mileage was 1.3 miles per gallon when they changed to RING-FREE. Increases of 10% or more were not uncommon! That emphasizes one thing—RING-FREE does a better job of that all-important function of friction reduction. Next time you need motor oil, drain and refill with RING-FREE—the oil that's *guaranteed* to increase gasoline mileage; to remove carbon *while you drive* and to reduce wear and repair.

MACMILLAN RING-FREE MOTOR OIL

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION
50 W. 50th St., New York 20 • 624 S. Michigan, Chicago 5
530 W. 6th, Los Angeles 14
Copyright 1944 Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

BUY RING-FREE WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

burst into tears when she kissed me, and said, "Have a good time, darling."

In my pajamas, I went to the window and watched her get into her driver's car. I wanted to call her back, but I was practically mute from the ache that had been in my chest for so many hours. It would have been completely unbearable, by this time, if I hadn't made myself think of Pete Larkin, as I dressed and combed out my wave and put the last things in my suitcase.

Even so, I'd been feeling steadily worse and worse for some time when, at about ten o'clock, the doorbell rang. Practically on my way out the door, anyway, I opened it—and stood face to face with Pete Larkin. He had the same look on his face he'd had the day before. And I was considerably more exhausted than I'd been then. I just looked at him—with weary bitterness, I suppose.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm taking the eleven-o'clock train for New York."

"Maybe," Pete said. He seized my wrist in a grip of iron. He bent down to look straight into my eyes. "Look," he said, "I thought I made it plain to you yesterday. But I'll give you one last chance. Will you stop interfering between your mother and me—or will I have to make you?"

I looked at him blindly. I said, "Mamma's never going to marry you. I'll let you beat me black and blue first."

"Spanking is out," he said, coming into the hall and looking around him. He wouldn't let go my wrist. "Too bad—because you've been asking for it, Gladys. However, old as I am, I seem to remember another effective measure of my childhood. Let's see, that's the coat closet, isn't it? Bolt on the door, too."

And, before I could guess his intention, he had lifted me by the elbows, swung me into our front-hall closet and bolted the door after me.

"You can come out," he said, through the door, "when you're willing to be reasonable. Until then, you stay where you are, and let Bill worry about why you're not on that train."

"Let me out!" I screamed hysterically. I was frantic. "I've got to get to my husband, you maniac!"

"That's easy," he said. "Promise to be a good girl, and I'll let you out. Tell me you'll telephone your mother you've changed your mind and you want her to marry me. Better hurry up. You'll miss that train."

You've probably never been trapped in a suffocating dark closet, but you can imagine. I thought I would die! For a while, I gave way to a panic of rage and anxiety. I screamed. And if that closet door isn't a scarred mess it certainly isn't because I didn't kick it enough. But eventually it dawned on me that Pete Larkin would simply let me scream myself hoarse and kick my feet off if I wouldn't agree to telephone Mamma and tell her what he wanted me to tell her.

It began to dawn on me that I'd simply have to do it. Even if this was sheer blackmail, nothing was so important as poor Bill, waiting for me in New York.

It was very strange, but I felt as if a thousand-pound weight had been lifted off my chest, as I called through that door, "All right, you win. You can let me out of here now."

"You're sure of that?" Pete shouted. "You'll tell your mother what I've told you to tell her. You promise?"

"Yes!" I screamed. I felt lighthearted with relief, but scared about the train.

"Say 'Yes, Papa!'" he yelled back. By this time, I was feeling so much better, I'd probably have said anything, without minding so much. Anyway, he let me out. I was blinded by the daylight, but I knew he expected me to be furious with him. It was very odd—I was feeling better every minute.

"Look, Gladys," Pete said, "I've gotten your mother on the phone. She's waiting to talk to you. No tricks now, please."

I took the telephone and said what he told me to say: "Mamma? Yes, this is Gladys. I've changed my mind about you and Pete Larkin. I don't care if you want to keep your job. I don't mind if you want to marry Pete. Yes—I promise—I'll come home again."

PETE had a very guilty look on his face. He took the telephone away from me fast. I could have laughed, but I didn't let him know. After all, it *did* serve him right—letting him do a little worrying about the highhanded way he pushed me around.

But he was pretty nice about getting me to the train on time. He was honestly pathetic about the way he tried to get it across to me that he hadn't meant to be rough. And when I was on the train, he threw me an envelope—and yelled, "Have a good time, Gladys. And here's a wedding present from your new papa."

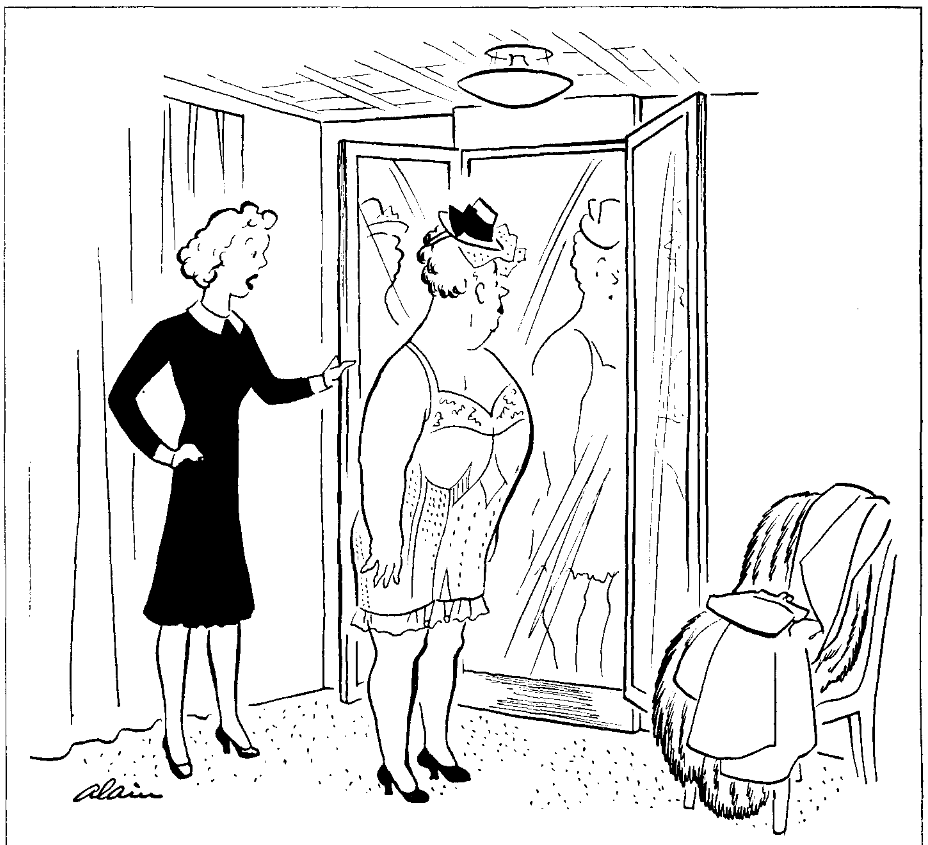
It was a hundred-dollar War Bond, which I am the first one to admit was a little more than I had a right to expect of him. In fact, I might as well add, I have discovered I am deeply grateful to Pete for other things, too. When I think how unhappy I could be right now if he hadn't arranged it so I had to give in about Mamma—why, I shudder from head to foot.

For Mamma writes that she plans to marry Pete very soon and is quite happy about it. By this time, you will understand that I am happy, too.

However this is my problem: How to write a letter to Pete Larkin to make him understand I am not so bitter about him as he probably thinks I am.

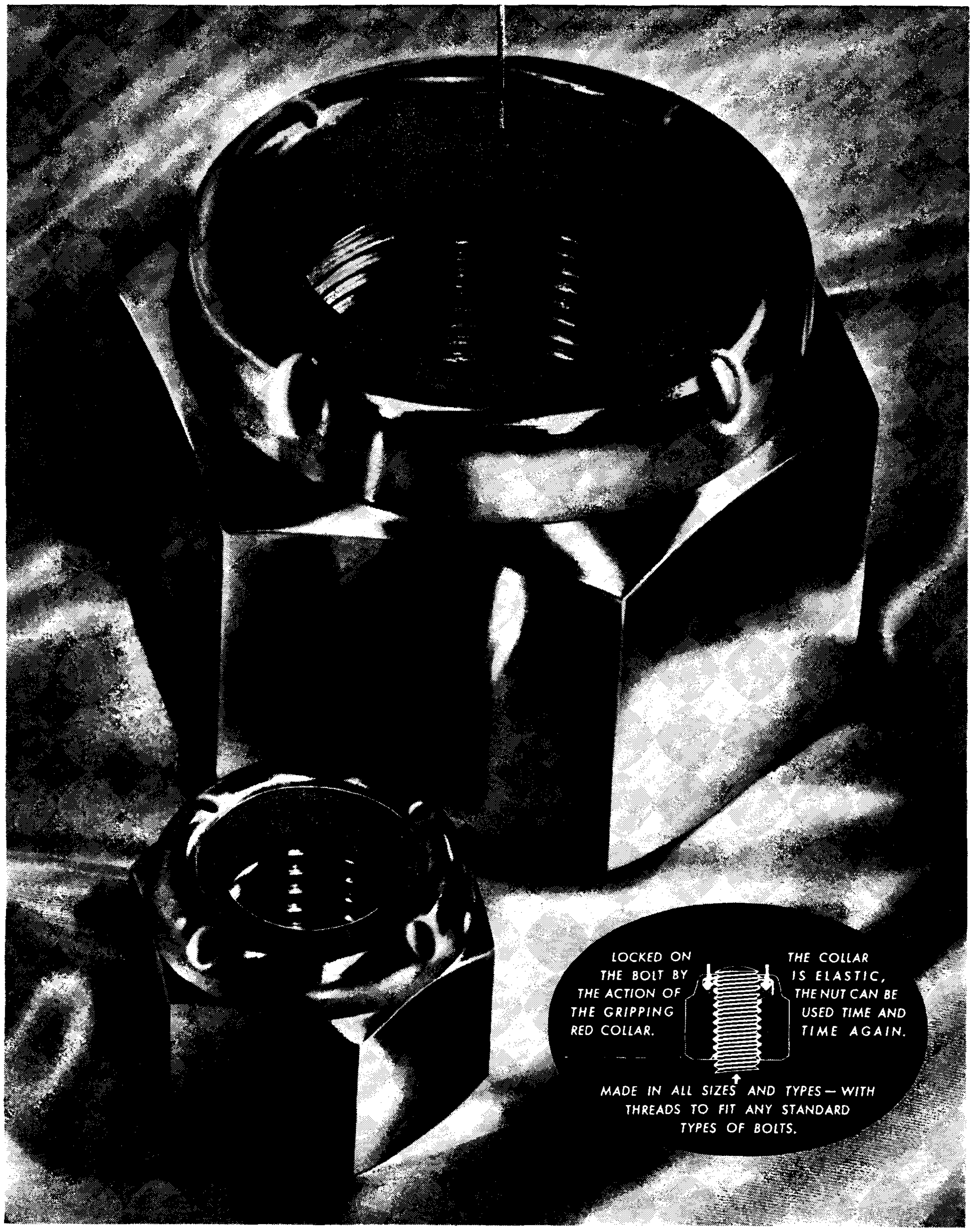
I want to write that letter. But what will I say?

THE END



COLLIER'S "Almost too precious to hide under a dress, isn't it?" DANIEL ALAIN

WHAT'S DIFFERENT HERE?


LOCKED ON THE BOLT BY THE ACTION OF THE GRIPPING RED COLLAR.
THE COLLAR IS ELASTIC, THE NUT CAN BE USED TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
MADE IN ALL SIZES AND TYPES — WITH THREADS TO FIT ANY STANDARD TYPES OF BOLTS.

This looks like an ordinary nut.

To a certain extent it is. It holds things together, and permits removal just as any good nut should.

But then this nut goes further. It does more.

It locks fast wherever it's put. It won't shiver loose and turn — even under severe vibration.

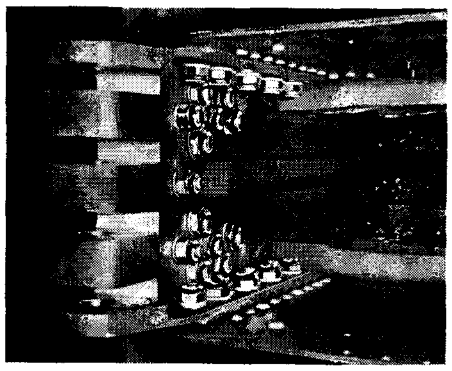
You can take it off and put it back on many times. It still locks wherever it's left — without any washers or auxiliary parts.

The reason is simple. The elastic locking collar in the top molds itself securely in and around the bolt threads and grips tight.

That makes this nut unusually safe. This is why it is used so freely on structural parts of all America's airplanes. For example, our bombers use as many as 50,000 in a single ship.

There are more of these self-locking Esna nuts on war material than all other lock nuts combined.

They will be equally important on peacetime products. So when you see this familiar Esna red collar, you'll know your radio, car, household gadgets and all kinds of equipment will be stronger, safer, quieter and free from frequent servicing.



OK'D FOR THE RESPONSIBLE JOBS

You see here one of the most important structural assemblies on the famous P-38 Lightning fighter plane. It is the terminal forging bolted to the center section spar cap. For safety and dependability it is fastened with Elastic Stop Nuts. Altogether there are about 33,000 Elastic Stop Nuts on a P-38.

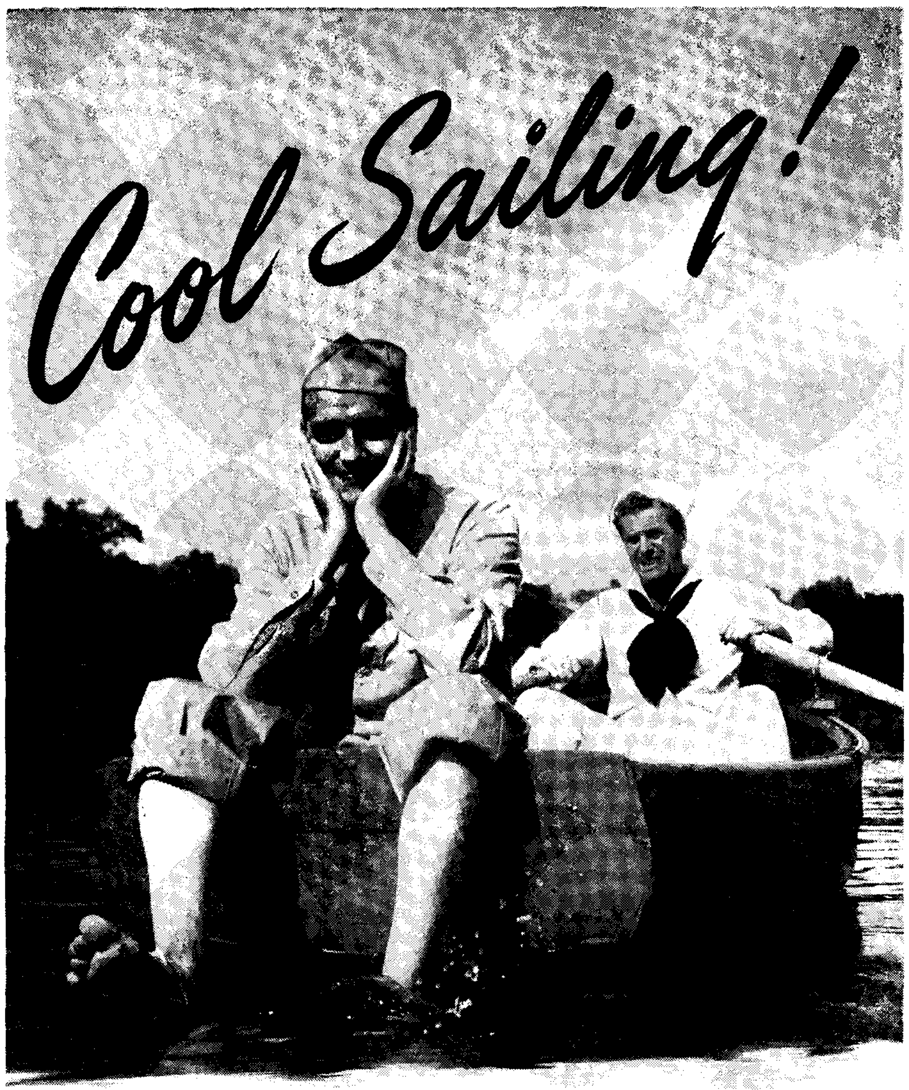
ESNA

TRADE MARK OF
ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION
OF AMERICA

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

UNION, NEW JERSEY AND
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA


Cool Sailing!

GIVE YOUR FEET A FURLOUGH IN BOSTONIAN AIR-COOLS

It's like putting on a new pair of feet when you slide into Bostonian Air-C-o-o-l-s! Light and airy as all outdoors! And *Walk-Fitted* for active feet. $8.95 to $12.95. Commonwealth Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Summer comfort and good looks make *Spruce*, center, a foot favorite. Bantam-weight *Breezeway* is Walk-Fitted. Lower left. *Marvel* — below — is the correct white buck for Naval and Civilian Wear.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT · FEEL RIGHT · THEY'RE WALK-FITTED

The Call

Continued from page 24

engines and the whisper of the ever-present sea came back to him, images somehow tinged with riot and color or curiously peaceful like an infinite landscape bare forever of people and the color of silence. That was the dream; and the reality was this young girl, this Ellen, whom he hardly knew and wasn't sure he cared to know, walking down a side street of Manhattan toward Fifth Avenue. He felt that it was some complicated joke he was playing on himself, that he should walk by her side and hold her arm as they crossed the gutters and smile at her and say the proper words when she asked the proper questions.

For a moment, looking at her, she reminded him of home and he remembered with a small shock that he hadn't been home in two years. Was it that long? There was a curious overlapping pattern the war had taught him, as though time existed on two levels; on one there had always been the war and on the other, rarely caught, there had never been a war at all. Now, suddenly, he thought of home and he could recall the house and the garden and the pattern of lights across the valley at night; there was a girl he had known, and a man, a teacher, who had told him to become an engineer, and his father and mother, two years unseen. Where were they just now, this moment, this instant, this second of time, elastic as an era, brief as the booming and receding tick of a clock?

He said, almost to himself: "In the wintertime when the wind blows—"

"What?" the girl said.

"It's nothing. Just an old ditty we used to sing at home. It was a favorite of my father. It's pretty familiar."

"I never heard it."

"No," he said. "It's not from this part of the country."

"How does it go?"

He said it, reciting it, chanting a little but not singing:

"In the wintertime when the wind blows
Through the windowpanes where the snow goes
See the womenfolk from the vaudeville
Ride velocipedes on the window sill."

She laughed.

"It's pretty foolish," he said. "But I used to like it when I was a kid."

"I never heard it before," she said again.

"I don't imagine they sing it in New York," he said.

"Oh, I'm not from New York," she said. "Nobody in Manhattan is from New York. That's one of our local jokes. I'm a hick, too."

"Small town?" he asked.

"Infinitesimal. New England. Elms and hills, a few streets and lots of fields and plenty of New England rock."

"How long have you been here?"

"Two years. No, almost three now. I'm still a tourist."

HE FELT better then, for some reason, feeling that it might not be bad after all, this day, and he looked down at her almost approvingly; she had the rabbit tucked under one arm and the ears of it, white and fluffy, flopped and rose with her strides. Once inside the park they walked more quickly; skirting the lake with its few birds and the barren brown of its marsh island, they crossed a bridge and they came to a long stretch, wood-trellised and empty of people.

On either side the earth stretched flat and bare until, at the edge of a crescent, it wrinkled into a ridge and humped into a small hill. It touched a memory in him and he remembered the islands and the flat, deadly bareness of the empty beaches with the circle of jungle just beyond and he wondered how it would be, here in the park, with machine guns on the ridge and mortars just on the other side of the hill.

The girl was saying something to him, her face turned upward toward him gaily. "Race?" she said and then she was gone. Her heels clicked on the concrete walk; he watched her for a moment and then awkwardly he began to jog and the instant of memory began to ebb away. He saw it, then, as he knew she saw it: a city park, green in summer, brown in autumn, bare in winter, and he thought wryly in the small space of time before the memory faded fully: peace is the shape of a hill.

They ran with a gay, unreasoning exuberance, the sound of their footsteps echoing loud in the empty park and the rabbit flopping grotesquely in the girl's grasp. They ran until the girl stopped, gasping and laughing, leaning against one of the wooden supports of the trellis and the rabbit dropped from her hand. He stopped; he came back toward her leaning over her laughing face, and he bent and kissed her. Only then they heard the footsteps of the other couple, the bowler-hatted man and the lady in mink, and they saw the courteous way they passed, not quite looking at the sailor and his girl.

The girl said: "Well?"

"They saw us."

"Yes. I think they did. You know what?"

"What?"

"I don't care."

"Hey," he said. "Hey!"

"What's the matter?"

"The rabbit," he said. "You're standing on its ear."

He picked it up and gave it back to her. The metal spine in one ear was bent where her heel had dug into it, and he tried to straighten it. But in the end the ear still had a kink.

"The wages of Cinema," she said and giggled, like a small girl, delighted with the sound of a new word; and then, suddenly, they were both laughing.

IT WASN'T until they were on the bus, going back toward Washington Square, that he felt the tension again, the small knot, hard and expansible as rubber. He shook his head, impatiently in an unconscious gesture, to clear it of thoughts, as a dog shakes water from its body. The girl was sitting close to him, her face lifted slightly as if a wind were still on it. Dusk lay on the dull brown of the buildings they passed.

"Do you know what I really thought?" the girl said dreamily.

"No," he said. "What? When?"

"When you went to make that call in the drugstore."

He felt a flush of anger that she should talk of it again; he didn't want to think of it. And yet he knew that he was thinking of it; and that he had been thinking of it and that it wasn't the girl's fault. He said mechanically: "What did you think?"

"I thought you were calling another girl."

"Did you?"

"I thought you called her and she wasn't in or maybe she had a date already."

He thought with a little shock: Yes, I suppose that's what it really did look like. He wanted to reach for the slip of white paper, to feel if it was still there. But there was no point to it; he knew it was still there. If it had stayed with him these thousands of miles, it wouldn't get lost now, and, besides, he knew everything that was on it.

"Did you," she asked, "call another girl?"

He said sharply: "No!"

"It's all right," she said. "It doesn't matter."

He said stubbornly, knowing she didn't believe him: "I didn't."

"You're angry now," she said softly.

"No," he said. "I'm not angry."

"I didn't mean it that way. I didn't mean to pry. Don't be angry."

"It wasn't anything concerned with you," he said with slow insistence; and then, seeing her stiffen with that odd young, grim expression on her face, he said: "Let's forget it. Look, it's late, you must be hungry. Can we eat anywhere around here?"

With that same young, wilful, hurt expression, she said: "I was going to ask you up. It's only cold meat and hot coffee, but I thought you might like it better than a restaurant. We could stop off and get some cake."

"Fine," he said.

He watched her through all the rest of the ride while she sat staring straight ahead and there was something inside him, objective and impersonal, that wanted to reach out to her and tell her that it was all right, but he knew that wouldn't do any good, so he sat by her side quietly, waiting for her lead. It was a game and he remembered the rules dimly; he knew that it was better not to make any move and that whatever it was in her, pride or youth, would heal itself soon enough.

She lived on the third floor of what once had been a sedate brownstone house, and climbing up the dim well of the stairs, carry-

Let Freedom Ring

It is singing time in schools across the nation —

In a village in Kansas the prairie stretches right up to the schoolhouse door. And through the frame walls —

> *O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies,*
> *For am-ber waves of grain —*

On the rocky shoulder of Maine, a small building looks over the Atlantic. And in the early morning —

> *Land where my fa-thers died,*
> *Land of the Pil-grims' pride —*

In a foreign quarter of New York City —

> *O'er the land of the free*
> *and the home of the brave —*

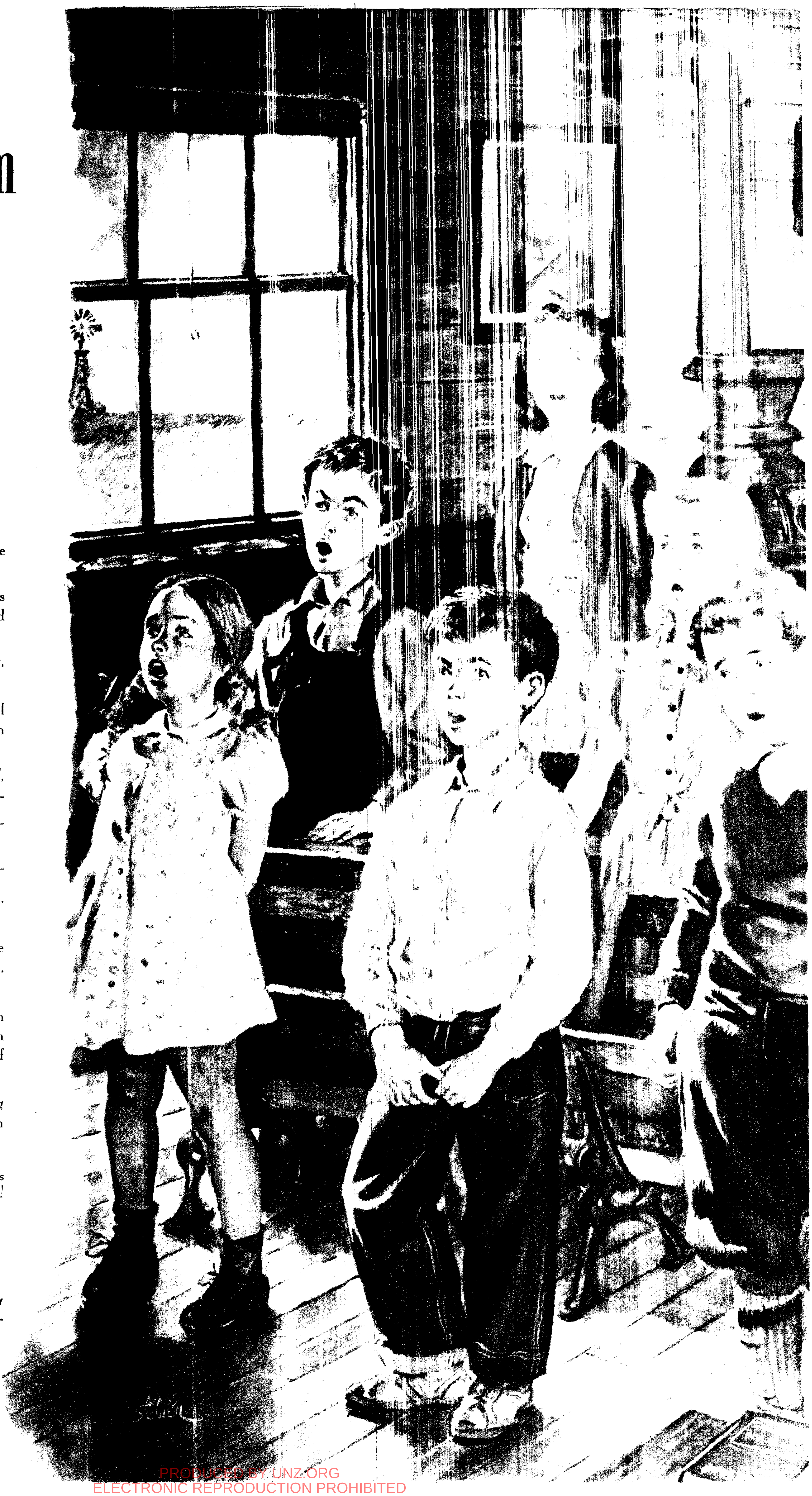
Children — all over America — well fed, sent happily to school! And singing!

Singing — perhaps unconscious of the words — of America's woods and hills, her rivers and grass-lands!

Singing of America's heritage, hard won through early Colonial winter, through wagon-trail privation, through pain of growth and pain of war.

Children — innocent of fear — singing happily of their birthright of freedom in a blessed land!

FOR YOUR TOMORROW — FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S ENDURING FUTURE — BUY MORE WAR BONDS TODAY!



CONTRIBUTED TO THE WAR EFFORT BY
CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILL.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY!

Learn this easy way to kill her quick . . . Spray with Flit! It's sudden death to every breed of mosquito. But more important, it wipes out Anopheles . . . the mosquito that carries dread malaria . . . the one mosquito that always lands *nose down.*

But don't let her land! For once she has taken a bite of blood from even *one* malaria victim . . . she may spread wracking chills and burning miseries throughout a whole community.

Arm yourself with Flit . . . and stop this vicious carrier of disease before she can reach *your* family. Spray *Flit in dark* corners, where she lurks. Spray it on stagnant water, where she breeds. Spray it on *all* mosquitoes in the air!

Remember, Anopheles strikes when you least expect it. So don't delay. Get a big supply of Flit, *today!*

FLIT

kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.

FLIT
Kills
Moths
Mosquitoes
Flies
Bed Bugs
Ants

Be sure it's Flit.
Ask for the yellow package with the black band.

Copr. 1944, Stanco Incorporated

ing the packages, watching the white ears of the rabbit flop like ghostly specters in the dark hall, he followed her until she flung open the door of the apartment and, like a little girl breaking a self-imposed silence: "Come in."

After that, it was all right. He wandered about the apartment—it was really only one large room and a small kitchen—looking at the pictures and bending to finger the rows of books while her voice called to him brightly across the room, over the sound of water running in the sink and the burble of coffee on the stove. She had forgotten or forgiven or whatever the process was; he felt that he won the game, but without any sense of victory, since it was only a small game, like hopscotch or mumblety-peg, and he had known from the beginning that he would win.

Did he like baked poatoes? Yes. There was a morning paper somewhere around and magazines in the rack and the radio was stuck in at the end of the bookshelves, could he find it? Yes. Did he like that landscape over the fireplace? She knew the artist and he had given it to her because she had fed him once for a week when he was broke and hungry. The skis? No, they weren't hers; they were her roommate's. She was up in the country now, her roommate, for the week end, ice skating or tobogganing or something. That's why she had gone to the early show Sunday. That was the wonderful thing about movies, wasn't it? They were on morning, noon and night, and if you were lonely, or—

"You know," she said, sticking her head out from the tiny kitchen, "I knew you were going to speak to me as soon as you sat down."

"How could you tell?"

"You skipped the aisle seat to get the one next to mine."

"Did I? I thought I was taking the aisle seat. It was so dark in there—"

"You're lying," she said cheerfully.

After the meal—it turned out to be more than cold meat—she poured the coffee and stood holding the two cups in her hands, saying: "Let's have it inside." She started ahead of him and he followed, tripping the switch of the kitchen light as he passed. He hadn't known it was dark; the room was suddenly full of night. He heard her stop and laugh, and there was the small, delicate clink of china as the cups wavered in her hands in the darkness. He didn't move.

HE SAW her finally; she was poised over one of the end tables, carefully lowering the cups. She was a shadow, a silhouette in the darkness; and the masses of darkness, the dark room, the black oblongs of chairs and tables, and the dark shape of her in the night-filled room had a dreamlike quality lighted with memory, the dreams of a thousand nights fused in the single image of her faceless figure.

Recalled from all the thousand secret hiding places of the wavering, grasping nerve ends, he could feel the whip of the winter wind across his cheek and the warming sting of the winter sun as he had stood, not so long ago, leaning over her under the bare trees of the empty park. For a moment, before he moved, he felt the power of the impelling surprise. Then it was lost in action and it became part of movement, sunk in the mazes of reflex, and he was holding her in his arms. Her face was lifted to him, and he thought that was an answer and then slowly he became aware of her fists, pressing like small rocks, against the jut of his shoulders.

"No," she said sharply.

There was light in the room, flowing out of the small lamp on the table, and he could see her hand moving away from the still swaying chain. He blinked against the light and the whole room came into focus with all the solid familiar measurements of reality, stolid, real and material. It was all gone, the dream and the image, and, looking at her now, he could see only the young face and the hurt eyes.

He said, almost harshly: "I'm sorry."

"You shouldn't *have*," she said.

"No," he said. "You're right."

He could only think that she was right, because it was a game and he had forgotten the rules for a moment. And forgetting was dangerous because now he didn't care any more. He was only sorry that it had to be this girl, this Ellen, who would never know why or how it happened that you forgot.

"You didn't think," she was saying, "that because—" She stumbled over it again because it was strange and difficult for her to mouth the word or to shape the thought and he had to rescue her again.

"No," he said gently. "It's my fault."

"I thought you were having a good time," she said. "I thought you enjoyed it, today, the way I did. I don't even know what I thought, really."

"I'm a sailor on the town," he said harshly; and then he added: "I really did enjoy it. It was fine. You've been very decent to me."

He felt suddenly tired and he didn't know what else to say. He felt curiously numb. He felt out of it, withdrawn; he wanted only to escape now, to leave the thing where it was because he was too tired to think about it or to talk about it and it wasn't very important.

"Look," he said. "Could I impose on you just a little more?"

"Yes?" she said.

"I don't want to go back to the ship just yet. Could I use your sofa for an hour? I'm very tired. After that, I'll go."

"Yes, of course," she said.

He stretched out on the sofa and between half-closed eyes he saw her stand doubtfully beside the end table, watching him, and then move toward the kitchen. He heard her in the kitchen, washing the dishes. The rabbit stared blindly with pink-eyed innocence from the table where she had flung it. Almost immediately, he was asleep.

HE WOKE in an hour. He woke completely alert, as he always did now, his neglected errand a sharp prod in his mind. The girl was sitting at the far end of the room, near the windows, reading by the light of a carefully shaded lamp. He said mildly: "Could I wash up a bit?"

"Wait a moment. I'll get you a towel."

The cold, stinging water braced him and he came back into the living room rubbing his face briskly, knowing what he wanted to do. He took the slip of white paper out of his breast pocket and unfolded it carefully; the pencil lines on it were beginning to dull and fade; in a little more time they would be only a smudge.

"Could you help me once more?" he said. "I'm a stranger in town. Do you know anything about the Bronx?"

"A little."

He read the address to her, and she repeated it, frowning, and then fetched a small red-covered city directory; her face puckered while she riffled through the pages.

"It's a friend of mine," he said. "His parents. I promised him I'd drop by if I ever got to town." She looked up at him swiftly and he could see the doubt in her eyes glint and disappear. "I tried to call them this afternoon."

"Oh."

"I should have told you," he said apologetically.

She didn't answer but bent to the directory again; after a moment she said: "It's not far. You could subway up in twenty minutes. I'll write it out for you."

He found his pea jacket and he slipped into it. He stood a little awkwardly now that the time had come for him to go; he twisted the blue hat in his hands.

"You're sure you won't get lost?" she said.

"I'll find my way," he said. "Thanks for everything."

For a moment again there was an odd, doubtful silence in the room and then she said decisively: "Wait a minute." She got into her coat. "I'll break trail."

He didn't object; and he didn't even attempt, then, to ask himself why. In the warm, pulsing, rocketing subway car, he was silent. When they got off at the high-perched elevated station in the Bronx he saw her waver and start to turn, but he took her arm, then, and he thought: If she's come this far, let her come the whole way.

HE FOUND the name on the bellboard at the four-story apartment house on the hilly Bronx street: E. M. BERENS. There was no elevator and they had to climb the three flights, and, because they had rung downstairs, Mr. Berens was waiting for them in the corridor. Tom was a little shocked because Mr. Berens was a wisp of a man, old, and he suddenly thought of his own father, huge and broad-armed, massive with life.

"I'm Tom Reynolds," he said.

"Reynolds? Reynolds?" And then the old man remembered and he said, almost smiling: "Of course, Fred always wrote of you. Bertha!" he called, preceding them into the apartment. "A friend of Fred's."

There was a picture of Fred on the old

Heard *THIS* one about the traveling salesman?

BROTHER, I'M A SALESMAN—and traveling *always* has been tough for me! Frequent changes of climate, water and diet used to tie me up in knots. And what terrible-tasting laxatives I'd dose myself with! So high-powered they'd just about knock me out!

SOME LAXATIVES ARE *TOO STRONG!*

THEN I WENT TO THE OTHER EXTREME. Got myself a laxative I thought would be easier on me. It was mild, all right. But, instead of doing me any good, it just churned me up inside and left me feeling worse than before!

SOME LAXATIVES ARE *TOO MILD!*

"LISTEN, SMARTY!", my mother said one day. "Remember how well Ex-Lax worked for you, as a boy—and how you loved its chocolate taste? Well, you'll find it's just as *effective* for a 'he-man'—and it's nice 'n' gentle, too! Stop fooling around with those other things and take some Ex-Lax!"...Well, I *did!* And, by golly, Mom was right! It's not too strong, not too mild . . .

EX-LAX IS THE *HAPPY MEDIUM!*

As a precaution use only as directed.

EX-LAX
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

upright piano in the cramped little parlor, staring out immensely alive from the glass frame, as he was then, at the last, in his sailor's uniform, half-smiling that cocky little grin. Tom turned his eyes away, not wanting to look, feeling a sudden surge of fierce anger, remembering that once Fred had told him he was an only child.

"Here, give me your coat," Mr. Berens was saying. "Do you drink, Mr. Reynolds? Tom? I have something in the house. In the closet. I'm not much of a drinker myself. Bertha! Is the bottle in the closet?"

Tom turned to meet the woman who was coming out of the kitchen, still patting down her hair, looking somehow as if she had been napping, as if now she slept a great deal.

"Mrs. Berens?" he said.

"Come in," she said. "It's good of you to call."

In the parlor, sitting on the old sofa that sagged backward a little wearily, he could see that there were other pictures of Fred on the walls of the room and one, impossibly young for the sailor he had known, of a child in a Buster Brown haircut with wide, innocent eyes. "I'd know you," the old man was saying. "I'd know you from Fred's letters. Wouldn't you, Bertha?"

"Yes," she said. "Only I thought you were older."

"What are you talking about?" the old man said. "Didn't Fred write about the birthday party? Where was it? Australia? Twenty-three years old."

"Twenty-four," he said.

"Now," the old man said. "Now. But then? A year ago? I could get you the letter. I could show you. You remember it, Bertha. The funny letter with the kangaroos and the other animals, the birds, the cockaroos"

COLLIER'S SAM COBEAN

"Cockatoos," Tom said.

"Yes," the woman said suddenly. "I remember."

Tom said carefully: "I told Fred I'd call if we ever touched New York, if—" And then he stopped and he saw the old man nod his head and he went on: "He told me about you; he used to talk about you a lot."

"He was a good son," the woman said.

The old man said briskly: "Are you sure you wouldn't want something? A drink?" Then, looking at the girl, "Nothing? Nothing at all?"

"You'll have something," the woman said; she got up quickly and started out of the room.

"Please don't bother," the girl said.

But the woman was gone, firmly and courteously, implying that it wasn't proper to sit this way in an empty house, at an empty table; Tom turned, aware for the first time since he had entered the room that the girl was sitting by his side. She was sitting stiffly erect and he felt now, hopelessly, that he had done the wrong thing in letting her come. She had no part in it.

The old man said in a low voice: "Were you there when it happened, Tom?"

"Yes," he said. "I was there."

"Could you tell me what happened?" the old man said, his face curiously impassive.

"Well," Tom said in a dry voice, "we were on escort with the convoy about seven hundred miles out and the first wave of planes came for us just after dawn. We got two of them and the rest turned back. About an hour later, the second wave came and we broke the formation, but a few of them got through and one came in over the bow and caught the front gunners. Fred was on antiaircraft and the bomb hit just a little beyond and there wasn't anything anyone could do."

"The second wave?" the old man said.

"Yes."

"He wasn't wounded?" the old man said. "I mean there wasn't anything to do?"

"No."

The woman came in then, and the old man stopped talking abruptly. She placed a small plate of candy on a low table in front of them and she said, smiling, "You will have something?"

He felt that it was done now, finished; it was all dry and dead. There was nothing left to do. All that was left was static; framed pictures and written words and even the memories were fading. Better so. Now that he had come and spoken it, it was finally finished, for him and for the old man and the woman, and they could wait for the kindness of time.

He rose awkwardly. "We'll have to go now," he said. "I'll come again."

The old man looked at the girl and smiled; Tom nodded his head. They got their coats from the front-hall closet and, saying goodby at the door, he looked back once at the room and he nodded, almost imperceptibly, to the pictures of Fred on the walls and on the piano.

"It was nice to meet you," the woman said to the girl.

Tom said, "Goodby."

"Goodby," the old man called to them from the corridor. "Watch the last step on this landing—it's loose. Goodby."

"Goodby," Tom called again. "Goodby."

OUTSIDE in the steady wind, he buried his head deep in the uplifted collar of his pea jacket. He was aware of the pressure of the girl's arm linked through his. They walked quickly away from the house, and at the corner he turned blindly, not knowing if that was the direction they had come. A block or two beyond the house they came to a small park. The girl paused, breaking her stride, but he plunged into the dimly lighted entrance and she followed after him. Gaunt and lonely against the clear moonlight the trees stood bare of leaves.

He was sorry she had come, that he had let her come. It had brought her only the moment's sharp uneasiness and the unhappiness of pity and he remembered her sitting stiffly erect, immobile, while the old man questioned him. She could never know. There was a world between them; he could only bring hunger and death to pit against the bright and pretty toys of peace. How could she know?

Under a pool of light from one of the park lamps, the girl could see his face. He was crying as men sometimes cry, soundlessly and with a brief, terrible intensity. When he stopped at one of the benches, drawing away from her momentarily, she waited until he turned again, composed and silent.

She said: "I was a fool. About the telephone call."

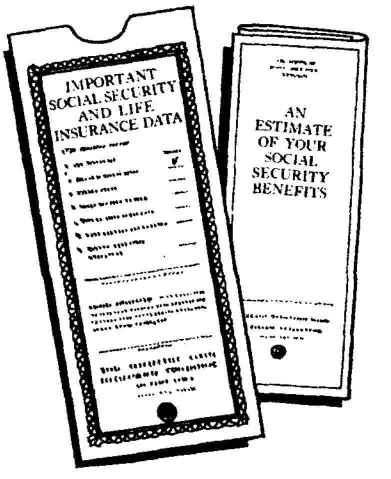
He looked at her. He felt, suddenly, an enormous calm. Sometimes after battle, after the last roar and in the sudden silence, there was a moment of surprise that the world was still sky and water and a distant peaceful horizon; for a while, then, all the tension was gone and a strangeness lay on the pointing guns and the whipping fury of a ship built for destruction.

Now, once more, he felt the swing of time and he was back in the world he had known since his youth, the world of the infinite calm and the quiet. Around him the bare landscape of the park rose in soft hills and he felt washed of passion, clean of emotion. For a moment, then, it was gone, the pressure and the urgency, and he could look at the park and see the hills green in summer and the fresh-leaved trees full of the secrets of laughter and sun and a world always young.

"Tom," the girl said. "Tom? Did you hear me?"

He turned to her; he saw her sharply for the first time and she was good to look at. She knows, he thought humbly and gratefully, she does know. In a world raw with urge and rip, she was a safeguard and a sweet sanity. He touched her face wonderingly. There was a compact between them now; in the end, and there would be an end, the way back would be hard, but beyond, always and beckoning, she would be there and all the strange, wondrous apparitions of peace.

THE END


IMPORTANT SOCIAL SECURITY AND LIFE INSURANCE DATA
AN ESTIMATE OF YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS

Social Security CASE HISTORY X

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Brown. But I can't accept your application for Social Security until you find those missing documents."

This widow will receive Social Security benefits when she finds the official and family records to support her application.

You and your wife some day may face the same need. Better learn the facts about this 7-year-old law under which you pay out now so that later you may receive not-to-be-scoffed-at monthly checks.

It pays to know the answers to these questions: "How much will Social Security pay me at 65? Pay my wife (or widow)? What records should I be keeping? How can I build on my benefits to live comfortably?"

The Mutual Life man in your community is well versed in Social Security matters. He'll gladly estimate your future benefits and show you the safe, low-cost way to future independence—by supplementing Social Security benefits with assured monthly income from Mutual Life Insurance.

75,000,000 Americans own Social Security Cards

Almost every family needs these

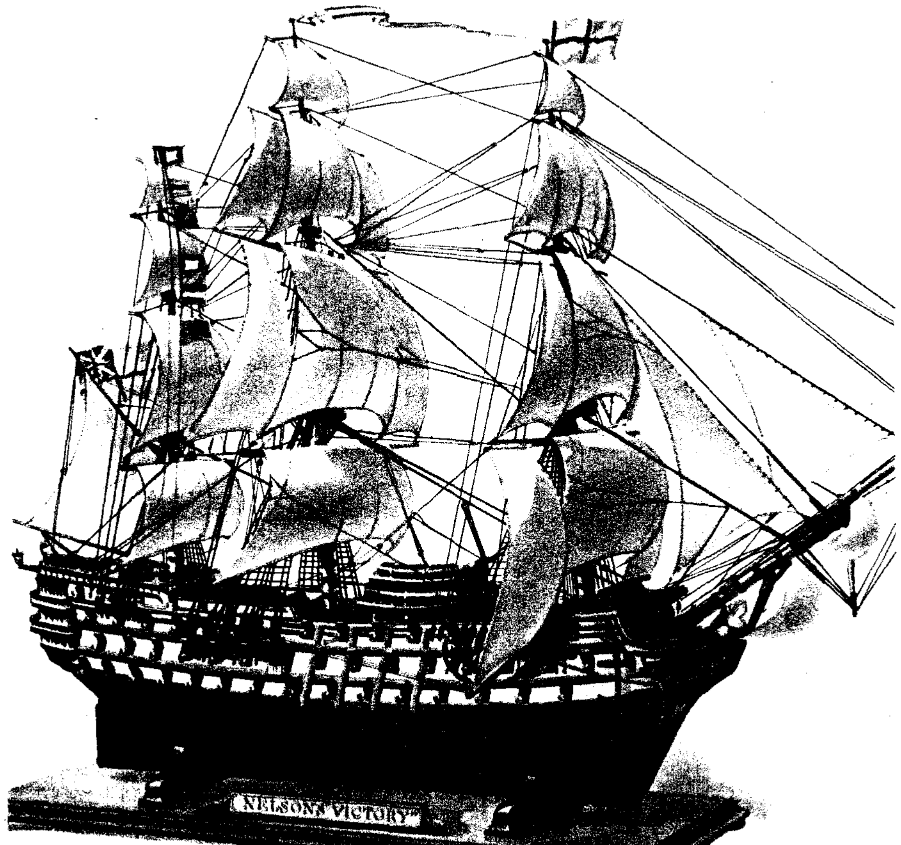
FREE SOCIAL SECURITY HELPS

1. This special FILE *lists the 7 types of official records required to collect Social Security benefits and also provides a place for their safe keeping. 2. This handy* FOLDER *gives help in estimating your future benefits from Social Security and your life insurance policies. To have both, just mail this coupon today to department CS-11.*

Our 2nd Century of Service

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK
"First in America" Lewis W. Douglas, President
34 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK CITY

NAME...AGE...............
ADDRESS..
OCCUPATION...



A STORY worth re-telling

BEFORE going into action at Trafalgar, Admiral Nelson ran up the famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." Leading the way in his flagship, the "Victory," Nelson broke the enemy line, completely defeated Napoleon's fleet and struck a decisive blow for freedom.

In 1832, only twenty-seven years after Trafalgar, William Gooderham and James Worts formed a partnership to provide their neighbors with good, honestly made whiskey. So well did they succeed that gradually the fame of their products spread all over this continent. That is the background of G & W Five Star Blended Whiskey—*a story worth re-telling!*

GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let the memory of Nelson's glorious victory at Trafalgar remind us that we too can strike a decisive blow for freedom. Let it inspire us to buy War Bonds—to the limit of our ability.

★ ★ ★ ★

G & W
FIVE 5 STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY

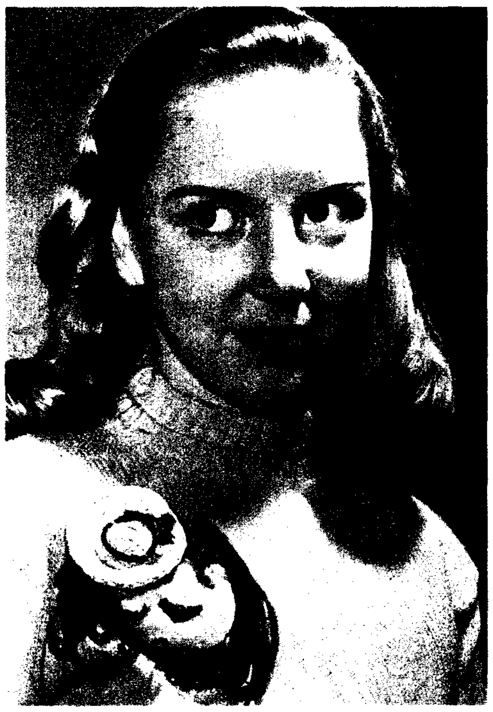
86 proof, 75% fruit and grain neutral spirits

G&W FIVE STAR
Blended Whiskey

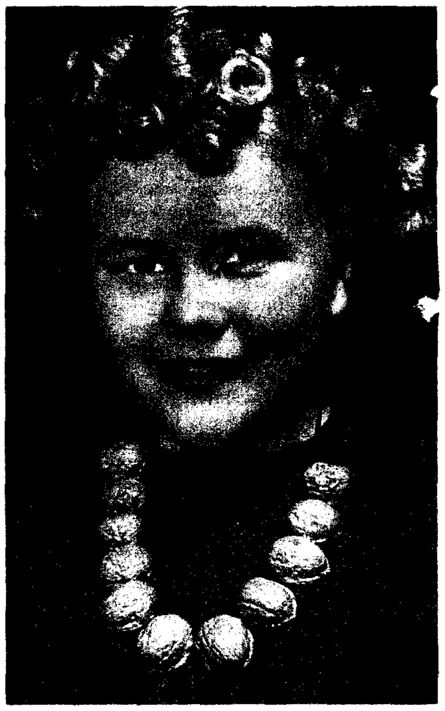
GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED • • • FOUNDED IN CANADA 112 YEARS AGO

Kid Stuff

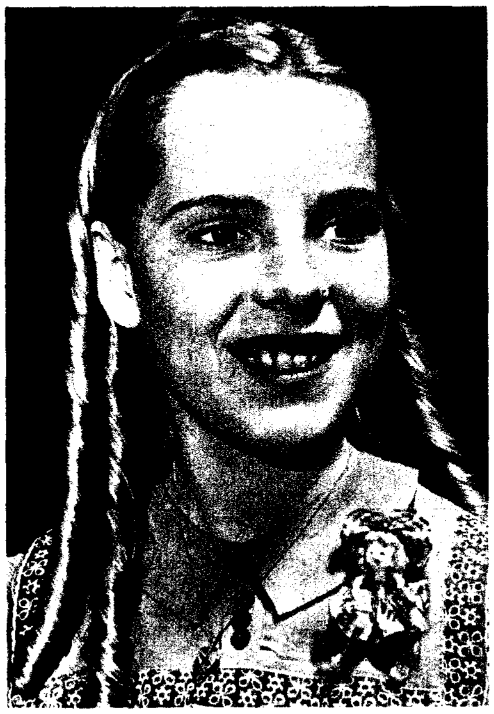
BY LOWELL BRENTANO



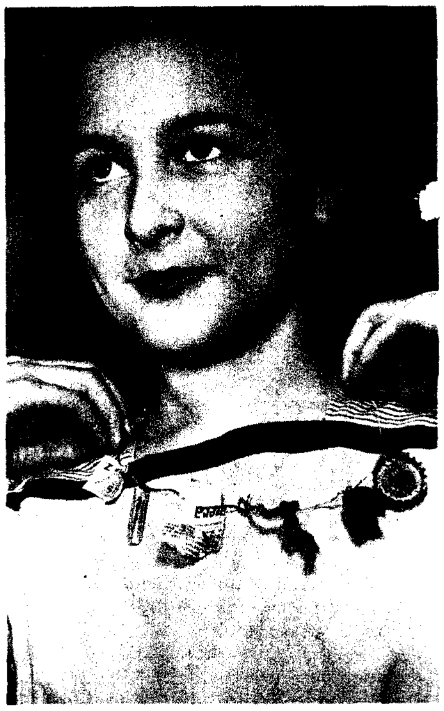
Powder puff, bit of ostrich plume, embroidery and doll hat equal sweater gadget



Nuts (above), puffed breakfast food, macaroni, anything for a necklace

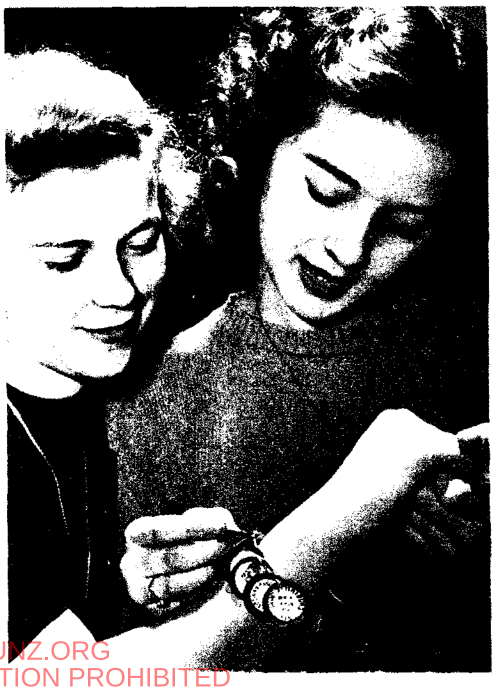


Dolls are lapel pets. This one out of scraps of ribbon, yarn and silk thread

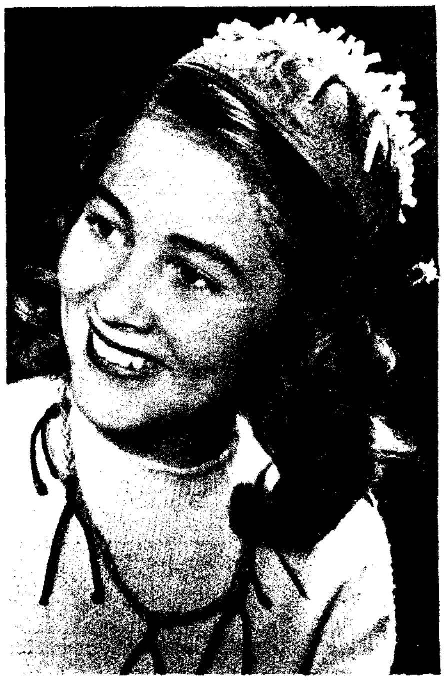


Salvage items and other valuables on wire make a reminder necklace

Cut postmarks off letters from the boys, paste on cardboard, string into bracelet



Wishbones round her neck for luck, soda sipper pompon on her beanie



Tricks for teens at Namm's (Brooklyn) show; old neckties into skirts, dress labels and jabberwocky talk on shirts

IT'S just plain nuts. You take English walnuts, crack them open, eat the meats, thread the half shells on a colored string, and you've got a necklace that sends.

You talk with tricks. Wear a waist long string of beads hanging straight, and you say you're in circulation; knotted once says you're going steady; knotted twice means it's all settled.

Anyway, bewildered adults are discovering that you do these things if you're a high-school kid who's on the beam.

Thousands of them are busy thinking up hundreds more such tricks. Any piece of stuff will do. Old sun-glass frames, watermelon seeds, scraps of felt, alphabet noodles, bottle tops, aspirin boxes—practically anything. Nail polish is a standard for glue and coloring. Gadgets are what adults would call conversation pieces. The kids call them fun and date bait.

Four years ago, they—the kids—were quietly going about their affairs, making and sporting gadgets, when an adult discovered them. She was Mrs. Betty Green, fashion editor of Parents' Magazine, and she was putting on a fashion show in a department store. "I noticed," she says, "that the kids were all laden down with this nonsense, and it gave me an idea."

She sold her magazine the idea, which was a column for gadget ideas called Tricks for Teens. This, she said, would reassure unhappy parents, showing them that the fad was nation-wide and that their children weren't the only wacky ones. It would also make the kids read the magazine. (The gadgeteers now have their own magazine, and the column is a feature.)

Adults took over from there, and kid gadgets are now big business.

One store started a Tricks for Teens club. Now there are 73 of them, scattered all over this country and in Canada. They put on fashion shows. Bring a gadget (your own concoction) for admission and win a prize with the best one. Gadgets are sold afterward for War Stamps. The kids think it's wonderful. And if just incidentally they buy their clothes in that store, the store management thinks it's wonderful.

A newspaper thought a tricks column would be a good idea. Now there is a syndicated column in 31 papers, rivaling the funnies in the interest of the youngsters. And Mrs. Green, who is Nancy Pepper for these occasions, has three secretaries wrestling with about 1,800 letters a week from inventors of gadgets.

Manufacturers of costume jewelry are copying the kid stuff. Absolutely authentic, they tell you, exactly like the original, and one manufacturer has gone overboard completely, abandoning his former line and running his three factories on what he calls "junior items."

All of this attention to teen-agers is high time, says Mrs. Green, who looks the age of her sixteen-year-old daughter.

"We talk about the future of the world, and they are in. These gadgets reflect their customs, and paying attention to them is a way of keeping in touch with the kids. Of course, they don't spend all their time on this foolishness. It's just incidental, but it's fun.

"And the kids are wonderful. They think for themselves. These gadgets are their first creative efforts, and they show they can do things with their hands. Any sewing effort based on gadgets puts a needle in the hand, which is a head start on serious sewing. It's nothing to laugh down."

Any time you decide to get in closer touch with the kids yourself, and you can't quite catch what they say, Mrs. Green is all set to help you there, too. She can give with the goo (explain in detail) because she is also an authority on jabberwocky, which is their language. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN—PIX

She switched oil.. and z-z-zip.. there it was!
ZZZZ
ZZZZ

Something special happens when you sound your Z for

PENNZOIL

Of course we've never actually *seen* a Z hovering around vehicles that use Pennzoil, but something helps them carry their age unusually well.

Maybe it's because Pennzoil resists the sludge and varnish that plague engines nowadays. Or maybe Pennzoil's tough film so smoothes engine operation that vital parts decide there's no such thing as wear.

For that special something, try this popular Pennsylvania oil yourself. Just remember—emphasize the z-z-z when you ask for Pennzoil.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Safe Lubrication

Better dealers from coast to coast display this sign
Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

*Registered trade mark

PENNZOIL* GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Why I Support Roosevelt

Continued from page 11

These are human traits of character and temperament which give color to a man's personality. But even if we want to avoid them, can we be sure of doing so by changing the name, or the history, or the environment of the man who is to be substituted for him?

These things may constitute interesting subjects for debate regarding Roosevelt the man, Roosevelt the President, or Roosevelt the Commander in Chief.

But they do not constitute dictatorship. Especially is this true when all kinds of men and women, in and out of office, not only possess but exercise the right to disagree with him and even quarrel with him about policies and principles of government when the occasion is appropriate. There is no danger of dictatorship in this country on the part of the President so long as this freedom of discussion and disagreement exists.

In fact, while President Roosevelt has been delegated more power by Congress than was ever delegated in our history, he has by no means exercised all these powers.

There was no way to avoid this enormous and unprecedented delegation of power. Democracies cannot fight great wars with a sprawling, disconnected, heterogeneous organization. When democracies fight against autocracies, they must for the time being bring into concentrated play all the powers at their disposal. To do otherwise would invite calamity and catastrophe.

The character, extent, complexity and intensity of this war required this delegation and this concentration of power. Congress could and did provide by law for the total mobilization of all our resources; but Congress could not go out, either as an institution or as individuals, and execute the mobilization. The power to do it had to be delegated to the President through such agencies as he might choose, either in existence or to be set up by him.

Wide Discretion Necessary

It was necessary to leave to the President wide discretion not only as to the manner of exercising these powers, but as to whether some of them should be exercised at all. It would have been the same no matter who the President might have been.

The fact that Mr. Roosevelt has not found it necessary to employ all of these powers and that he has not exercised in an arbitrary manner those he has employed relieves their exercise of any of the elements of dictatorship in the ordinary sense of that term. In some instances more firmness on his part and more promptness in using the power he had would have received the approval of the country.

I come now for a moment to the same question that confronted Mr. Roosevelt in 1940. All the chances were that if left to a free personal choice, he would have retired. He could not then do so for the reasons which I have mentioned.

He was overwhelmingly elected, which is proof that the American people thought he ought to run and thought he ought to be elected.

In being elected he broke the two-term tradition. He did not break it by merely being a candidate. The American people broke it, as they had a right to do, by electing him.

Why Washington Retired

In breaking the precedent, he fulfilled the very conditions which George Washington gave in his Farewell Address as the reason for his own retirement, to wit, that the conditions existing in the country no longer required him to serve as President and that he was free to follow his personal desires and retire.

He had even wished to retire at the end of one term. But nowhere in the Farewell Address did Washington say he would not have accepted a third term if the conditions at home and abroad which then existed were such as to require his further service as President.

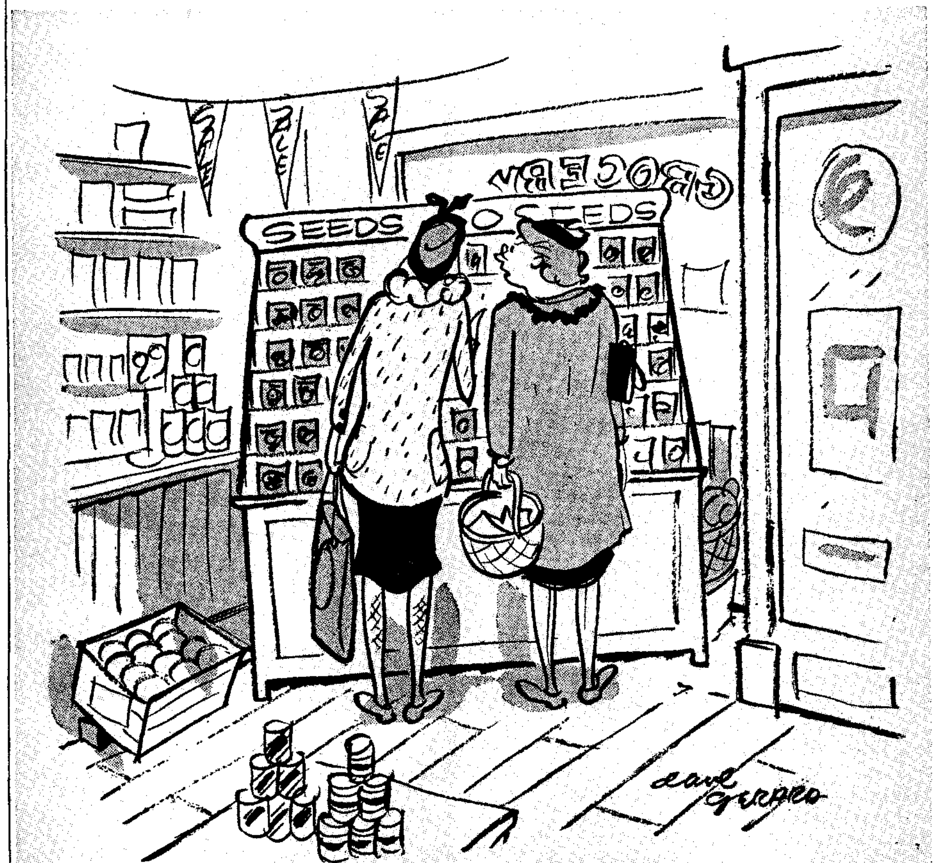
Now that the third-term tradition has been shattered, it will not be any more completely shattered by a fourth term.

But many sincere people ask why any man would want a fourth term as President.

My own opinion is that no man would want it merely for the sake of gratifying an ambition. No man worthy to be President would want it merely to keep his friends in office. And no man worthy to hold an office would want him to do it for that reason.

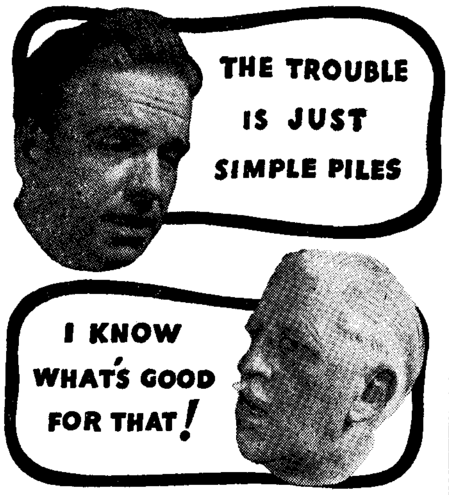
Having preferred to retire at the end of two terms, it is not difficult to understand why he would even more fervently wish to retire at the end of three. If the world were at peace instead of in the midst of its greatest human struggle, it is my belief that President Roosevelt would do precisely that.

But can he retire, if it is the will of the American people that he finish the task to which we have set our hands? No one can determine as of today whether the American people wish this. But how can they make their will known unless he places himself again at their service by accepting another



"I'm a little leery of seeds in grocery stores. Why should they want them to be good?"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD


THE TROUBLE IS JUST SIMPLE PILES
I KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR THAT!

Use Unguentine Rectal Cones to relieve the discomfort and itching of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Like famous UNGUENTINE, *they help bring quick relief . . . help guard against infection and promote healing.*

Try *Unguentine Rectal Cones.* They are *easy to use . . . sanitary . . . inexpensive.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Your druggist will refund full price if you are not satisfied.

UNGUENTINE*
RECTAL CONES

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Norwich

A NORWICH PRODUCT

HEAR...

Electronic science SELECTS sounds to fit your ears

Enjoy Maico's *selective* hearing, a new triumph of electronics. Emphasizes sounds your ears need most, yet suppresses loud blasts. For easy, *lifelike* hearing, try a midget Maico aid.

Write for details.
MAICO CO., Dept. 65S
2632 Nicollet Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn.

MAICO

Maico supplies 90% of America's precision hearing test instruments

Buy WAR BONDS for future SECURITY
STOP AT hotel Mayfair FOR CONVENIENCE AND COMFORT IN ST. LOUIS

Make it Last LONGER!

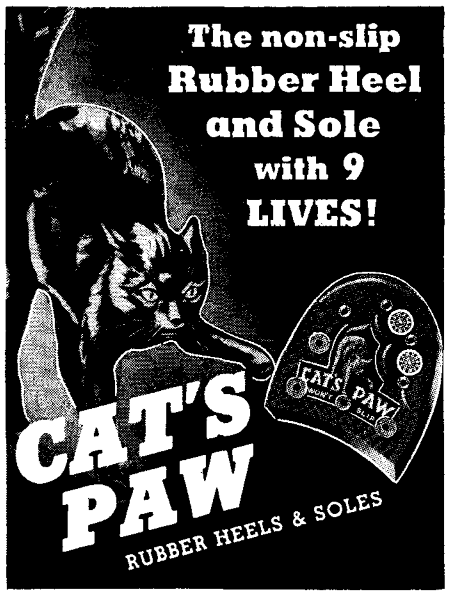
3-IN-ONE Oil belongs in every tackle box! Lubricates, cleans, polishes, prevents rust and tarnish on rods and reels. Keep your firearms ready for action with 3-IN-ONE Oil, too!

"3-IN-ONE" OIL

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 540-L, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution


The non-slip Rubber Heel and Sole with 9 LIVES!
CAT'S PAW
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

KEEP YOUR CAR FIT TO THE FINISH

Flare THE COMPLETE LINE OF AUTOMOTIVE CHEMICALS

Makes **OLD CARS LOOK and ACT** *like New!*

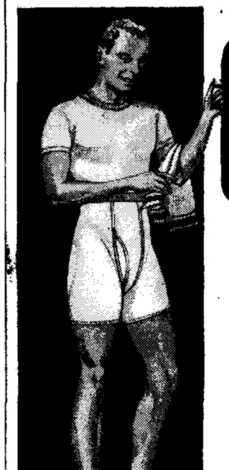
SAVE THE BRAKES

Use *FLARE* Hydraulic Brake Fluid. Blends perfectly with all original equipment and other standard quality brake fluids.

FREE! Folder—"HOW TO KEEP YOUR CAR FIT TO THE FINISH." Ask your dealer or write:

FOR CAR BEAUTY AND CARE USE... Flare

FLARE LABORATORIES
Division of **THE BELL CO., INC.**
1858 W. Kinzie St., Chicago



OTIS

MODERN UNDERWEAR

Otis quality means longer wear—more important when underwear is so scarce.

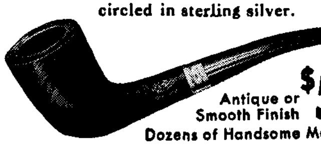
Trade Mark

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York 13, N.Y.
ALSO
OTIS HOSIERY

Some things haven't changed!!

LHS STERNCREST STERLING

Made of imported Mediterranean briar by the skilled hands of LHS craftsmen circled in sterling silver.



Antique or Smooth Finish **$5**
Dozens of Handsome Models

And now, LHS **STERNCREST** 14K —a pipe for men who want "Perfection—in a pipe." Specially selected grain briar; solid 14K gold band . . . **$7.50**

At all good dealers
L & H STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., Brooklyn, N.Y.

nomination and permitting or even inviting them to pass judgment upon it?

One can very well understand Mr. Roosevelt's preference for retirement if circumstances allowed him a free choice. The problems of war have been burdensome and breath-taking. But the momentum is at work and the drive is all one way. Of course, there will be reverses and hard knocks, outbursts and vicissitudes incident to a world-wide tug of war between strong contending forces. But the ultimate victory can be seen, no matter the time nor the sacrifice that may be required.

But when the last shot is fired and the men and women in uniform start the long journey back to home and civil life, serious and complicated problems will arise in America and throughout the world, requiring all the experience, tolerance, wisdom and unselfish devotion to the strengthening of the political, economic and social foundations of democracy that are possible.

Any man, honored already beyond any other American, might well prefer the quiet and refreshing shades of individual peace amid his books and memories. Or he might infinitely prefer to spend his remaining years making an accurate chronicle of the events in which he has played so great a part. Can he do it?

Can he voluntarily renounce any obligation or opportunity to complete the job?

I do not think so.

But, say the solicitous and anxious groups, the President is tired. Well, many heads of governments have occupied these stations longer than the President. They are probably tired also.

HAND-ME-DOWNS

The diapers that our darling wears
Have served before on other heirs.

His buggy, pram, and bassinet
Came secondhanded to our pet.

Since babes don't have priorities,
He demonstrates an ancient wheeze;

For, till the war is fought and won,
There's nothing new beneath our son!

C. M. Andrews

Who among us, who has or is worthy of any serious responsibility, is not tired?

The whole world is tired. Tired of war! Tired of bloodshed! Tired of brutality! Tired of racial hatred! Tired of religious intolerance! Tired of poverty! Tired of injustice! Tired of international trickery and suspicions! It is tired!

But there can come no rest to man or to the world until we have got our feet back on the highway of hope, and our eyes back on the vision of human brotherhood.

When these things come, rest may come.

But, say his skeptical and chronic critics, has not Mr. Roosevelt abandoned the New Deal? And, did he not do it for political reasons?

How the "New Deal" Got Its Name

Well, in the first place, Mr. Roosevelt never gave to his program the name "New Deal." In his speech of acceptance at Chicago in 1932, he declared himself in favor of a new deal as compared to what they then had. So did everybody else. The press and public came to associate his whole program with this declaration, and it became the "New Deal."

But he did not abandon its works, even if he did say in his press conference that some other name might be more appropriate for the war.

Nor will the American people abandon its works any more than they will abandon the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson or the Square Deal of Theodore Roosevelt.

Will the people abandon or will any candidate advocate the abandonment of the Banking Laws of 1933? Will any candidate advocate the abandonment of the guaranty of bank deposits; the soil conservation and agricultural programs or the Farm Credit Administration or the Collective Bargaining Labor Laws; or the Wages and Hours Laws, or the Social Security Act; or the regulation of stocks and stock exchanges; or the child labor restrictions; or the Good Neighbor Policy; or the Flood Control Program; or such great conservation programs as the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Bonneville, Great Coulee and other hydroelectric enterprises for the service of the people.

I am not speaking now of the temporary but irksome regulations and restrictions which the war has made necessary. We all want to be out from under them as soon as possible. I am speaking of the great farsighted program carried forward before we had to go to war.

Candidates and politicians will speak in scornful terms of the New Deal but they will no more undo its works than Harding, Coolidge or Hoover undid the works of Woodrow Wilson in the Federal Reserve system, the Public Roads system, the Clayton Antitrust Law, the Federal Trade Commission or the laws granting to farmers and laborers the right to organize.

There is nothing new or sinister in fourth terms. Dozens of governors have been elected to fourth terms. Mayors of cities have been elected to fourth terms. Scores of United States Senators have been elected to fourth, fifth and even sixth terms. Scores of members of the House of Representatives have been continued in office fifteen or twenty terms. The foundations of none of the states or of the nation were undermined by these long tenures of office. The people simply exercised their right of choice in the American democratic way.

I am not afraid of a fourth term for the President. *There can be no such thing as a dictatorship,* which some honest people fear and others pretend to fear, so long as the American people have the right of free choice.

There is no pretense anywhere that they do not have a free choice. No sort of coercion of the individual voter is possible or would be attempted or countenanced. The people exercised a free choice in 1932 and again in 1936 and again in 1940. They will do the same in 1944 and will continue to do so as long as American democracy and individual liberty survive.

The People Man the Gate

Whenever they get ready to turn a man out of office, they will turn him out, no matter what the office is and no matter whether he has held it one term or four terms.

I entertain no fears for the future of our democracy so long as the people are free at the ballot box. We are fighting all over the world now to keep them free.

In supporting President Roosevelt for another term, I do not do it on the theory that he is the only Democrat who could win, if I were considering the question purely as a Democrat. That may at best be an academic question. We may never know whether some other Democrat can win. There are undoubtedly numbers of experienced members of the Democratic Party who would afford the country excellent material for the Presidency, and who would rise to the high requirements of the office if the call came to them.

Neither do I support him because the Republican Party contains no eligible or competent material for the Presidency. It undoubtedly contains such men. Whether it will nominate such a man, I would not venture to predict. But regardless of the number of suitable persons in the Democratic Party or in the Republican Party or any other party, I support him for the simple and hardheaded reason that, under the conditions which face the world and the nation today and will face them in November and for a period thereafter, he is far and away the best-qualified man to meet these conditions and help resolve them as President of the United States.

It is not a question of sentiment. It is a question of common sense. It is a question of trained and skillful leadership in a world of treacherous crosscurrents and treacherous waters. Tradition must now and then give way to reason and sound judgment in the prosecution of the war to the most speedy and successful conclusion and in the consummation of a peace that will be just and enduring. I believe Franklin Roosevelt is the best qualified of all the men talked about or thought about for President during the next four years.

Therefore, I support him.

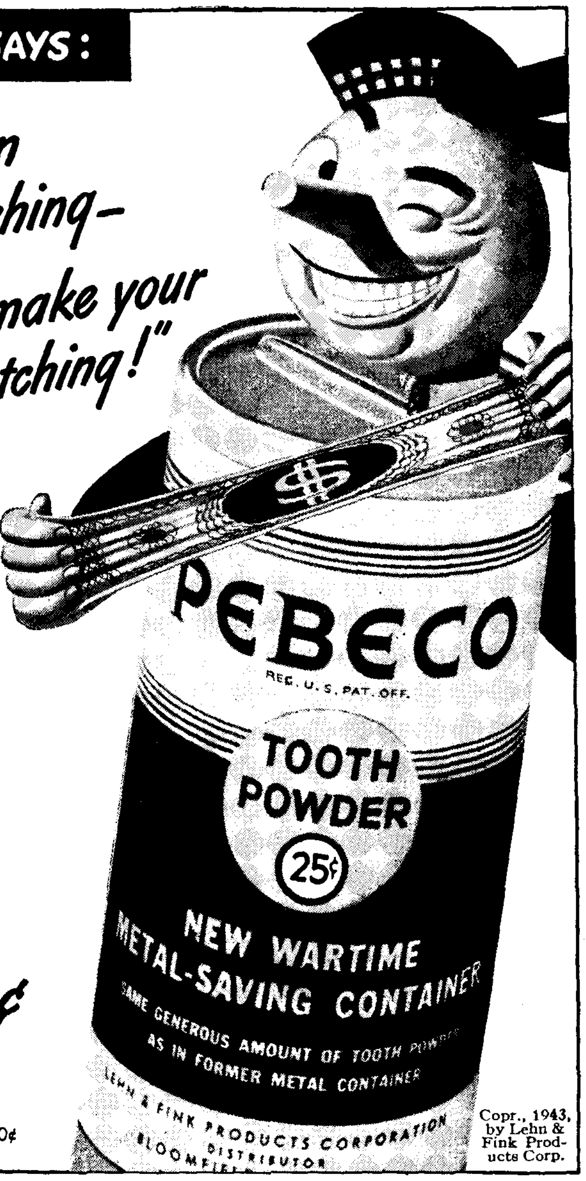
THE END

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

"I specialize in budget stretching–
And help to make your smile more fetching!"

1. Pebeco Tooth Powder gives you 60% *more* than average of 6 other leading tooth powders... stretches your budget further!
2. Makes teeth sparkle. No other dentifrice cleans teeth better than Pebeco.
3. You get no grit in Pebeco Powder! It doesn't scratch tooth enamel.
4. Tastes peppy, too... makes mouth feel clean and minty-fresh. Get Pebeco Powder today!

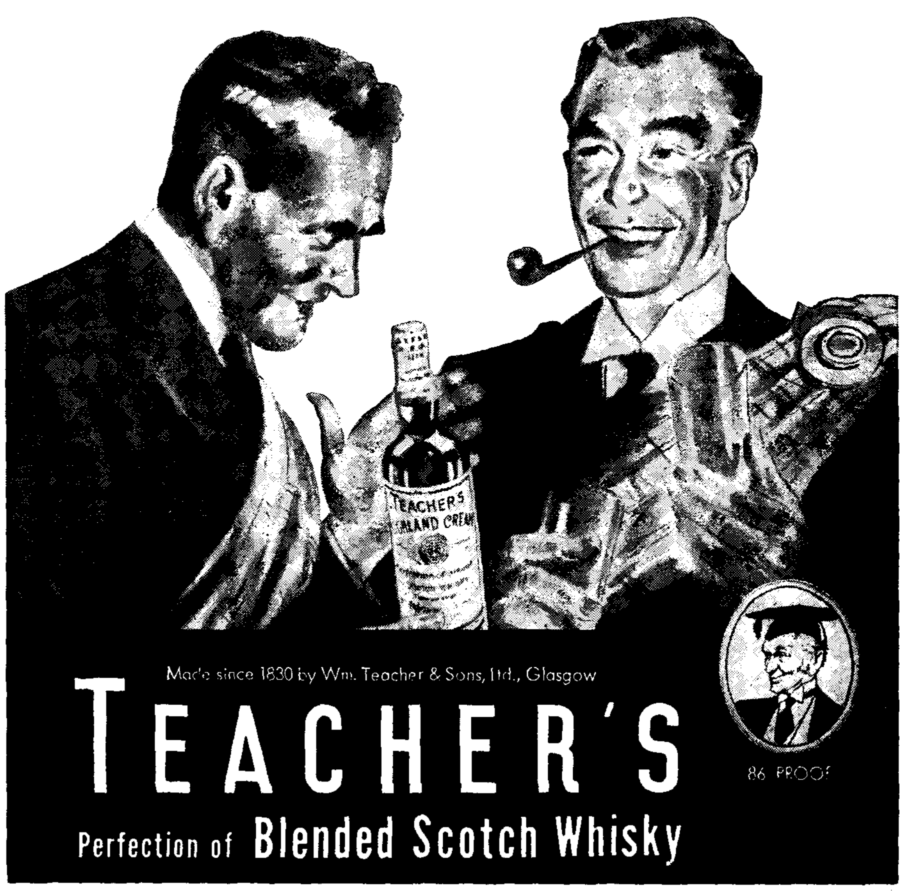
GIANT SIZE ONLY **25¢**
Big 10¢ size, too
Also Pebeco Tooth Paste—clean, refreshing flavor—10¢, 50¢


PEBECO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH POWDER
25¢
NEW WARTIME METAL-SAVING CONTAINER
SAME GENEROUS AMOUNT OF TOOTH POWDER AS IN FORMER METAL CONTAINER
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION DISTRIBUTOR BLOOMFIELD
Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

"Auld fr-r-riends are best!"

The unvarying quality of Teacher's Highland Cream has been building friendships since 1830. For 114 years, gentlemen have said....

'It's the flavour'



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S

86 PROOF

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

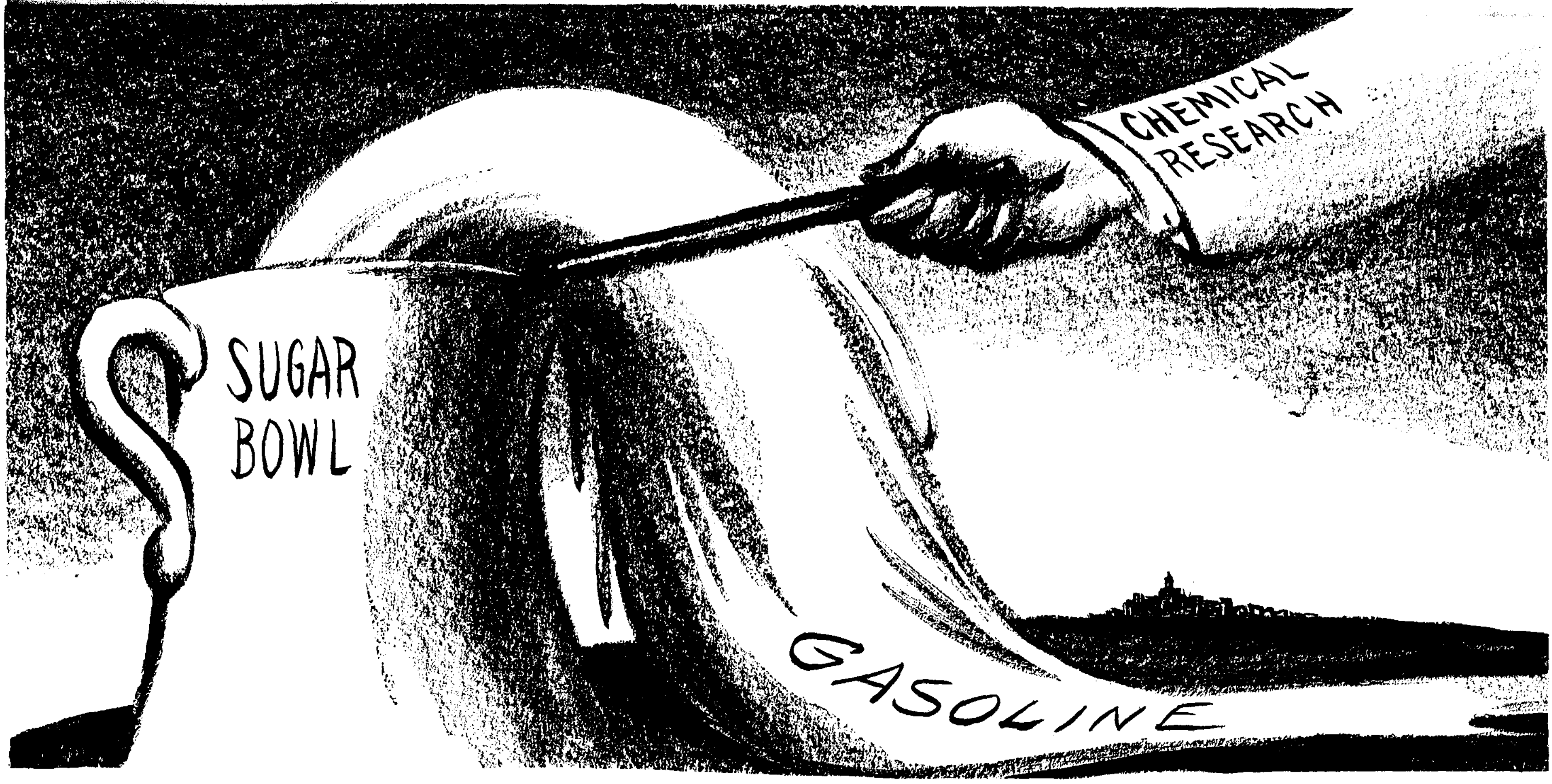
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

HENRY LA COSSITT
Managing Editor



D. R. FITZPATRICK

FUEL FOR ALL?

AS SENSATIONAL a piece of scientific news as we've seen in recent years is the story of Doctor E. Berl's announced discovery of a way to make gasoline, coal and oil from various products of farm, forest and ocean. If true (and we'd like to emphasize the "if" for the time being), the news has tremendous implications for industry and for the future course of world history.

What nature does, of course, in making coal and petroleum out of vegetation, is to change carbohydrates such as sugar and starch into hydrocarbons—coal, oil, lignite, peat, and so on. But nature takes several thousand years, while Doctor Berl says he can turn the trick in a few hours by internal combustion produced in a cheap, simple apparatus.

He says that from 100 long tons of Louisiana dry sugar cane he can get 2,980 gallons of gasoline, 3,430 gallons of middle oil, 1,210 gallons of lubricating oil, *and* the 8.45 long tons of sugar which the cane would have yielded anyway.

Sugar cane planted on 2.1% of the United States' available crop lands, says Berl, could produce by his process as much gasoline as our 32,000,000 cars burned up in the year before the war. Other materials from which he claims to be able to produce gasoline or coal are sorghum, sweet potatoes, cornstalks, grass, leaves, Irish moss, seaweed, algae, wood and sawdust.

It sounds like wonderful stuff; but at least the Berl claims were revealed in the shape of a paper read at an American Chemical Society meeting, and Doctor Berl himself is a research professor at the eminently respectable Carnegie Institute of Technology.

If the process stands up and produces as promised, a lot of worry about eventual exhaustion of world oil and coal supplies can be dropped. Gone will be one potent cause of wars—the need for nations to assure themselves oil supplies wherever they can find them. Industries can make their own fuel, and so can a lot of farmers. The world's fuel supply will be safe until the sun cools off, and human life quits the earth along with plant life and all other animal life.

The Berl hopes may fade or the Berl process may never come into general use, or it may be forgotten until our grandchildren dig it up from the files. But at the very least, the news gives fresh promise that in time science will lick every problem of full, comfortable living that has bedeviled mankind from the beginning of mankind's tenancy on this planet.

A Trillion-Dollar War

SOMETIME in 1945 at present cost rates, according to statistician Mabel J. Walker of the Tax Institute, this war will have cost all the nations engaged in it a total of one trillion dollars—a million million or a thousand billion, whichever you prefer. You can't visualize the sum either way; no human mind can.

The news is by way of being a crushing retort to those long-time optimists who have predicted for a generation or so that the costs of modern war would eventually become so staggering that there would be no more big wars. We all knew that another world war would cost a lot more than the first one, but that foreknowledge didn't prevent this war.

These costs could have been cut, though, we are convinced, and it is more than possible that this war would not have occurred at all, had the Allies, beginning when World War No. 1 ended, maintained some kind of mutual protective organization and paid the costs pro rata.

Such a force, whatever it might have been called, probably could have insured the Allies against attack. If they had been attacked at all, they would have been closer to victory now than they are.

Failing such an inter-Allied organization, the United States could have kept up a strong insurance policy on its own safety by maintaining strong land, sea and air defenses of its own. The cost would probably have come to less than the $106,000,000,000 we had spent on our part of this war at the end of fiscal 1943. It seems most unlikely that the Japs would have attacked a notoriously well-prepared and alert United States. If they had, again we'd be nearer to victory over them now than we are.

We think you can carry this argument out to its logical conclusion as well as we can.

Put the People First

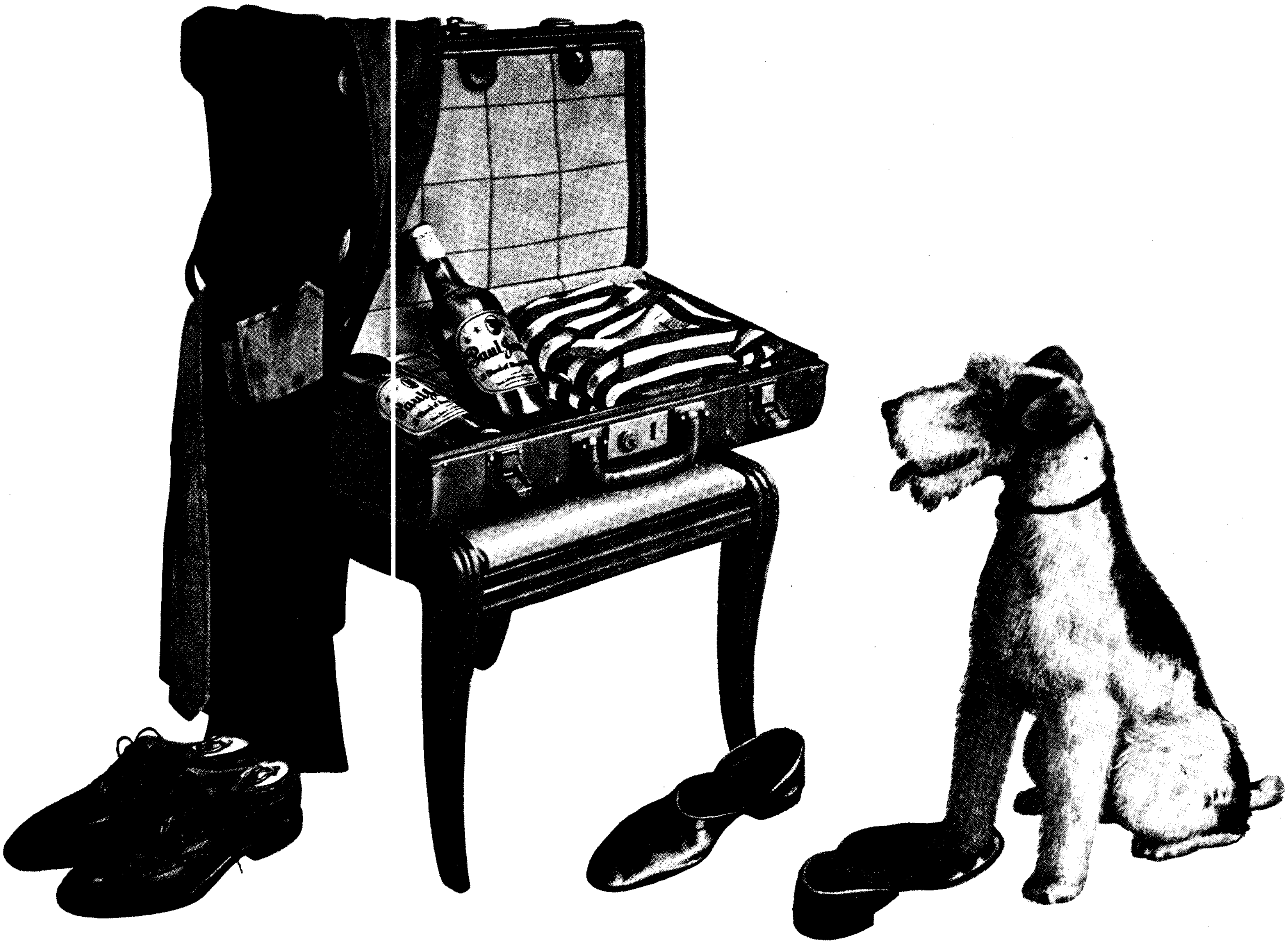
THE Reverend Doctor Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., congressional aspirant for Congress from New York's 22d Congressional District (in Manhattan), states that if elected "I will represent the Negro people first. I will represent after that all the other American people." The 22d New York, it seems almost superfluous to add, has a big colored population—about 90% Negroes, the rest mainly Irish and Spanish.

This New York episode is ominously typical of a bad trend in this country. More and more, we have men and women in Congress who are "labor people," or "prohibition people," or "silver people," or "farm people," and so on. The percentage of people's people—of Senators and Congressmen who are determined to represent all the people—is not increasing, to say the least. Now we have this Doctor Powell, who proposes to be a Negroes' representative first and a representative of all the people second.

Congress is intended by the Constitution to be a body of people's people. It is not intended to be an outfit split up into blocs, each bloc fighting and back-scratching for its own constituents' profit and advantage over the rest of us.

We can probably never realize this ideal 100%, human beings being what they are. But we can keep on fighting to realize it. We can do that by voting only for House and Senate candidates who show by word and record that they are for all the people and are not sold out or spiritually enslaved to any one fraction of the people. We'd better put up such a fight, and keep it up, if we want to keep our democracy.

To go off on a tangent, though a pertinent one, we'll remark here that this same Doctor Powell bids fair to become—if elected and true to this campaign promise of his—a shining illustration of the fact that professional lovers of various groups—of the Negroes, the Jews, the workers, the capitalists, etc., etc.—frequently do those very groups a great deal of damage.



"No wonder they invite him so often"

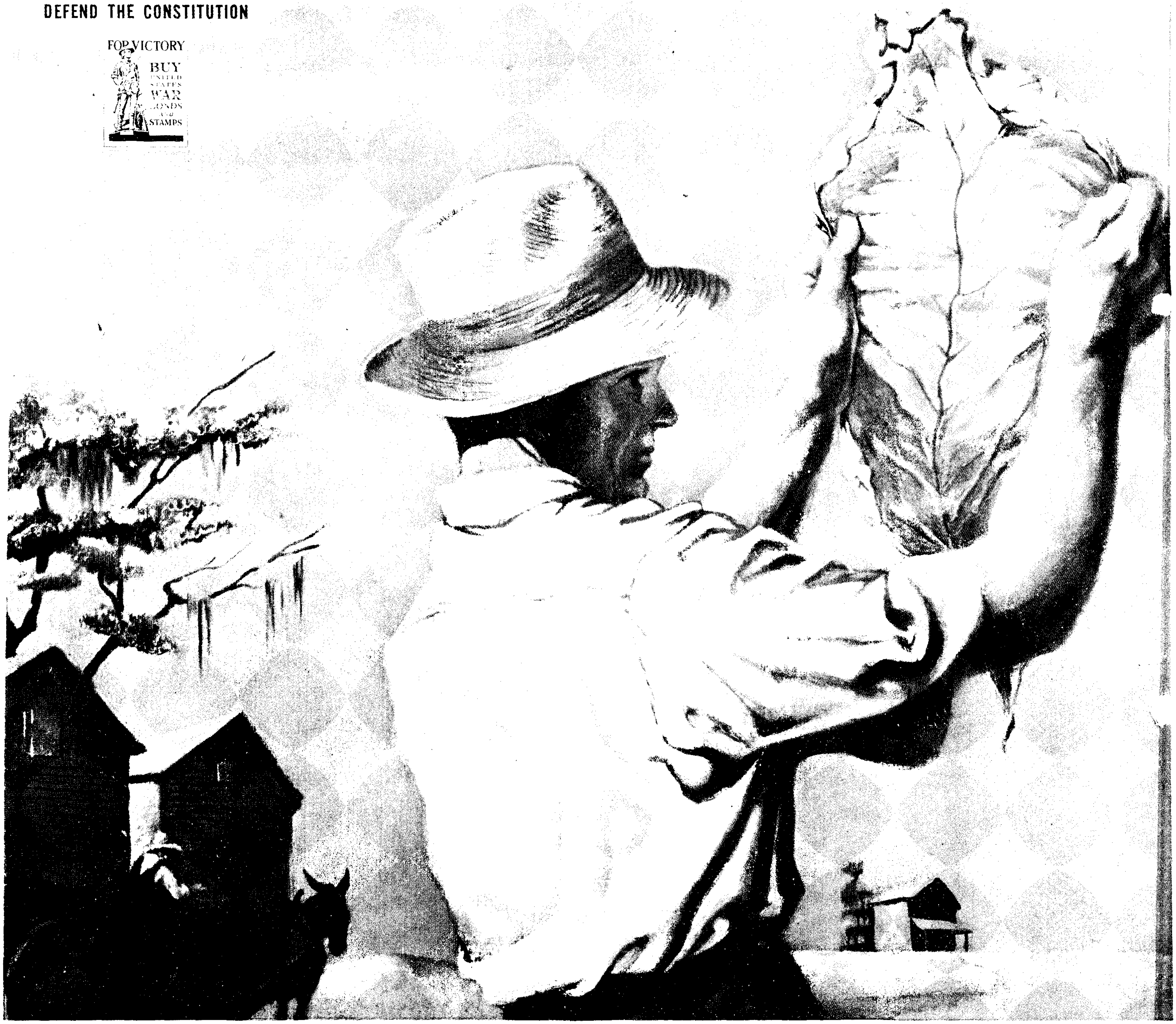
DRY Paul Jones ... a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

PAUL JONES is a dry whiskey. As in a dry champagne, the dryness of Paul Jones brings out the full flavor. It permits you to enjoy *all* the richness and all the mellowness and fine flavor of this truly magnificent American whiskey.

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



"Man, that's *fine* tobacco"

...that's **LUCKY STRIKE** tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.

Copyright 1944, The American Tobacco Company